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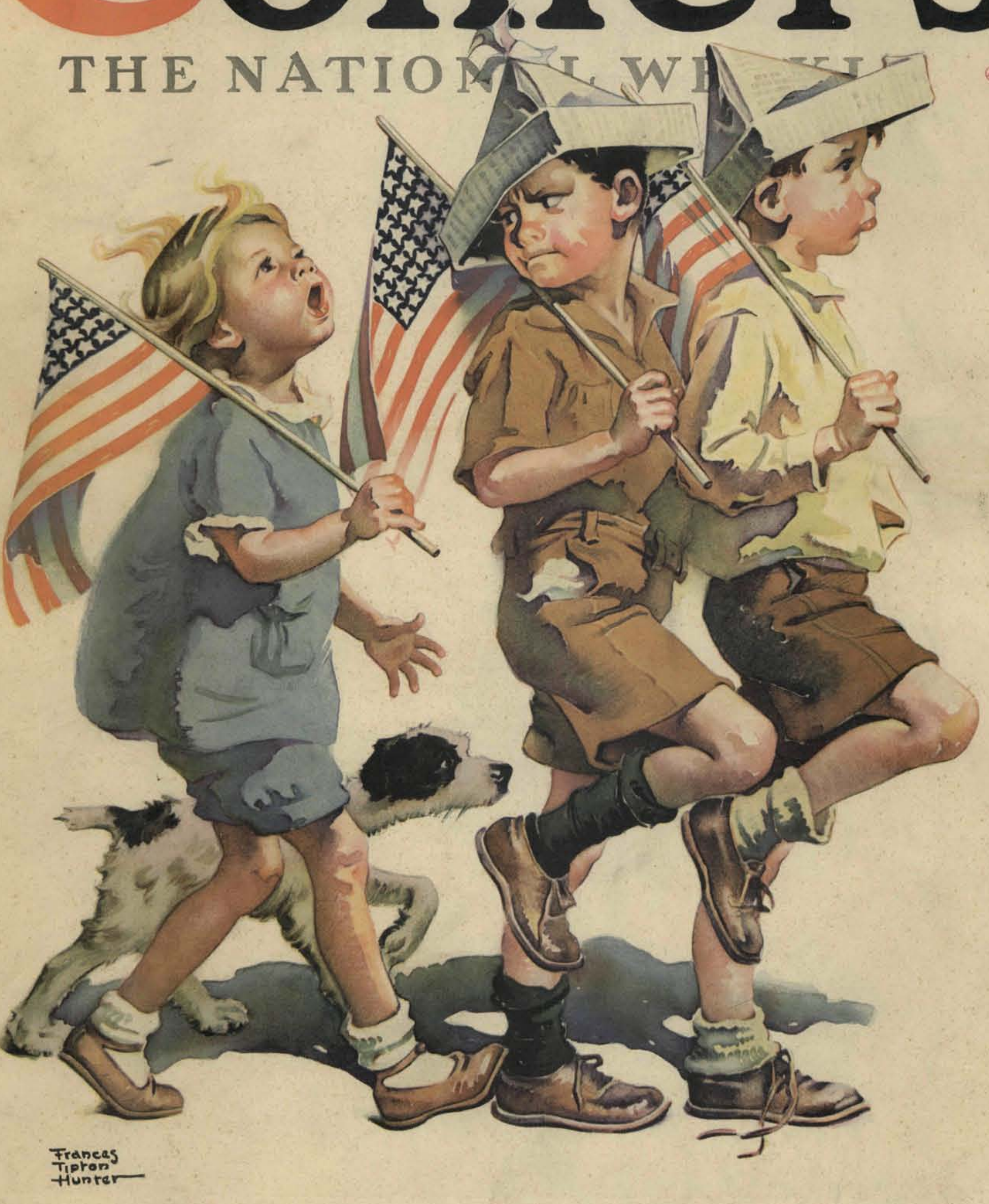
Frances Tipton Hunter

The Medicine Girl – a short novel by **P. G. Wodehouse**

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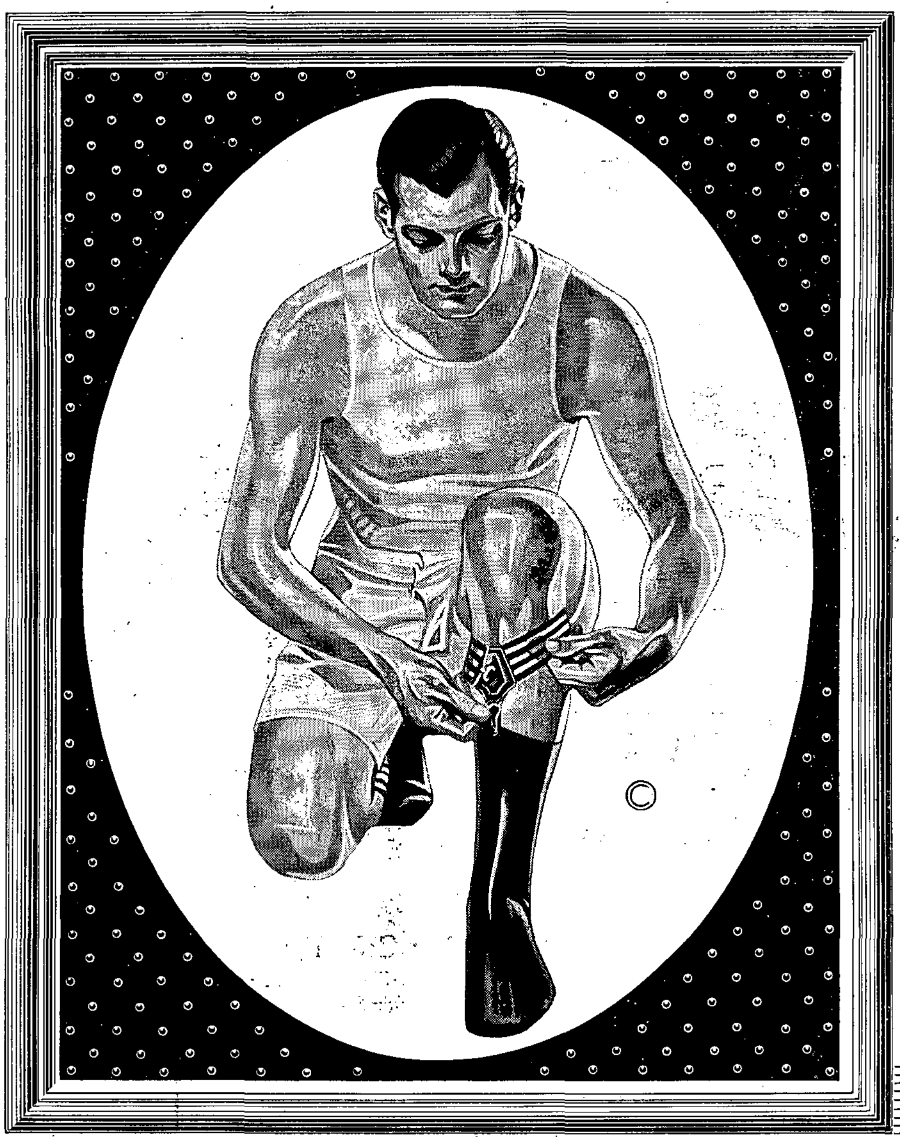

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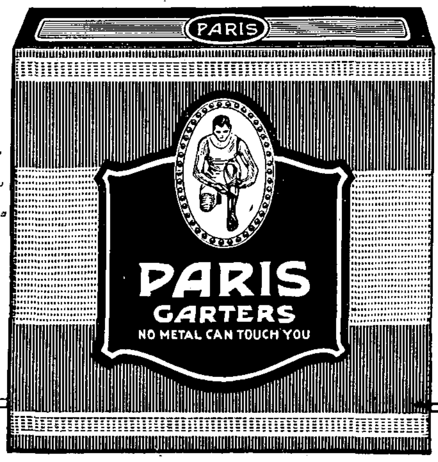

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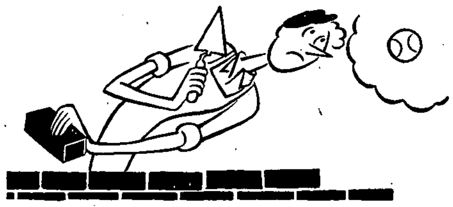
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE first piece of fiction is a baseball story—not, of course, that we believe every reader of Collier's to be an inveterate follower of what is even today called the national game. We know persons who breathe noisily when the box scores are discussed at the dinner table and the modern youth swings a driver or a tennis racquet as familiarly as we handled a Louisville Slugger. But all of us love courage. Dreams that come true, even if they aren't our own, give us a glow of pleasure and all we ask is that the dream be worthy and the dreamer dream hard enough.

The story of Jerry Kilgore, then, you will enjoy ("The Flipper," by Talbert Josselyn). Jerry came to the city to try out as a big-league pitcher. He met with an accident and his pitching arm was injured. He didn't go to the ball park. He took up his old trade of bricklaying. But baseball was in his blood. He studied the records and pictures every night. For years he laid bricks and thought baseball; laid bricks and never saw a game. And then his boss sent him to do a job at the ball park and he met Spike Gilligan, the old catcher. What happened to Jerry after that will delight you.



WE HAVEN'T heard Senator Caraway talking lately about distress in Arkansas, so we asked Walter Davenport to visit that recently afflicted commonwealth and look around. He not only looked around but talked with many of the citizens, both prominent and submerged.

The relief Arkansas received was, it seems, substantial indeed. The purchases of radios, automobiles, machinery, stills and other useful adjuncts of life have moved upward and the great state is on its feet once more. You will find Mr. Davenport's observations reported with fidelity in "The Drought and Other Blessings."

—

THE title of Dana Burnet's short story is "Room for Two"—obviously a love story. Mr. Burnet has fitted it out very nicely with a theme song (a waltz, by the way), an irate wife, a likable villain, a fat landlady and, naturally, a hero and heroine. The villain doesn't do much damage, merely enough to bring the girl to her senses; but since that is what villains are for it doesn't matter that you won't hate him.

—

AT TWENTY, a green farm lad homesick (for Oswego Falls, New York) on the unfamiliar deck of a sailing ship; at fifty, jaunty commander of the Leviathan, the world's largest ship. There are the start and climax of the dramatic story introduced with "Here Comes a Sailor," by Commodore Herbert Hartley and W. B. Courtney, another dream come true—in real life.

—

JOHN B. KENNEDY contributes the Short Short Story; Philip Wylie relates another exploit of Mr. Perkins; Wodehouse and Roche hurry along with those incomparable serials; Messrs. Rice, Work, Foster and others pitch them over the plate and never stop for rain or darkness.

THIS WEEK

July 4, 1931

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The Wrong Wife, Part IV: Cordova among the wolves.

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The Best Man Wins: By Meredith Nicholson

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Keep Up with the World: Miss Brown, do you know that in China—?

Page 57—Milton C. Work

How Would You Play It?

Page 58—Editorial

Let's Get to the Point

Any Week

SCARCELY a week passes that we aren't cheered by a letter from Mr. Thomas W. Kelly of Miles City, Montana, whose observations on some of our articles interest us only a little less than the articles themselves. Now he holds forth about William G. Shepherd's Cuban lottery story and mentions the various lottery rackets thriving in America.

"In 1928," he writes, "I took up the Chinese lottery business in Denver with the U. S. Department of Justice in Washington. This is what happened: Washington wrote a letter to its representative in Denver who called up the City Attorney who telephoned the Mayor who rang up the Chief of Police who telephoned to one of the patrolmen who ordered the lottery operators to stop. They stopped for ten days. On the tenth day the cop was transferred to another part of the city and that was the end of that. Which shows you how it works."

—

"FOR many years," writes Mrs. B. Mary Geiger of Terre Haute, Indiana, "I have listened to Presidents, candidates for the Presidency and aspirants for reëlection address us as 'the great American public' for which nothing is too good and so forth. What I would like to know is what defeated candidates call us after we reject them."

—

MR. JOSEPH PAVLICEK of St. Paul reports that some of his fellow workers insist that Sax Rohmer "must get crocked when he starts to write one of his thrillers and stays pickled until he is through."

"I claim it is not true," writes Mr. Pavlicek, "but being forty-one years old and haven't much longer to stay here anyhow, I would like to know the answer before I go."

It is not true, Mr. Pavlicek.

—

SOMEBODY sends us a newspaper dispatch from London, England, which has it that there are bootleggers even in the wet British Isles.

"Police officers," it informs us, "are faced with a difficult task owing to the ingenious ruses adopted by the distributors of illicit whisky. It is distributed in gasoline tins which excite no suspicion in the police."

The crafty devils!

"COULD you use the picture of a good left-handed pitcher with a few words describing same?" asks Mr. Joe Baldermann of Victoria, B. C. "The facts would be correct because I am the guy and would like to break into the big leagues."

—

"SEND me Collier's regularly," demands Dr. Samuel B. Schenck, of Brooklyn, New York. "How do you expect me to get along without Collier's?"

Of course. And how do you expect us to get along without *you*, Dr. Schenck?

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In these UNCERTAIN TIMES do you *dare* leave your Future to "take care of itself"?

THROUGH THIS UNUSUAL INVESTMENT PLAN YOU CAN BEGIN NOW TO LAY THE FOUNDATION OF FINANCIAL SECURITY

RAPIDLY changing business conditions are bringing with them new economic problems. The means by which money is made . . . and the needs for which it is spent . . . are far different today than they were a decade or two back. The pace of the 1930's is swifter. More stimulating or more depressing, according to the individual point of view.

Twenty years ago few people dreamed that telephone service would leap oceans as easily as rivers . . . that automobiles and Diesel engines would make oil more desirable than gold . . . that the mechanization of office and factory would replace human beings at thousands of jobs.

What are the trends that lie ahead? What do the next twenty years hold for *you?* What steps are you taking to safeguard your financial future?

Questions like these are facing thousands of serious-minded men . . . men determined that 1950 shall not find them and their families adrift in a changing world. These men know that the small amounts which they are able to save from their yearly earnings are seldom sufficient to give them the protection they need . . . The way to financial independence lies not in the mere making of money and spending a little less, but in *putting money to work!*

Today, with as little as $100, you can stake your claim in America's future

The power of money to *make* money has long been recognized. Yet surprisingly few men know how to accomplish this result. One of the soundest ways is through the possession of a diversified list of common stocks in the country's basic industries . . . of enterprises that move forward in pace with the stride of America itself . . . that have weathered all storms of war, panic and depression.

Until a few years ago only the wealthy could afford to carry out such a program of investment. Today, even the man with as little as $100 can follow this time-tried method in every detail...through the medium of two Fixed Investment Trusts.

"Rich Men's Stocks" for the Average Investor

Here is the way in which these two Fixed Trusts—North American Trust Shares and Cumulative Trust Shares—bring big investors' holdings within reach of modest incomes: A group of the highest grade common stocks, representing a cross-section of basic American industry, is placed in trust with a responsible bank. Then certificates of equitable ownership—Trust Shares—are issued to investors in small or large denominations.

The trustee receives all dividends and accounts to the trust share-holders for the details of every transaction. The investor in either North American Trust Shares or Cumulative Trust Shares has nothing to do but clip a coupon each six months, which entitles him to his pro rata share of all moneys received.

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The newly-published booklet, "MONEY and YOU," sets forth in a simple and understandable style the story of these two Fixed Trusts. It lists the various companies, the stocks of which are represented in the portfolios of North American Trust Shares and Cumulative Trust Shares. It shows you how easily you can begin today to build toward financial independence.

If you want, by a program of systematic investment, to set aside a fund for travel, for the education of your children, or for endowment . . . if you want to share in the future growth of American industry . . . send for this booklet *today!* If you act promptly, you will receive, without cost, an attractive portfolio designed to hold valuable papers.

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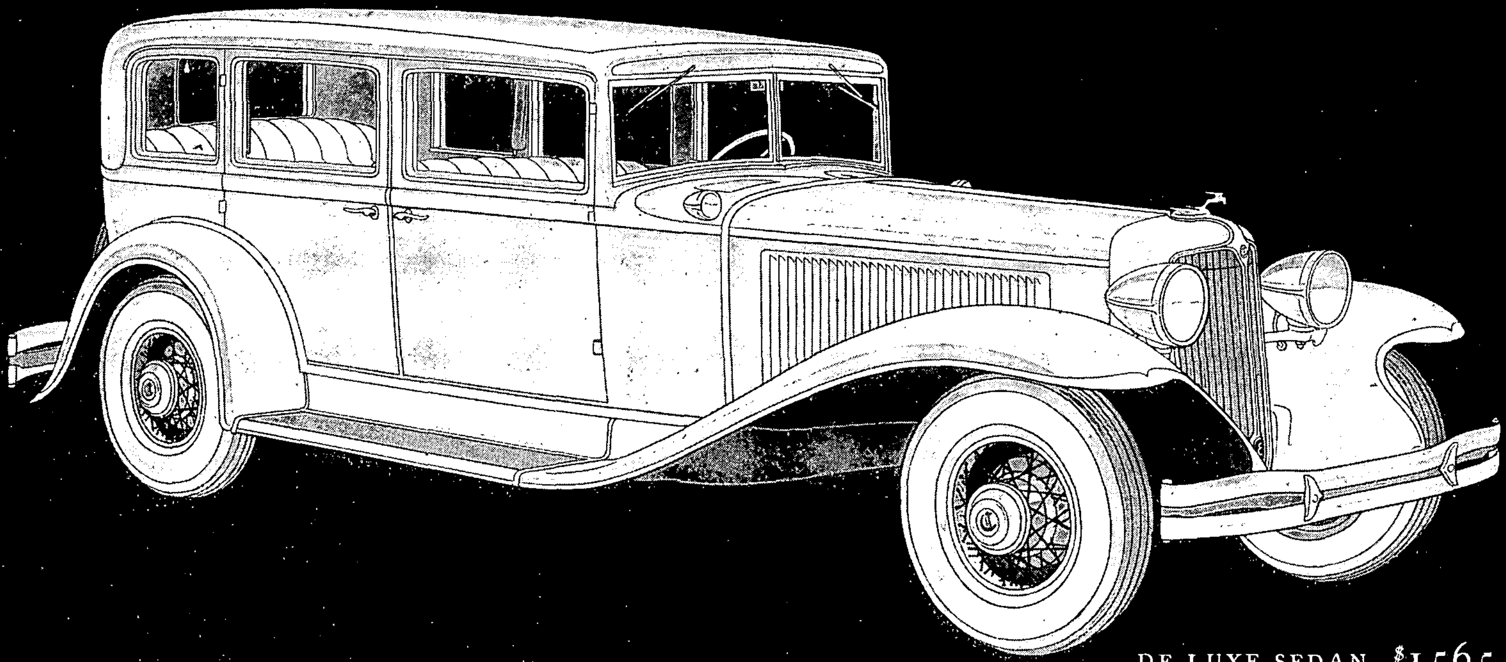

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CHRYSLER, so often the pioneer to better things, has now pioneered with an entirely new and better kind of luxury and performance in a car of moderate price—the new Chrysler Eight De Luxe, available in five magnificent body models.

It is a *de luxe* car through and through, from start to finish, inside and outside.

The de luxe power of a bigger engine. The de luxe comfort of bigger bodies and longer springs. The de luxe smartness of a divided windshield with *inside* adjustable sun visors. De luxe upholstery of Bedford cord. De luxe interior panels and mouldings of dark walnut finish. De luxe fitments . . . Everything about the car suggests a car of much higher price.

Its big, quiet engine is completely insulated from the frame by live rubber; has a large, perfectly balanced crankshaft, fully counterweighted—and develops with velvety ease a good 95 horsepower.

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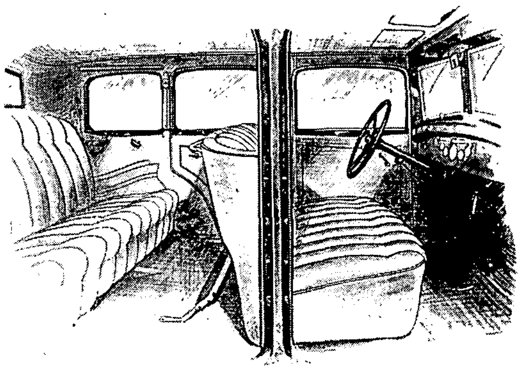
This de luxe performance owes much to Chrysler's exclusive Multi-Range four-speed transmission with Dual High gears. *Both are internal-mesh gears which make it possible to shift instantly at any time from one to the other, at any car speed, without clashing.* Two high gears *double* the range of high gear performance. There is one high gear for flashing pick-up and bursts of speed in traffic, and another still higher gear for the open road.

Drive this Chrysler. Learn from it the fascinating difference between Chrysler performance and other performance. Enjoy the difference in the way it clings to the road at all speeds; the way it takes the turns; the way it soars up the hills; the ease of its pivotal steering; the positive control and safety of its internal self-equalizing hydraulic brakes.



Chrysler's fine quality, Chrysler's genius for engineering progress, Chrysler's careful craftsmanship, all have made this Chrysler Eight De Luxe a motor car you'll drive with unending pride and supreme satisfaction.

This is a case of fine automobile value made almost unbelievably finer. See for yourself.

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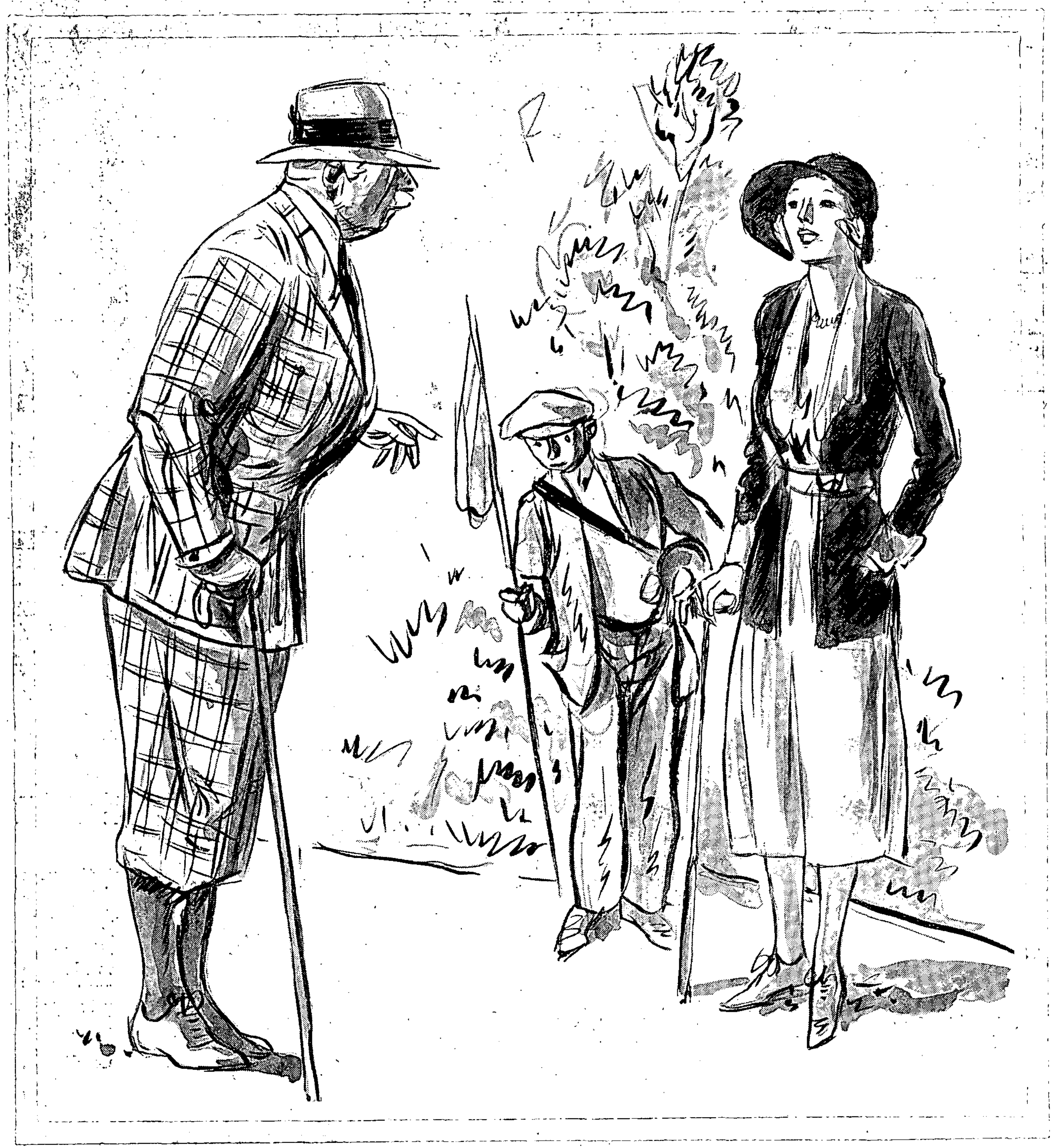


"My dear young lady," puffed Sir Hugo, "that was an extraordinarily fine stroke"

The Medicine Girl

A brand-new serial, just off the Wodehouse griddle: the romantic adventures of a wise young lady named Sally and a gentleman known as Bill

By P. G. Wodehouse

THE eighteenth hole at Bingley-on-Sea, that golfers' mecca on the south coast of England, is one of those freak holes—a very short mashie shot up a very steep hill off a tee screened from the clubhouse by a belt of trees. From the terrace where the stout man in the vivid plus fours stood waiting for his partner to arrive for the morning round, only the green was visible.

On this green, falling from the sky in a perfect arc, there suddenly descended a white ball. It struck the ground, took a back-spin, and rolled to within a foot of the hole.

The stout man congealed like one who has seen a vision. So might a knight of the Middle Ages have looked on beholding the Holy Grail. He had been at Bingley only two days, and so had played this hole only six times; but he knew that if he played it for the rest of his life he would never get a two on it, as this unseen expert was so obviously about to do. Four was Sir Hugo Drake's best—his worst twenty-seven, on the occasion when he overran the green and got embedded in a sort of Sahara which lay beyond it.

A player like this, he decided, demanded inspection at close range. Possibly it was the pro, taking a little practice; but even the pro might reasonably expect homage after such a shot. Sir Hugo toddled over to the green; and, having reached it and peered into the depths, stood stunned with amazement.

It was not the pro. It was not a man at all. It was a girl—and a small girl, at that. That she was also extremely pretty seemed of slight importance to Sir Hugo. He was not a man who paid much attention to women's looks. What mattered to him was that he stood in the presence of a female who could handle a mashie like that. And being a man who liked to give credit where credit was due, he said so.

"My dear young lady," puffed Sir Hugo, "that was an extraordinarily fine stroke."

There is a camaraderie among golfers. Girls of the species, complimented on their game by unintroduced males, do not draw themselves up haughtily and say "Sir!" This one smiled. She had a charming smile.

"Where on earth did you learn to play like that?" asked Sir Hugo reverently.

"At Garden City, mostly."

The name was new to Sir Hugo.

"Garden City?"

"It's outside New York."

"OH?" Sir Hugo was enlightened. He had a deep respect for transatlantic golf. "You come from America?"

"Yes. I've been in London about two years. I'm surprised my game hasn't gone off more. I don't get much time for playing."

Sir Hugo sighed.

"Nor do I," he replied sadly. "A busy specialist, you know. . . . They keep one's nose pretty tight to the grindstone."

"A specialist?" The girl seemed suddenly interested. "What sort of specialist?"

"Nerves."

"Really?"

"Drake's my name. Sir Hugo Drake."

The girl's interest was now unmistakable. She beamed.

"Fancy!" she said. "I thought your last book was wonderful. This is a proud moment for a mere general practitioner, Sir Hugo."

"A what?"

"A general practitioner. I'm one."

Sir Hugo gaped.

"Good God! You're not a doctor?"

"Yes, I am. Smith. Sally Smith. Doctor Sally Smith."

"Good God!" exclaimed Sir Hugo again.

The suspicion of a shadow passed over the girl's face. She was always meeting men who exclaimed "Good God!" or its equivalent when informed of her profession, and she disliked it. It seemed to her that they said it in the voice a small boy would use on being introduced to a circus freak. The male mind did not appear to be able to grasp immediately the fact that a woman doctor need not of necessity be a gargoyle with steel-rimmed spectacles and a wash-leather complexion.

However, this was a nice old man, so she decided not to bite his head off.

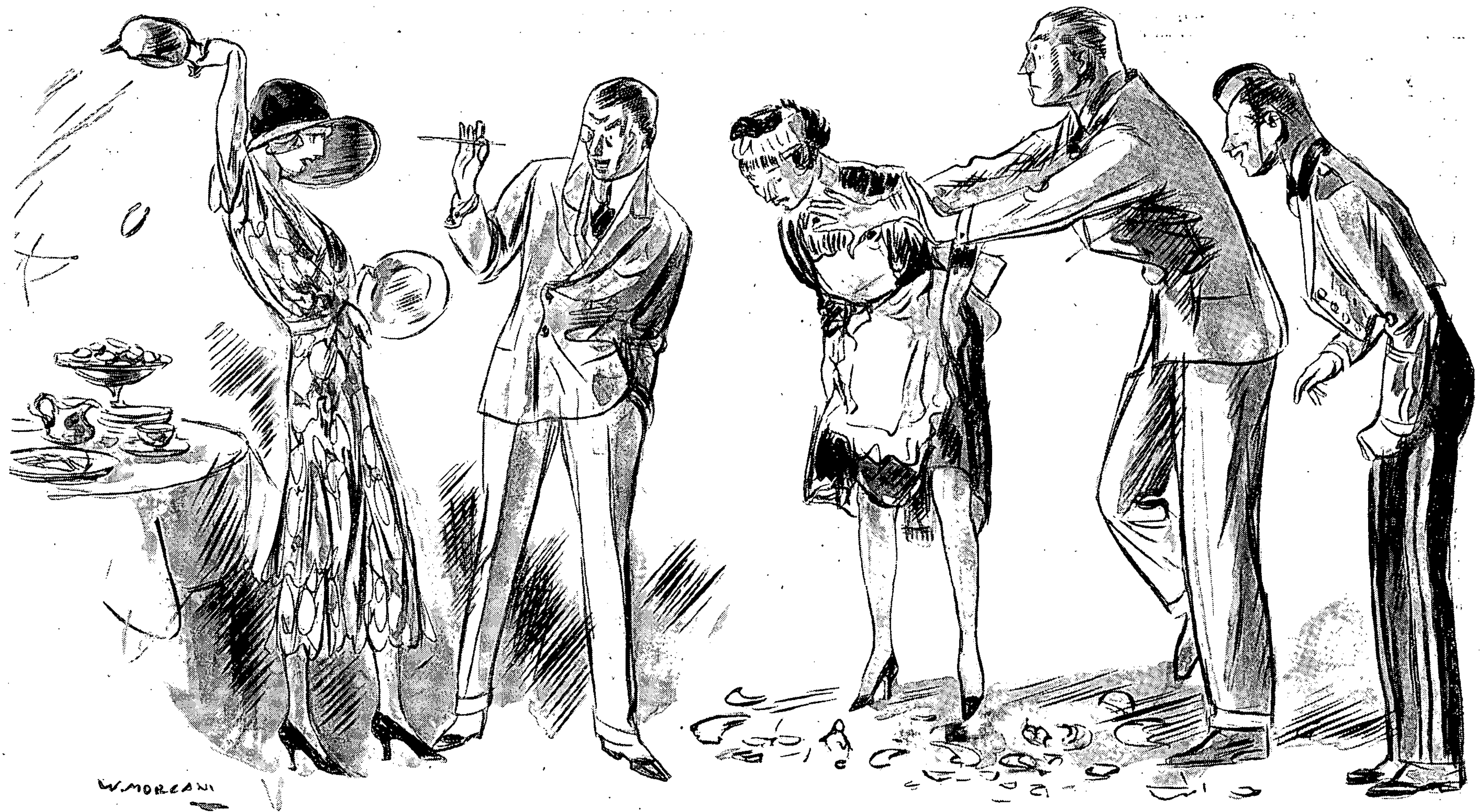
"I suppose it does seem funny," she said. "But there it is."

"Funny?" said Sir Hugo, recovering. "Not at all. Certainly not. Quite the contrary."

"I like being a doctor, and it doesn't do anybody any harm—at least, I've never killed a patient yet—so what I say to myself is, why not?"

"Quite," said Sir Hugo. "Why not? Precisely. Very sensible."

The girl tapped her ball into the hole and picked it up.



Another cup, saucer and the teapot joined the ruins on the floor. "Lottie," said Bill urgently, "pull yourself together"

"Nice course, this," she said.

"Very," said Sir Hugo. "Are you making a long stay?"

"Just a two-weeks vacation. Are you here for long?"

Sir Hugo Drake had now come to look upon this girl as a soul-mate. A member of his own profession and a golfer capable of a two on the eighteenth, she deserved, he felt, his full confidence. He was not a man who, as a rule, discussed his private affairs with strangers, but he could not bring himself to regard as a stranger a girl so outstanding at the short mashie shot.

"I don't know how long I'm going to be here," he confided. "The fact is, I'm looking for my nephew."

"HAVE you lost him?" Sally asked, surprised.

"He's given me the slip," said Sir Hugo, turning a deeper mauve, for the affair had caused him much annoyance. "He was living quietly in the country, down in Hampshire, and he came up to London, and suddenly he disappeared from London, and I met a man who said he had seen him down here—in company," said Sir Hugo, lowering his voice to a portentous whisper, "with a female of flashy appearance."

Sally smiled.

"Not me," she said.

"I wish it had been you," said Sir Hugo devoutly. "If he would only have the sense to fall in love with a nice girl like you, I could be easier in my mind."

"You shouldn't worry."

"But I do worry," said Sir Hugo vehemently. "His poor mother was my sister, and since her death I have regarded myself as *in loco parentis* to the boy. Causes me a great deal of anxiety. Too much money, that's what he's got, and too much time on his hands. When he was at Cambridge, he came within an ace," said Sir Hugo, fixing his companion with a gaze calculated to make the flesh creep, "of marrying a girl in a tobacco shop!"

"Boys will be boys."

"Not while I'm *in loco parentis* to them, they won't," said Sir Hugo stoutly. "The trouble with William is that he's impulsive. Got a habit of falling in love at first sight. I don't know who this flashy female is, but I've come down here to break the thing up and take him back to Woollam Chersey, where he belongs."

"Is that the name of his place in the country?"

"Yes."

"I should have thought he would be safe, living in the country."

"He is. He is safe, while living in the country. But he keeps dashing away from the country and losing his head. Oh, well, I mustn't bother you with my troubles. I see my partner looking for me."

He whooped and waved his hand at the terrace. A long, thin man, clad like himself in plus fours of a regrettable pattern, whooped and waved back.

"Hope we shall meet again," he said.

"I hope so," said Sally.

"Give me a lesson, perhaps?"

"I should be delighted."

"Good!" said Sir Hugo, and strode off to the first tee.

ON THE front—or esplanade—of Bingley-on-Sea stands the Hotel Superba; and at twenty minutes past four the thin mist which had been hanging over the resort since lunchtime disappeared, and there filtered through the windows of Suite Number Seven on the second floor that curious faint gamboge light which passes for sunshine in England. Its mild rays shone deprecatingly on one of those many-colored carpets peculiar to suites at south coast hotels; on the engraving of The Stag at Bay over the mantelpiece; on the table set for tea; and on Marie, maid to Mrs. Higginbotham, who had just deposited on the table a plate of sandwiches.

In addition to the sunshine, there entered also the strains of a jazz band, presumably from the winter garden below, where Swiss waiters prowled among potted palms and such of the Superba's guests as wished to do so were encouraged to dance. Carried away by the melody, Marie went so far as to dance a step or two herself. And so absorbed was she in this pursuit that a knocking on the outer door did not penetrate to her consciousness.

It got through, however, to Mrs. Higginbotham, in the bedroom, and she gave tongue:

"Marie!"

THE maid ceased to pirouette. Her employer's voice was one of those which impress themselves on the most preoccupied.

"Yes, Moddom?"

"Are you deaf, you poor fish? Somebody at the door."

"Very good, Moddom."

Marie opened the door. There was nothing much to reward her for the effort. Merely a man in spats.

"Mrs. Higginbotham in?" asked this individual.

"Yes, sir."

The visitor crossed the threshold. He was an immaculate and yet somehow subtly battered person in the early thirties. He wore a suit of gray material and unimpeachable cut and—until he removed it—a white bowler hat. In his right eye there was a monocle, and through this he inspected the tea table. With a slight diminution of what appeared to be a constitutional gloom, he moved towards it and picked up a sandwich.

Mrs. Higginbotham, still a disembodied voice, continued to interest herself in the proceedings.

"Is that you, Bill?"

"It is not Mr. Bannister, Moddom. It is—"

Marie looked at the feaster inquiringly. He was now well into his second sandwich, but he could still speak, and did so.

"Lord Tidmouth."

"It is Lord Tidmouth, Moddom."

"Who the dickens is Lord Tidmouth?"

The newcomer seemed to feel that he ought to enter into the spirit of this long-distance conversation. He approached the partly-open bedroom door.

"What ho within there! Is that Lottie?"

"Who are you?"

"Tidmouth's the name at the present. It was Bixby till I hooked the old title. I don't know if you remember me. We used to be married once."

Evidently Mrs. Higginbotham possessed one of those highly trained memories from which no fact, however trivial, escapes. She uttered a pleased screech:

"Squiffy!"

"That's right."

"Well, I'm blowed! Where did you spring from?"

"Oh, various parts. I've been travelling a lot. Not been in England for some years. I happened to blow down here and saw you going up in the lift—yesterday, that was—and I asked your name and they told me you were staying here. So at the earliest opportunity up I popped."

"Splendid! I'll be out in a minute."

"Right ho. I say, when did you acquire the Higginbotham?"

"About two years ago."

"Is he here?"

"NO. Kensal Green cemetery."

"Oh? Well, see you soon."

Lord Tidmouth wandered back to the table and started on another sandwich.

"I shan't be long now," Mrs. Higginbotham assured him. "I'm just shaving."

"What!"

"My neck, you silly."

"Oh!"

"Have a sandwich."

"I am."

"You're what?"

"A sandwich. I mean, I'm having one. And most extraordinarily good they are. Sardine, or my trained senses deceive me."

He tested this theory by taking another, and all doubts were removed.

"Yes," he continued. "Absolutely sardine. Lottie!"

"Hullo?"

"I read an interesting thing in the

paper the other day," said Lord Tidmouth. "It appears that the sardine's worst enemy is the halibut, and I give you my word that until I read it I didn't know the sardine *had* an enemy. And I don't mind telling you that my opinion of the halibut has gone down considerably. Very considerably. Fancy anything wanting to bully a sardine. I mean to say . . ."

He would have proceeded farther, but at this moment there was a flash of light in the doorway of the bedroom, and he found himself blinking at one of the most vivid suits of pajamas ever conceived by the diseased mind of a fashionable haberdasher.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "I mean—well, well, well!"

"Well, well, well!" said Lottie.

"Well, well, well, *well!*" said Lord Tidmouth.

He took her hand in a sort of trance. He was visibly affected. The thought that he had been married to this and had allowed it to get away from him was evidently moving him powerfully. His monocle slipped from his eye and danced madly on the end of its string.

"My gosh!" he said. "Is that how you look?"

"That's how."

"Well, well, well, well, well, WELL!" said Lord Tidmouth.

Lottie moved to the mirror and scrutinized herself in it. She was pleased that her very considerable beauty had won this striking tribute.

"Sit down," she said.

Lord Tidmouth sat down.

"Tell me all," he said.

"All what?"

"All about yourself. Who was the recent Higginbotham?"

"Oh, a man. Very rich, from up North. I met him when I was in Follow the Girl. I went back to the stage after you and I parted brass-rags. He passed on last July."

"Marry again?"

"Ass! If I had, would my name still be Higginbotham?"

"Something in that," agreed his lordship.

"I mean, a girl doesn't call herself Higginbotham unless she has to," she said.

"Absolutely not."

"Still, I *am* sort of engaged."

"Oh?"

"To a man named Bannister. Bill Bannister. Country squire sort of chap. Has a big place in Hampshire. Woollam Chersey it's called."

"What!" Lord Tidmouth's manner became almost animated. "Bill Bannister? One of my oldest pals. I'd like to see old Bill again."

"Well, you will, if you stick around. He's calling soon to take me to dance. Tell me about yourself."

"Oh, I've just been mooching round."

"Did *you* marry again?"

"Oh, yes, here and there. My second wife ran away with a Frenchman."

"Did you get a divorce?"

"Yes, and married again. My third wife ran away with a Spaniard."

"Too bad."

"When I married my fourth wife . . ."

"Whom did she run away with?"

"A Brazilian."

"YOUR home during the last few years seems to have been a sort of meeting place of the nations."

"Yes."

"How many wives have you got now?"

"None at the moment. The supply has sort of petered out. By the way, talking of wives, how do you feel on the subject of rocking-horses?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"You see, tomorrow is my second wife's first son's third birthday, and I've just bought him a rocking-horse."

"You still keep up with them, then?"

"Oh, a fellow has to be civil. Anyway, I've just bought this rocking-horse, and I told the man to send it round here till my train went. You don't mind?"

"Of course not."

"Thanks."

There was a pause. The jazz band below had now begun to play a waltz of a singularly glutinous nature. Its effect on the pair in the sitting-room seemed to be to induce a certain sentimentality.

"Odd," said Lord Tidmouth.

"What's odd?"

"Meeting again like this after all these years."

"Yes."

There was another pause.

"Dancing much these days?" asked Lord Tidmouth.

"Quite a lot."

"Why not a spot now? Music and everything."

"That's an idea."

They started to dance, and Lord Tidmouth's emotion appeared to deepen. He sighed once or twice.

"Good tune."

"Topping."

Into the rather fishlike eyes of Lord Tidmouth there had begun to creep a strange light, indicative of a brain at work. He was not a man who often thought, but he was thinking now. And what he was thinking was that, conditions having placed such an action within the sphere of practical politics, it would be silly not to kiss this girl. Here she was, he meant to say, within range, as it were, and . . . well, to put it in a nutshell, how about it?

He kissed her.

And, as he did so, the door opened and there appeared on the threshold a large young man in a flannel suit. His agreeable face, at the moment of his entry, had been wearing a rather preoccupied look. This, as he observed the entwined couple before him, changed to one of disapproval. He eyed them in silence for a space, then in a cold voice he said:

"Good afternoon!"

The effect of these words on the tender scene was immediate. It broke it up like a bomb. Lord Tidmouth released his erstwhile helpmeet and straightened his tie. Lottie bit her tongue.

There was one of those embarrassing pauses.

"I didn't hear you come in," said Lottie.

"So I imagined," said Bill Bannister.

Silence fell again. It was not one of those episodes about which there is much to be said. It impeded rather than inspired conversation.

"Well, I'll go and get dressed," said Lottie.

"I should," said Bill.

Lord Tidmouth, during these exchanges, had been directing at his long-lost friend a look in which remorse and brotherly love were nicely blended. Remorse now faded, and brotherly love had the field to itself. Bill, turning to deal with this cuckoo in the nest, was surprised to observe him advancing with outstretched hand.

"Bill, old man!" said Lord Tidmouth emotionally.

"Eh?" said Bill, at a loss.

Lord Tidmouth sighed.

"Have you really forgotten me, Bill?" he said sadly. "Your ancient pal? Well, well, well! Name of Tidmouth. Used to be Bixby."

Bill stared.

"It isn't Squiffy?"

"It *is* Squiffy."

"For heaven's sake!"

COMPLETE amiability appeared to reign in young Mr. Bannister's bosom once more. He gripped the outstretched hand warmly.

"Well, I'm dashed!"

"Me too, old boy."

"I haven't seen you for years."

"I haven't seen *you* for years."

They talked for a while of the dear old days, as friends reunited will do.

"I hear you're still living at the old address, Bill," said Lord Tidmouth. "If I hadn't run into you like this, I was going to have dropped you a line."

"Why not come down there for a bit?" said Bill, hospitably.

Lord Tidmouth looked doubtful.

"Well, I'd love to, Bill, old man," he said, "but the fact is—been having domestic troubles of late, and all that—left me a bit on the moody side. I'm more or less of a broken man these days, and don't feel quite up to country-house parties."

"It won't be a country-house party. Just you and me and my uncle."

"Which uncle is that?"

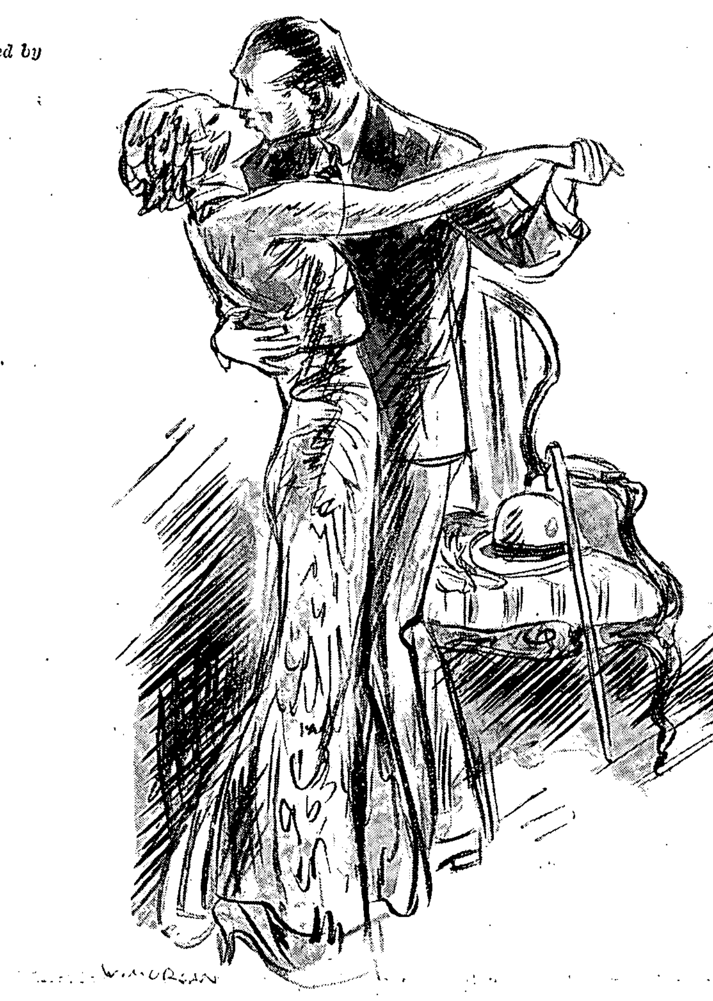
"I've only one. Sir Hugo Drake, the nerve specialist."

"I never met him. Nice chap?"

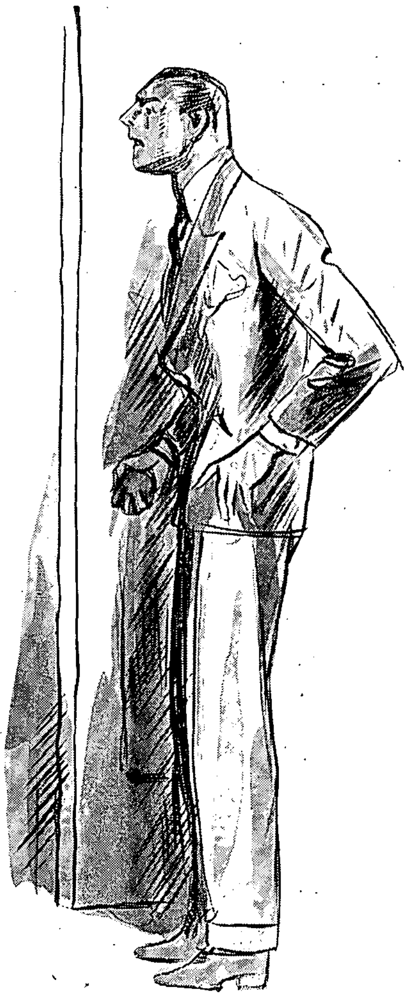
"Oh, not so bad. He'd be all right

(*Continued on page 45*)

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan



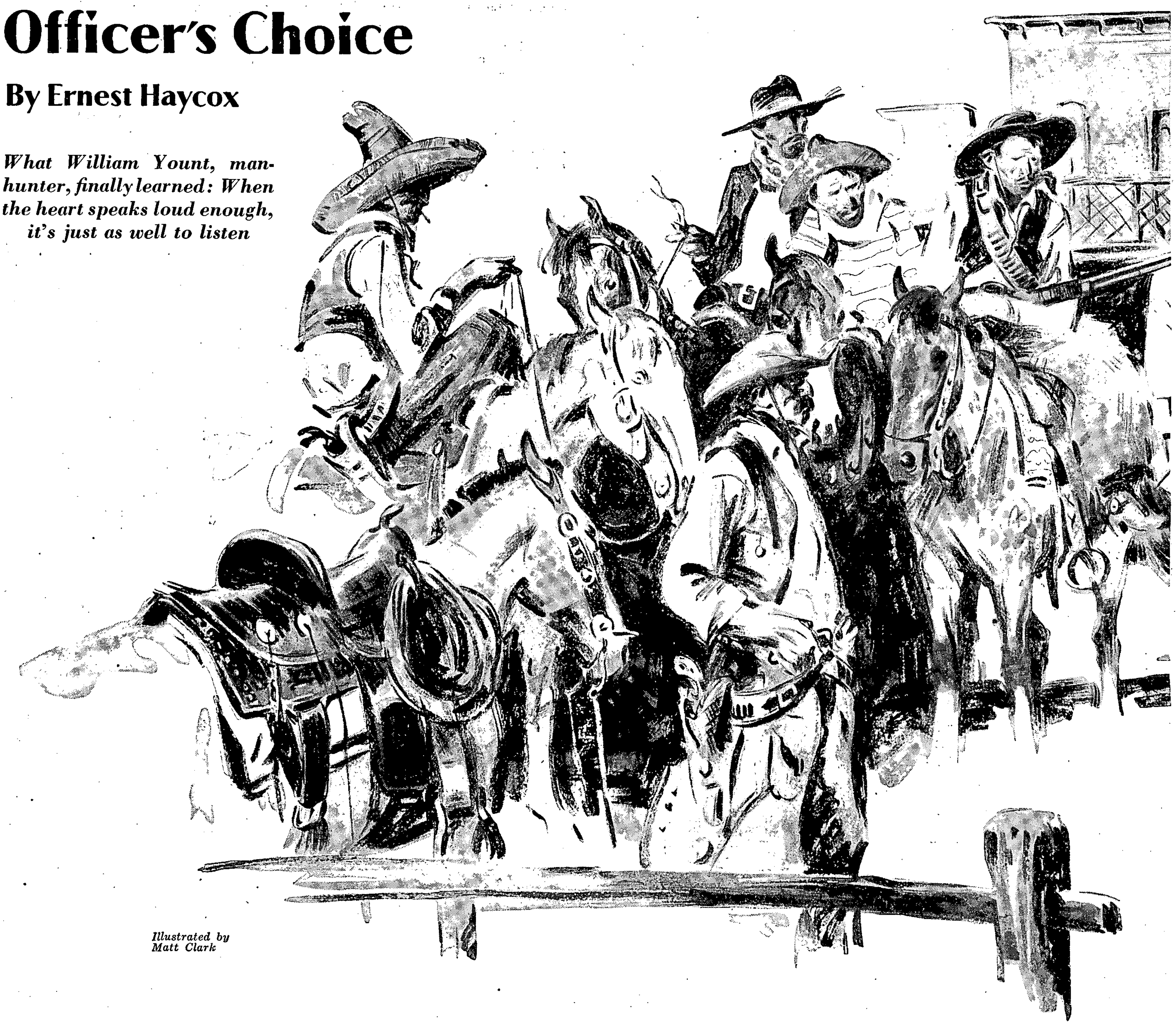
He eyed them in silence for a space, then in a cold voice he said: "Good afternoon!" The effect of these words on the scene was immediate



Officer's Choice

By Ernest Haycox

What William Yount, man-hunter, finally learned: When the heart speaks loud enough, it's just as well to listen



Illustrated by Matt Clark

NIGHT had settled down on the prairie. Through the darkness a horse and rider moved slowly toward the soft glimmering lights of a town, entered it, stopped at a building.

The building was a stable. From it, presently, a man emerged. A hostler. The rider dismounted and addressed the man; his tones were those of one accustomed to command.

"Water my horse, please. And give him plenty of hay—but no oats."

"Yes, sir," the man replied. And, since strangers were always a source of interest and potential excitement in Lost Eagle, he observed the newcomer carefully.

The rider took a cigar from his pocket, which instantly removed him from the hostler's classification of average hand, and struck a match to the tip. Under a large felt hat was the outline of a ruddy, weather-swept face, the gleam of silvered temples and the flash of drill-straight eyes. Then the match flickered out.

"Anything else?" inquired the hostler with a touch of deference.

"Thanks, no," said the rider, curtly polite. His glance shifted along the street. Directly opposite was a saloon, bright and noisy; adjoining it stood a building whose second-story windows were framed with iron gratings and above the roof of which projected a bell tower. His attention paused there.

"Sheriff's office," offered the hostler, hoping to sweep up a few crumbs of information.

The rider's laconic "Thanks" came over departing shoulders. He crossed the street, lowered his head beneath the office door lintel and stepped inside. A man stood in the center of a dim, barren room; a rugged man with the air of patience on him. All along the walls were the signs of the man-hunter's trade: reward notices, warnings, rogues' gallery pictures; and, in one corner, a grave little girl sat on a packing box, quite still.

"My apologies," said the rider. "I'm looking for Sheriff Cliff McLean."

"MY NAME," replied the sheriff, soberly cordial. He nodded at a chair. "Sit down."

The little girl frowned thoughtfully and pointed to a star pinned on her dress. "I won't arrest you."

The sheriff grinned, upon which the heaviness of his face fell away. He reached across for the star, unpinning it with fingers that were both clumsy and gentle. "Past your bedtime, ma'am. And no more remarks from the gallery. You'll scare my cash customers."

The rider seated himself. "My name is Yount. William Yount." He lifted and turned back the cuff of a coat sleeve to let the silvered surface of a badge shine momentarily in the light.

"Glad to know you," responded the sheriff, interest focusing. "What can I do?"

"I'm looking for a man."

"Good place to come. The hills out yonder are full of men somebody's lookin' for—all bashful. A rough section."

"So I've heard," acquiesced Yount. "Which is one reason I came this way. Who's your chief outlaw roundabout?"

"Tonto Bill," said the sheriff promptly. "But if it's him you want, that's a hard number. Tonto don't take easy."

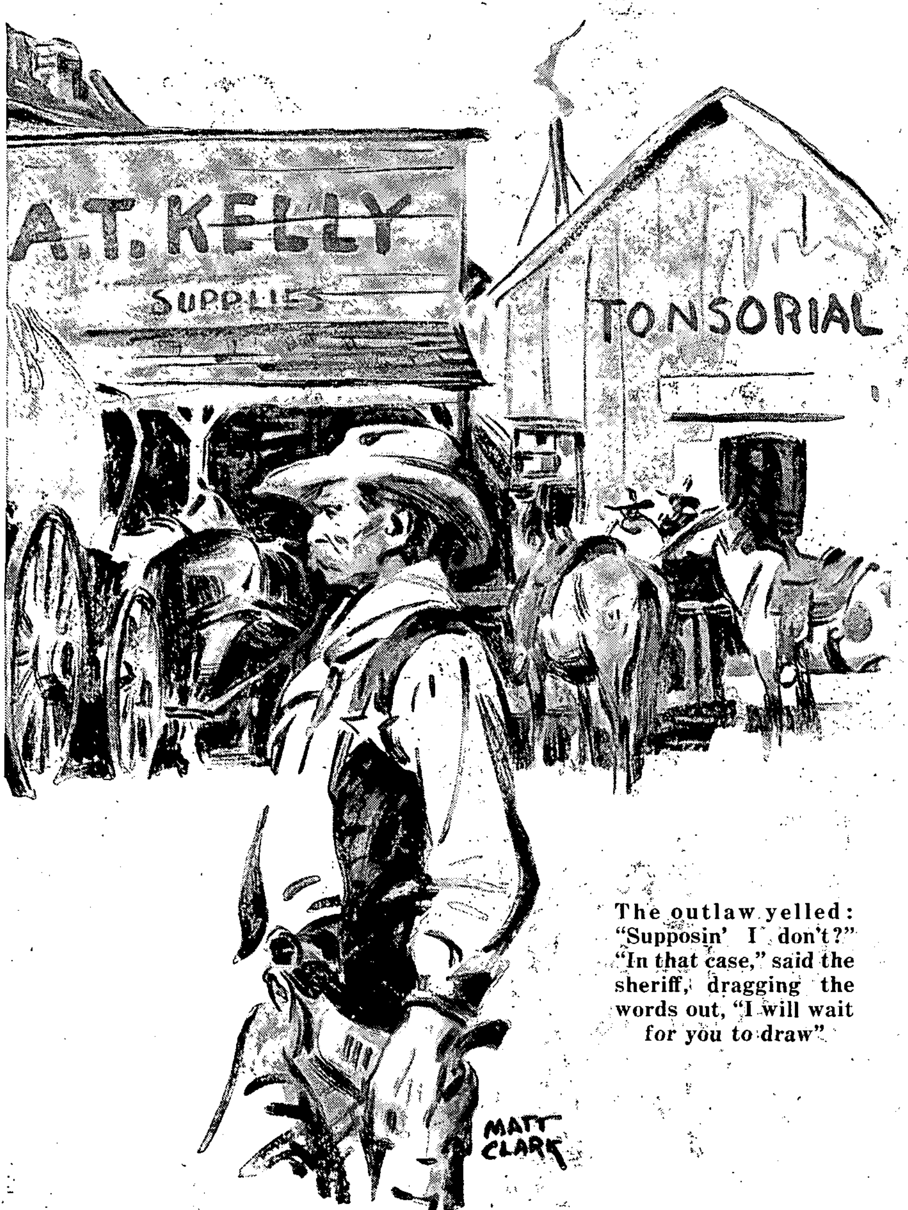
"Not sure he's the man," explained Yount. "The question was mostly asked out of curiosity. My quest is a sort of blind one." He reached into his pocket for a cigar, steady eyes weighing McLean. Then: "I've heard you were on the level. Otherwise I would not be impartin' this information."

The sheriff took up a pencil and casually ran the point across the top of his desk. "I do what I can. This county wants its law officer to have a quick hand, but a light one. I try to keep a balance, nothin' much more. Public opinion frowns on an uneven deal and violence too close to home. Outside of that, live and let live is our motto. However, if you've got a warrant for Tonto and you insist on havin' him I'll try to get the gent."

"MAY be him, may not be," mused Yount, observing an item of interest concerning the sheriff. McLean's gun was strapped to his left side, indicating he went into action from that quarter. But he held and used his pencil with the right hand. Yount, whose whole life had been spent in gathering such odd fragments of fact, stored the knowledge away in his mind, drawling on: "I carry a warrant which is four years old."

McLean straightened to attention. The pencil came to a halt. "Long time ago," he murmured. "Who's it for—and what for?"

"There used to be a gang operating around the Crooked River country at that time. A hard, wild bunch. We've cleaned 'em out through the years, all but one. We heard he skipped north—



The outlaw yelled: "Supposin' I don't?" "In that case," said the sheriff, dragging the words out, "I will wait for you to draw"

also around four years ago and right after a train holdup which was the gang's last job. His capture has sort of hung fire. Our office has had a lot of other things to do. But recently the railroad company got on our necks. It's a matter of record and precedent with the company. It wants this man—money and time regardless. His name is Orlo Brant—or was in them days when he helped hold up the train."

"Ever see him?"

"Not me. All I have's a description. Five feet eleven; gray eyes; weighs about one hundred-sixty; black hair."

"It might be anybody," said the sheriff. "Nine men out of ten carry black hair here. A good half will run to that height and weight. As for gray eyes, you can pick 'em off the bushes. It might be Tonto, it might be Lost Eagle's banker. Or it might be me."

Yount added, quietly: "And he carries a nipplin' gunshot scar at the right elbow."

The sheriff turned to the girl. She slipped from the packing box and climbed into his lap. He laid a fold of his coat around her slim shoulders. "Don't you catch cold, honey. Well, Yount, how would you tell? Folks don't roll back their sleeves much."

"True. It's a slim trail."

The sheriff ran his hand across the girl's dark hair. He seemed drifting in a channel of thought from which it was difficult to withdraw. "Can't be of much help to you. But the records of this office are at your disposal. So is my influence, such as it is; not much help, I guess."

"Thanks," said Yount. "I'll be around for a spell. Nothing definite. But I'm a great hand to drift and let things happen. In the course of a fairly long life I have observed folks usually give themselves away. You can't hide a thing forever. The more you try, the sooner it creeps out. Time's a powerful chemical thataway."

"Just so," muttered the sheriff, frowning. "Always comes a time to pay the bill. Did that bunch make a good haul off the train?"

"Not a dime. There was six. Two died on the spot, shot to ribbons. The rest broke clear—which was where this Orlo Brant got the bullet in his elbow. They're all jailed now or dead, except him."

DEEP lines appeared on the sheriff's broad forehead. His arms tightened about the girl, who solemnly looked up. "Lucky for the gent," he said. "Or maybe unlucky, considerin' what must be on his mind. Four years is a stretch of time, and railroads don't forget."

"Correct." Yount leaned forward. His face, which was normally rather cold and watchful, kindled with kindliness. "Honey, what might be your name?"

"Linnie Marie."

"Think of that! Fits you, too. How old are you, Linnie Marie?"

She paused. The sheriff supplied the answer: "Three years, seven months, two days."

Yount chuckled, a rare thing for him to do. "Got it pat, uh?"

"Not an item to be forgotten. You married?"

"I missed that somewhere on the road," said Yount slowly. The sheriff looked down at a sleepy Linnie Marie and mused. "There's a difference."

Yount rose and went to the door. "See you tomorrow." The sheriff nodded.

Yount walked down to the porch of the town's hotel and paused there to finish the end of his cigar. He made no attempt to shelter himself, but the pooling shadows hid him effectively and thus he presently observed the sheriff come from the office and pass by, carrying Linnie Marie in his broad arms; the man seemed to look far ahead, to be plunged in somber reflection. Something in the scene stirred Yount and the tip of his cigar glowed brightly. Then, tossing away the shredded butt, he went in, signed for a room and mounted the creaking stairs.

THE room was like a thousand others in which he had spent the active years of his life—musty, shabby, and bearing the scars of many others who had tarried but briefly. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Yount pulled off a boot and held it in his hand. The direct eyes narrowed from the impulse of a thought.

"Linnie Marie. Three years, seven months, two days. He had it pat. Now that's odd. A man's no hand to recollect such a thing. Not unless it's planted in his memory awful strong. Not unless it means more to him than anything else in his life."

In the morning, rising late, Yount crossed to the restaurant and sat up to the counter for his customary coffee and doughnuts. The place was empty except for a comely young waitress and a red-haired rider who instantly ceased talking to her and moved toward the rear of the room.

The girl served Yount and retreated. Yount heard her say: "Well, you can leave for a while, can't you?"

"No. Listen, I've got to make a stand somewhere."

"And be killed? Oh, Jim!"

"Shush."

Yount's gaze was fixed on the counter. He finished his coffee, lit a cigar and contemplated the wreathing smoke. The girl murmured:

"That's pride!"

"Self-respect. Can't run forever."

"But what about me!"

Yount let a long, studious glance fall upon the pair—a tall, frank young man resisting the persuasive talk of a girl made miserable by fear. Then he paid for his breakfast and went back to the hotel where he took a seat on the porch.

Bright sunlight flooded Lost Eagle and under the impetus of the crisp air life ran energetically. Riders posted in, a freighter rolled past. Off toward the outskirts of the town a pall of dust billowed up thickly from a driven herd; on the northern sky line lay rolling hills.

The sheriff strolled up and sat on the steps. "Anything I can do for you, Yount?"

"Just soakin' in the air."

"Good idea," said the sheriff. "There's a time for everything."

In the clearer light of morning, Yount's first impressions of the sheriff were strengthened. The latter's shoulders were muscular, his frame rawboned. Kindliness rested in the gray, even eyes. About him was a sense of awkward, honest power. When he rolled a cigarette, no deftness in his fingers, the arch of his eyebrows sharpened in concentration and when he spoke there was a trailing drawl in the words:

"Was tryin' to figure why you thought Tonto was your man."

"Maybe he ain't," said Yount. "But I'd heard about him, so I thought I'd like to see his face. We get the dope on these fellows down at the main office. This Orlo Brant wasn't a fool. He had brains. He got clear of the bad crowd and stayed clear. He's above average and he'd be the kind to run his own spread. Like Tonto."

"Just so—if he was still on the dodge," mused the sheriff. After a considerable silence he added, "But supposin' he might have turned honest?"

"If so, he probably amounts to somethin' in his community. His kind wouldn't play second fiddle anywhere."

The sheriff studied his own big hands. "Yeah. But bein' honest won't help him now. A man has to pay his bills and those kind of bills never die."

"Correct," agreed Yount.

McLean rose. "It goes against the grain sometimes—this catchin' men who have made mistakes and are tryin' to start again. I've had to do it. It hurts."

Yount's voice was hard. "A man wearing the star can't let sentiment sway him. If the business hurts, he had ought to turn the star in. Man-huntin's a sorry game, often a bitter one."

The red-head came from the restaurant and walked in the direction of the saloon. Yount indicated him with a nod of head. "Who's that?"

"Jim Lane. With possibilities—if let alone."

Yount watched the sheriff go down the street and intercept the red-head. He saw him put an arm on the young man's shoulder, saw the two, talking earnestly, pass by the saloon. Yount's eyes registered approval. "Slick way of easin' the kid away from drink. McLean's got a heart. Situation here I don't seem to make. Somebody's sittin' on a keg of powder."

For some moments his attention had rested on a faded sign across the way: Lord County Bugle. Rising, he casually crossed the street and stepped into the unkempt, dingy anteroom of a cowtown weekly. A press ceased clacking in the back shop and a man with ink-stained fingers came forward. Yount bowed politely.

"Like to look over your old files if there is no objection."

THE printer-publisher nodded to a bookcase and retreated. Yount went over, selected a volume whose date was four years old, and carried it to the counter. Extracting a pair of steel-rimmed glasses from his pocket, he adjusted them and proceeded to read. Considerably well along in the yellowed pages his traveling finger stopped on this brief note:

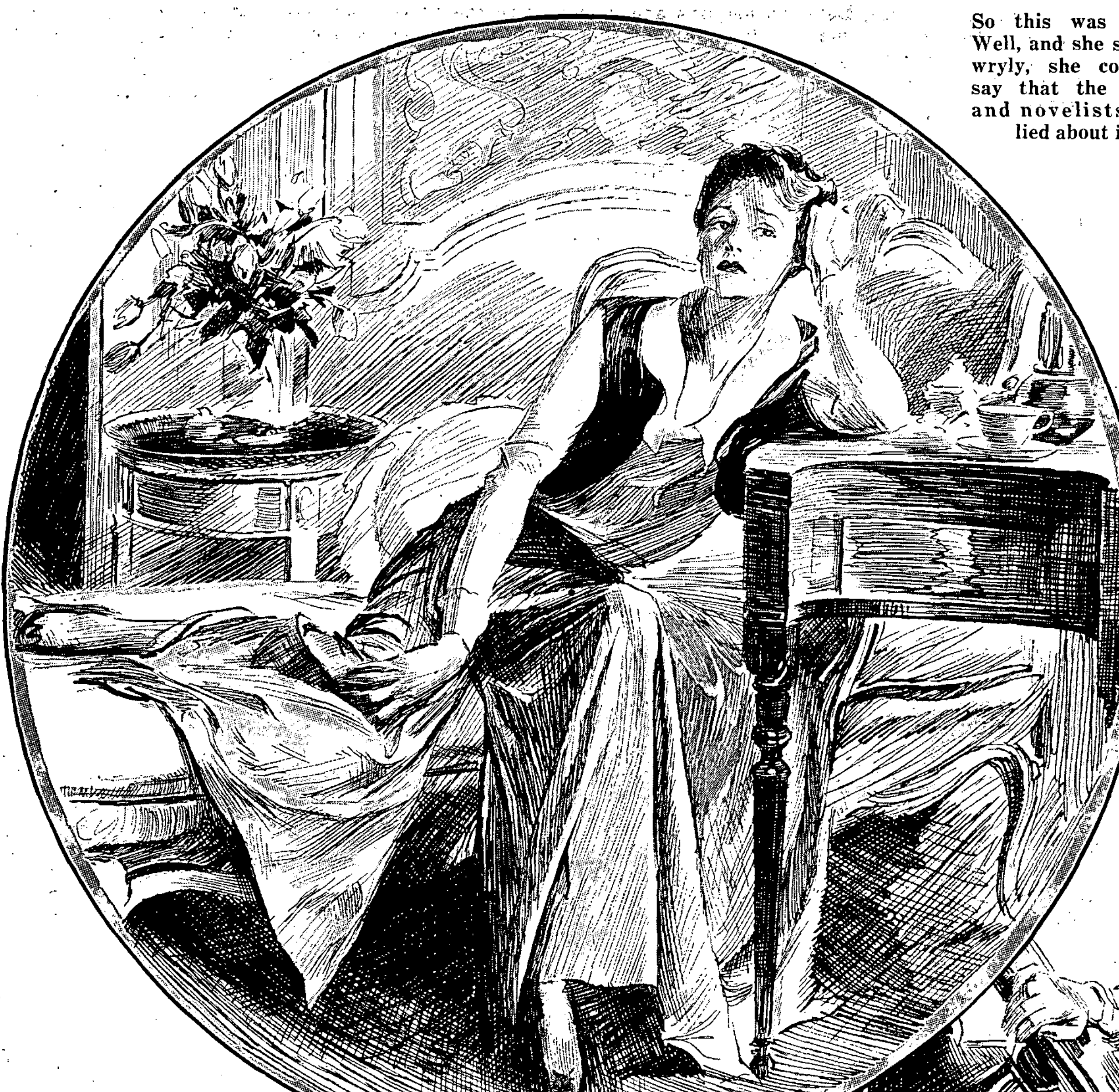
"Cliff McLean and wife, from Dakota Territory, have come to settle in our town. They have rented Nate Splawn's house. Welcome, Cliff, you'll like the climate."

"Arriving here in March," said Yount to himself, noting the date. A very few pages farther the McLeans were again mentioned:

"Comes to Mr. and Mrs. Cliff McLean a girl, seven pounds on the store scales which were taken down to register that important event. Linnie Marie is the name of this bouncing little lady, and she looks just like her parents, who are mighty popular people. We suspect Cliff wanted a male heir to pump the bellows at his blacksmith shop—bought from Cal Kelvy—but he bears the disappointment well. The cigar was fine, Cliff."

Yount removed his glasses, rubbed them vigorously. "From Dakota Territory. Not quite four years ago. A good place to give as an address—if a man wanted to be vague about his past. It's a long way off."

(Continued on page 38)



So this was love! Well, and she smiled wryly, she couldn't say that the poets and novelists had lied about it

The Wrong Wife

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD CORDOVA, Assistant District Attorney of New York, receives a most unexpected invitation to spend a week-end with former United States Senator Carmichael, whom he has never met, at his beautiful "camp" at Lake Warumkeg, Maine. Puzzled, but flattered, he accepts.

Two charming girls—Del and Deborah Carmichael, nieces of the senator—meet him. Both are instantly attracted to him. When he leaves, he is in love with the older—Del. Before he goes, however—

"Cordova," says the senator, while two other guests—Mr. Martine and Mr. Grenfell, New York politicians—listen, "you're prosecuting the Drovers and Builders Investment Trust. Win that case—and we'll make you mayor of New York!"

Back in New York, Cordova (once more at work in his office) meets young Grady, a newspaper reporter. The boy is interested in Miss Searles, Cordova's secretary. He guesses what has occurred at Warumkeg, warns Cordova to be careful. . . . The phone rings. Cordova answers it. Charles Ganley, who, with Marbury and Heatherly, has (so Cordova believes) wrecked Drovers and Builders, is on the line. The man begs pitifully for a private interview. "I'll see you before witnesses, here in my office," says Cordova—and hangs up.

That evening Cordova writes a letter to Del, tells her he loves her. He addresses it, in his distinguished but somewhat illegible hand, to her, but the Carmichael butler takes that tremendously important letter, on which the future happiness of Richard Cordova depends—to the person for whom it seems, obviously, intended: Miss *Deb*orah Carmichael!

IV

THIS was the third morning on which Deborah Carmichael had breakfasted in bed. The maid who drew the curtains, letting in the bright sun, asked, for the third successive day, a sympathetic question:

"Not feeling well, Miss Deborah?"

The young girl frowned.

"If I don't rise at dawn and go out and kill something, if it's only a fish, the whole household imagines I'm at death's door."

The maid flushed.

"I'm sorry, Miss Deborah—"

Deborah flashed the smile that illumined her whole countenance, that, warm and affectionate, nevertheless made her seem, if not old, extremely wise.

"And *I'm* sorry, Jennie," she said. "Didn't mean to be grumpy, but I'm tired of explaining that I'm just lazy, not ill."

"Of course, Miss Deborah," agreed the maid. "Breakfast will be here in a minute."

Deborah sat up in bed; she yawned, exposing teeth which would need no dentist's ministrations for many years to come. The pajama jacket that slipped from a rounded shoulder afforded a glimpse of skin that was too creamy ever to take a deep tan, and that was faintly powdered with freckles, as was the bridge of her nose.

She left her bed with the agility of a healthy young animal; and when, within the minute that Jennie had named, breakfast was laid on a table by a great window, she was splashing in her bath. But from the bathroom came no song, and Jennie shrugged. Also, as she looked at the clock upon a dressing table and read the hour—8:55—the maid shrugged a second time. Miss Deborah, until three days ago, had had her morning swim, landed at least one bass, and finished breakfast by 8:30.

The maid glanced at the bed. On a table beside it was a cross-word puzzle book, opened. She tiptoed hastily to the table. Puzzle No. 17 was half-completed. Yesterday morning the book had been open at No. 11. That meant —and the maid was no mistress of logic—several hours in the night that had been devoted to the puzzle book. This time Jennie did not shrug; she merely raised her eyebrows.

"Your coffee will be getting cold, Miss Deborah," she called, with that kindly familiarity that long service begets.

"Com-ing," cried Deborah.

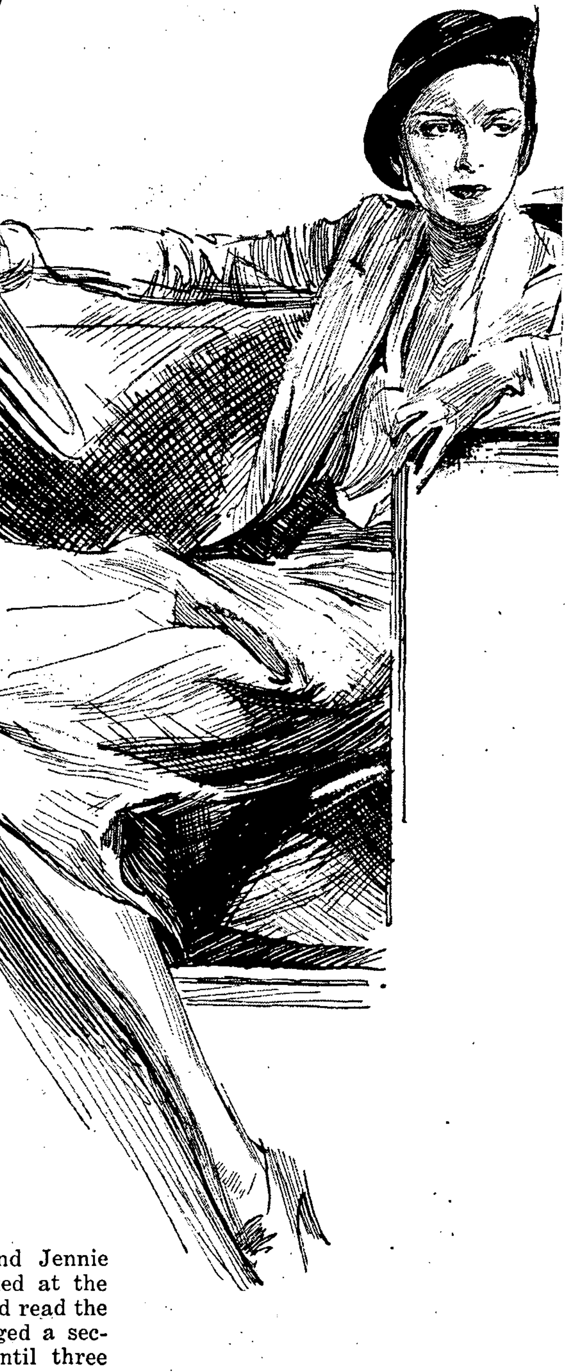
She emerged from the bathroom, shining-eyed, tingling from the cold shower, and made a great pretense of lifting covers and eagerly sniffing the sizzling sausages and the smoking pancakes.

"Mm-mm," she murmured.

"You did that yesterday and day before," accused Jennie, "but you didn't eat anything."

"I will today," promised the girl. And with that, doubt in every movement of her angular body, the maid withdrew.

Deborah sat down before the table. She was one of those persons who cannot bear to go to another room for breakfast, but who nevertheless never eat in bed. Ordinarily she ate fruit, toast, eggs and coffee, and the toast



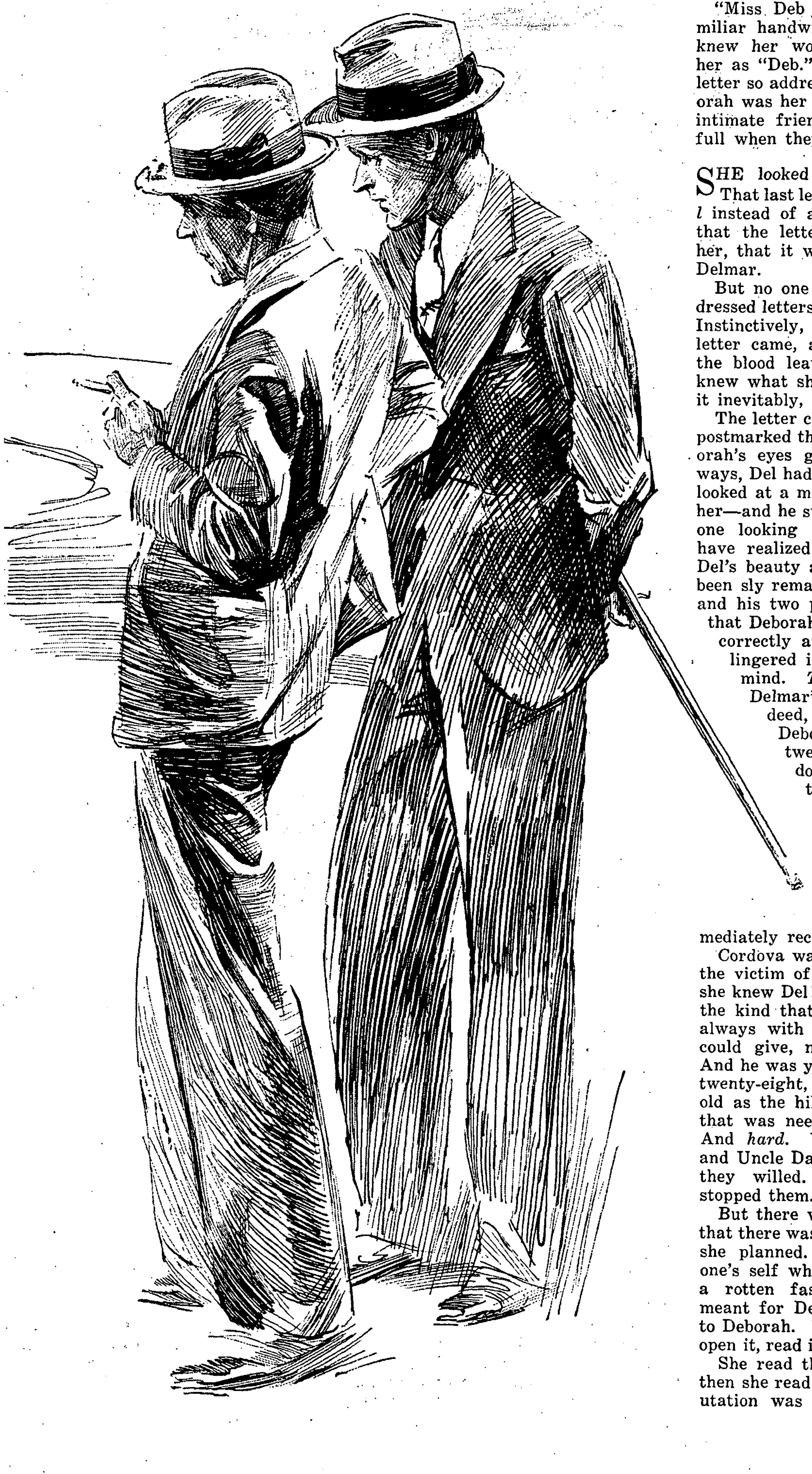
"Some day, Grady," said the girl, viciously, "you'll get what's coming to you, and I'll be there to see it." Grady shook his head was made more palatable by the use of plenty of marmalade. But today—*as on yesterday and the day before*—she put down the orange juice untasted, and even as she poured her coffee she knew that she would not drink it.

So this was love, eh? Well, and she smiled wryly, she couldn't say that the poets and novelists had lied about it. One didn't feel like eating, and one couldn't sleep. . . . But that was because she loved and was not loved. Oh, but it would be different if she were loved, too. Then old Warumkeg, lifting his rocky crest to the sky across the lake, wouldn't seem dour and sinister; the waters of the lake wouldn't be dancing in mean mockery; the songs of the birds wouldn't sound derisive.

"You'd better snap out of this, Deborah Carmichael," she said to herself. "The gentleman is not for you. And when you're twenty-eight, instead of barely eighteen, you'll have forgotten what he looks like."

THE words were brave, but the sigh that followed them was pitiful. She frowned angrily. After all, mooning and sighing for a man she had hardly met was not very dignified. Losing one's appetite, one's interest in sports. . . . Suppose anyone suspected? The thought crimsoned her face and throat. Lying awake half the night, trying to win sleep by working on puzzles, by reading. . . .

Deliberately she lifted the coffee cup to her lips and drank; with the same deliberation she put marmalade upon a bit of toast and ate it; she looked at the pancakes. Cook, knowing that she had not touched breakfast the last two days, had prepared a favorite dish for her. She poured maple syrup on the cakes and attacked them as though eating them was a task that must be accomplished.



Jennie entered with the morning papers and mail. She eyed the breakfast tray approvingly.

"I knew you'd be feeling all right soon, Miss Deborah," she said. "Here's some letters."

She handed her young mistress the day-old New York papers and half a dozen letters. Then she picked up the tray and departed. Deborah ran over her mail.

"Miss Deb Carmichael." An unfamiliar handwriting. But no one who knew her would address a letter to her as "Deb." She'd never received a letter so addressed in all her life. Deborah was her name, and even her most intimate friends spelled her name in full when they wrote to her.

SHE looked again at the envelope. That last letter might very well be an *l* instead of a *b*. Instantly she knew that the letter was not addressed to her, that it was meant for her cousin Delmar.

But no one ever—she imagined—addressed letters to Del by her diminutive. Instinctively, she knew from whom the letter came, and the knowledge made the blood leave her cheeks. For she knew what she was going to do, knew it inevitably, certainly.

The letter came from New York, was postmarked the night before last. Deborah's eyes grew hard. Well, as always, Del had been dynamite. She just looked at a man—or the man looked at her—and he succumbed instantly. Anyone looking at Dick Cordova would have realized that he had yielded to Del's beauty at once. Why, there had been sly remarks dropped by her uncle and his two political friends, remarks that Deborah had refused to interpret correctly at the time, but that had lingered in the background of her mind. *They* had been aware of Delmar's effect upon Cordova. Indeed, it vaguely seemed to Deborah that the meeting between her cousin and Cordova had been the object of the invitation to the young attorney. And there had been about Del, when Cordova's name had been mentioned, that cat-and-canary look which Deborah's femininity immediately recognized and resented.

Cordova was so nice. Too nice to be the victim of any of Del's wiles. Oh, she knew Del! Cold-blooded, ambitious; the kind that would look upon a man always with the thought of what he could give, not what she could give. And he was young. Oh, even if he was twenty-eight, he was *young*. Del was old as the hills in the sort of wisdom that was needed to maneuver a man. And *hard*. Why, between them, Del and Uncle Dan would twist Cordova as they willed. Unless she, Deborah, stopped them.

But there was no use telling herself that there was righteousness in the deed she planned. No sense in deceiving one's self when one planned to act in a rotten fashion. This letter was meant for Del; but it had been given to Deborah. Well, she, Deborah, would open it, read it. . . .

She read the formal enclosure first; then she read the second. And the salutation was more clearly written in this note than it had been on the envelope. It was obviously addressed to her cousin.

So—he loved her. Like a dozen other men whom Deborah remembered, he had yielded at once to that blond beauty which Deborah knew hid a nature hard as granite and cold as ice.

And what would Del do to this love? She would use it for her own selfish purposes, with never a thought of Cordova. Marry him? If her ambition suggested that this would be advisable—yes. And her ambition *would* suggest that. Cordova had a career ahead of him. Without a career, his position, his wealth, would be sufficient to make Del accept him.

But *love* him? Del would never love anyone save herself. Deborah, since her parents' death, six years ago, had lived with Uncle Dan. She had arrived in Carmichael's home to find her cousin already installed there, mistress of the household. She had never been jealous of Del's position. Loving her uncle, she had not minded that possibly he cared more for Delmar. And, because life was easier if the amenities were observed, Deborah had hidden, during the years, her growing contempt for her cousin.

Del's bad taste; Del's cheap ambitions; Del's grasping greed. If Uncle Dan couldn't see them for himself, then she, Deborah, would never tell him. Deborah had determined, a long time ago, that whenever her wishes clashed with Del's, she herself would always give way. It made life pleasanter, happier.

But this present occasion was different. Del, perhaps, wanted Cordova. But not in the way Deborah wanted him. Del wanted him because of what he could give her; Deborah wanted him because of what he was.

And she knew what he was, had known it within a moment of meeting him, had felt it as she stared through the boat-house window at him. A man of high honor, of decent impulses, of humor and kindliness. *The man she wanted. The man she was going to have.*

MEN never knew what they wanted. They were deceived by a tendril of hair, by the length of an eyelash, by the curve of a cheek. They called what they felt for these things by the name of love. Character, compatibility—these meant nothing. Because men were too stupid to understand the importance of these things.

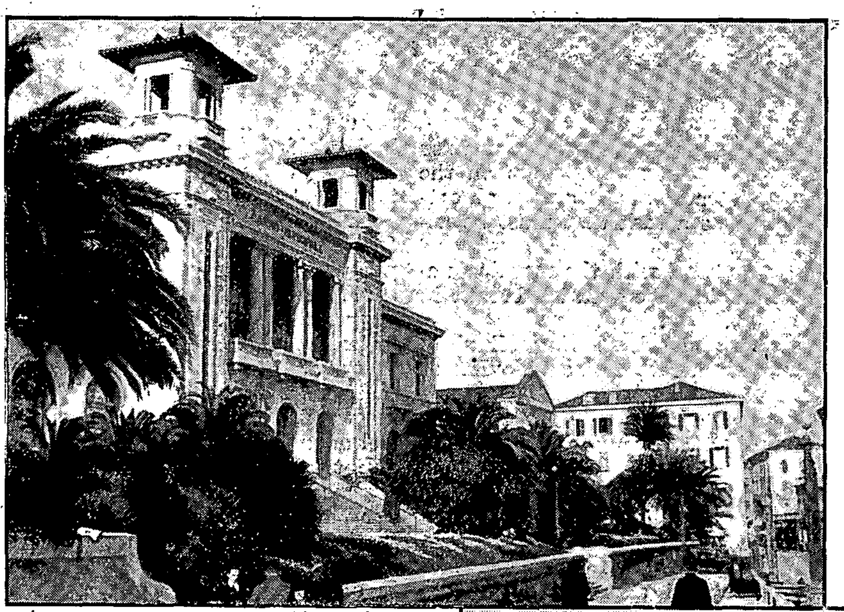
Her lips twisted in a smile that was mirthless. Who was she to think of character while she planned a great dishonesty? But it didn't matter. She'd do it. Wasn't it stated that all was fair in love and war? And it wasn't as though it were merely that she had fallen in love with Cordova, she assured herself; there was the further fact that Del couldn't love *anyone*, that if she chose to accept Cordova's love it would simply mean unhappiness for the young man. Then, because she was always honest with herself, she thrust away this last excuse; she would seize upon Cordova's letter and put it to her own uses, not because Del was unworthy of the man, but because she, Deborah, loved him and would rather be dead than unable to get him.

She walked to a writing desk, and reached for pen and paper.

CORDOVA, looking through the Tuesday morning papers, had found no story about himself. But Mr. Fred Grady of the Banner had not been idle, for there was a story signed by him, having to do with gangster activities in The Bronx. Nor did Grady drop in to see him on this day. Miss Searles, too,

(Continued on page 53)

A Little Serious



International News

The Casino Municipale at Nice, France, one of the most profitable of the world's gambling places

Below, the Parisian's casino at Enghien, near Paris, licensed by the French government and patronized largely by the French

Twenty-five million American dollars are lost annually across gaming tables abroad. Here Mr. Flynn takes you for a tour along the Coasts of Chance and shows you how our dollars have gained a place in the deliberations of cabinets. Competition is fierce but that does nothing to decrease the gayety of nations at Monte Carlo, Biarritz, Cannes and Nice

International News

THIS is the season in which the great American dollar goes on the loose; when the great exodus of the Invisibles starts across the ocean.

What are the Invisibles? Well, we will come to that in a moment. For the time being we merely note that this is the time of the year when that amazing, gregarious animal, the American tourist, launches his annual invasion of Europe, carrying with him millions of dollars.

The occasion for mentioning the matter here is the shocking fact that much of the good green money tourists carry will be running away from our not-so-good blue laws, looking for new owners along what may be called the Coasts of Chance. For out of the hundreds of millions of dollars which American travelers will carry abroad this year, many millions will find their way to the roulette and baccarat tables of Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, Biarritz and all the other countless casinos which have sprung up, chiefly in southern Europe.

All this is interesting enough as a holiday spectacle or as a social phenomenon. But at this moment the behavior and movement of these gambling dollars have gotten mixed up in affairs of state. The gambling dollar of the American has taken on an economic significance. *Boule* and *chemin de fer* and roulette—yes, and lotteries and sweepstakes—may seem a long way from economics and international politics, but now they have been admitted to a place in the discussions of cabinets and in the speculations of Europe's ministers of finance.

Which brings us back to the Invisibles. If a Frenchman sells to a New Yorker a gallon of perfume, the New Yorker pays in money for it. Bankers and governments keep track of this movement of goods and money across the borders of all countries. They draw up an elaborate statement of it every year and call it the trade balance. But there is a good deal of money that moves from one country to another which never appears in the statement of this balance of trade.

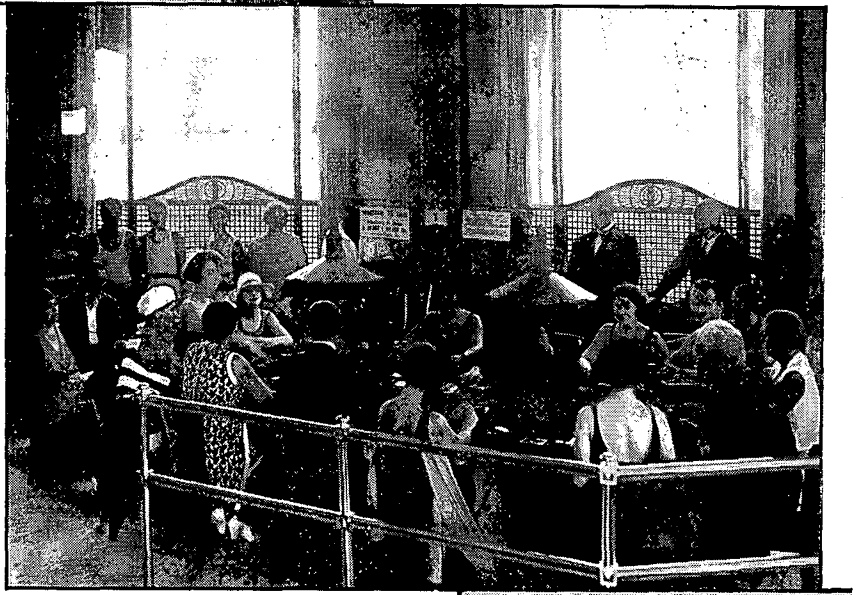
If an American goes to France with a thousand dollars in his pocket and spends it there, when he leaves for home he leaves his thousand dollars behind him. He may have had a perfectly wonderful time, but France has the money. She has it just as surely as if she had shipped something to New York and received a remittance for it.

Rubbernecks to the Rescue!

But these sums thus spent in travel do not appear in the trade balances. They are listed as Invisible Items.

They may be invisible but they are very large and very powerful. France, almost bankrupt by the war, emerges suddenly as one of the richest nations. She has been saved by the Invisibles. As surely as Paris was saved at the Marne by her heroic taxicabs, France has been saved since the war by her less heroic but no less effective rubberneck wagons.

Americans have carried over there and spent perfectly good American cash to the tune of not less than $135,000,000 a year. In ten years that equals about sixty per cent of that great French gold reserve which has received so much advertising of late. Indeed, France's gold position would not be possible now without the American tourist dollar. In the world as a whole American tourists spent last year not less than three quarters of a billion dollars.



Acme-P. & A.

Informal daytime gambling at Cannes. Below is a view of the beach and gambling places at fashionable Biarritz

International News

And perhaps one of the most invisible of the Invisibles is the gambling dollar; frightfully and appallingly invisible to the tourist after he has once let it out of his hands, but far from invisible among the items which enable certain European governments to function and balance their trade budgets.

The amount of money which flows over the tables of all the casinos of Europe is enormous. It is probably true that on any given day and night in southern Europe there are a hundred thousand tourists—a goodly number of them Americans—sitting around tables holding combined stakes of not less than three billion francs.

The untraveled American may think of Monte Carlo as the solitary haven of the respectable gambling dollar. But the Coast of Chance is long. It runs all around the shores of the Mediterranean, not only on the European side, where the swallow-tail coat is the ordinary business suit of the inhabitants, but on the African side as well, where one may try his luck in elaborate and luxurious casinos from Casablanca to Tunis.

It is estimated that Americans, at more than two hundred casinos in Europe, annually kiss good-by to at least $25,000,000.

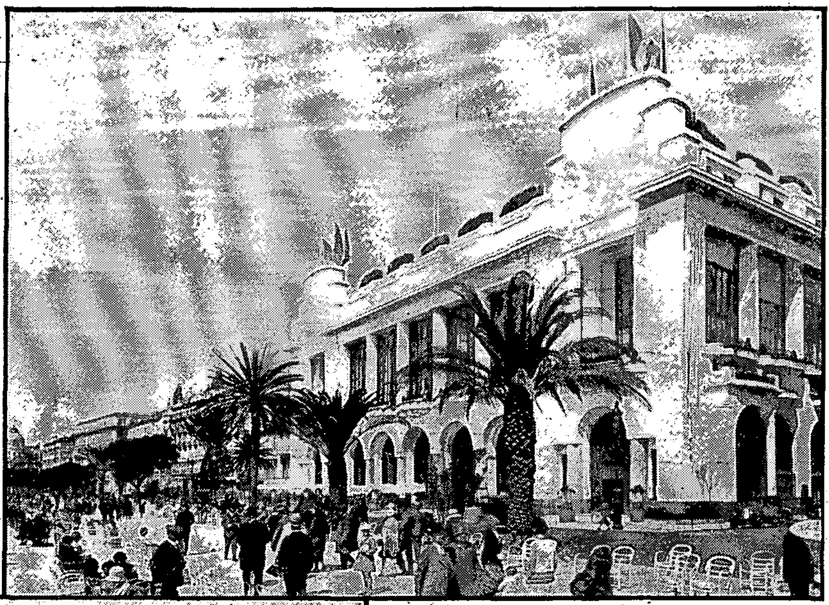
At all these casinos the government agent is there for the government's share of the play. Like everything else in Europe, the casinos are taxed and heavily taxed. Governments take large sums as their part of the merriment. One hears a good deal of talk about how the principality of Monaco is supported by the taxes on the Casino and the fact is whispered sometimes by pious folk as if it were scandalous.

A Three-Way Profit

"The Casino here is taxed, to be sure," said Louis II, Prince and ruler of the little sovereign state of Monaco, to me. "But we do no more than any government does with any business. When my grandfather in 1861 granted the Casino a franchise to operate, he merely stipulated that it should pay a

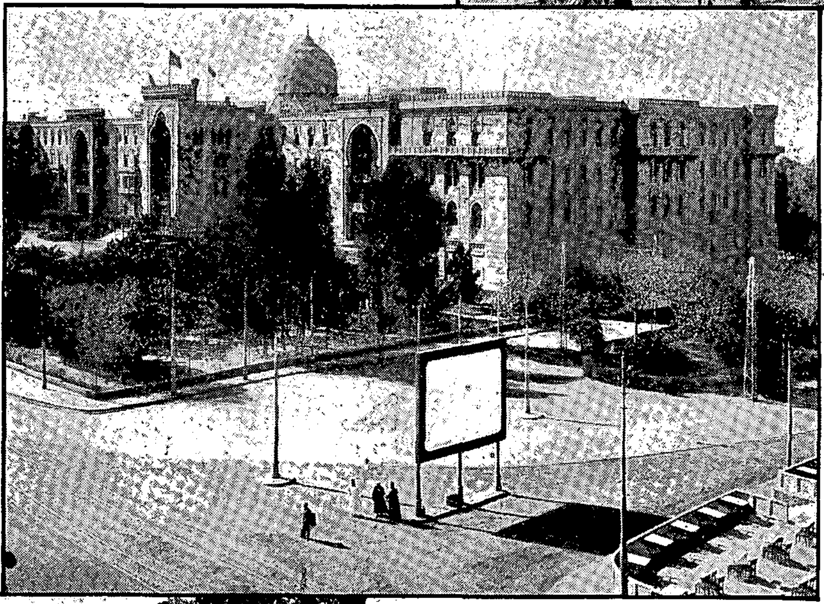
Gambling

By John T. Flynn



The Grand Palais de Méditerranée at Nice, France, built by Frank Jay Gould to rival Monte Carlo

P. & A.



Below, the Heliopolis hotel at Cairo, built as a gambling resort but denied permission to operate by the Egyptian government

Publishers Photo Service

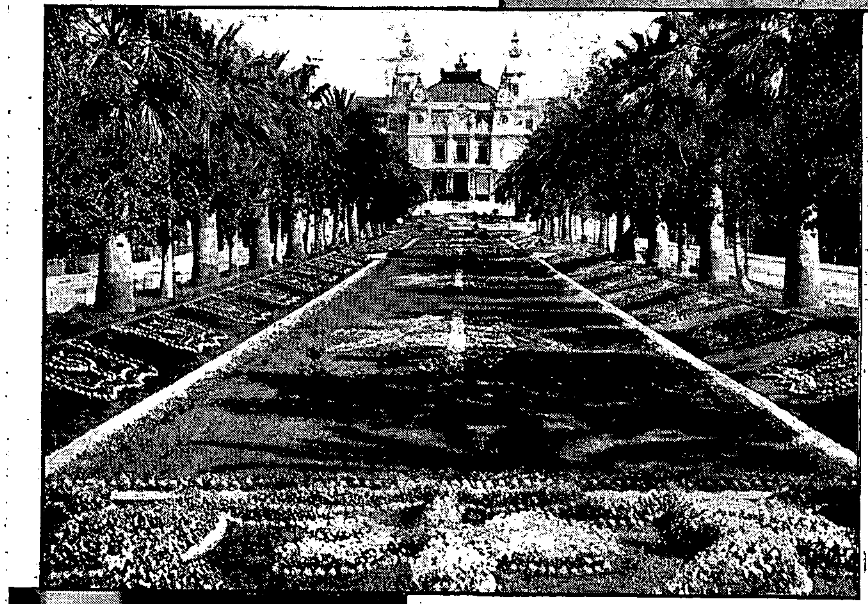
tax of three per cent. The Casino is a business. It must do, therefore, what any business does—pay toward the support of the government. France does the same thing with her casinos. As it has turned out in Monaco this tax, along with the taxes paid by the hotels, is sufficient to meet the expenses of our small government."

I might have informed him that this is no more than we do in America with reference to prize fights, race tracks and gambling institutions wherever they are permitted to operate.

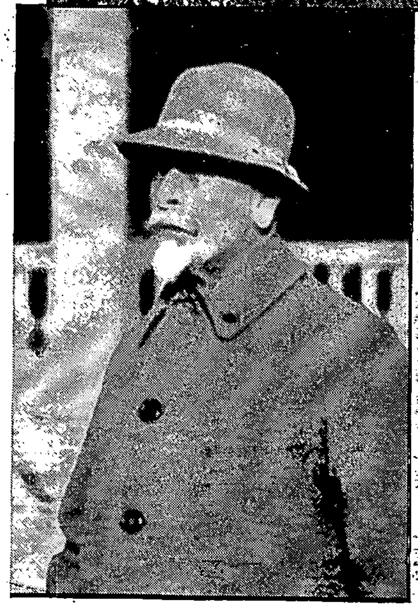
The taxes, however, form only a small part of the benefit derived by the country where the casino is located. First, there are the great sums lost by persons who play. If an American loses a hundred francs at a roulette table, the money is won by the casino, of course, and not the government. But that money is now in the country, which is the important thing. As the property of a French casino manager it becomes a part of the commercial cash fund of the nation.

Wealth from Wanderers

But there is a more important feature to it than this. It has to do with the huge sums spent by the thousands of people who are attracted by the mere existence of a casino and who spend enormous sums at hotels, ships, cafés, places of amusement, railroads and so on. Somehow or other the tides of travel turn toward these alluring spots where casinos flourish. And bankers and finance ministers, troubled by the problem of keeping up the nation's gold reserve, see with a very complacent eye these rich streams of fresh gold flowing into the currents of their trade.



Keystone View



Magnificent formal gardens front the Casino at Monte Carlo. Below is Sir Basil Zaharoff, reputed owner of this establishment

International News

In Cairo, for instance, there is a strong party demanding an embargo on certain goods and a boycott on others to keep Egyptians from buying in England and the United States and thus sending their money out of the country. There is another party, however, which has a different idea about it. While I was there in March a brisk debate was on about this subject. The latter group pointed to this obvious fact: Egypt is an agricultural country. Four fifths of her people work on farms. But two thirds of the farms, if not more, belong to a small group of noble gentlemen and minor gentry, collecting cash from the poor *fellahin* who works the farm and lives on a crust of bread and an onion in indescribable squalor.

The gentlemen own magnificent palaces in Cairo and along the Nile, but they spend very little time there. Instead, you will find them in beautiful villas or luxurious hotels along the Riviera, busy patrons of the casinos which flourish there and members of the gay company attracted by the casinos. Thus the wealth of a nation of farmers, earned by ceaseless labor under a baking sun, is drained off by a small upper crust of idle gentlemen and taken to the Coasts of Chance.

Now on the outskirts of Cairo, on the edge of the desert, there is the great Heliopolis hotel, which is said to be the finest in the world. It comes very close to justifying that reputation—a magnificent structure, surrounded by beautiful gardens which go to the very line of the grim Libyan desert. This hotel was originally built, a few years ago, as a casino by a syndicate which hoped to make it a new Monte Carlo. But the present king, upon his accession to power, frowned upon the enterprise and the casino was abandoned. The building was turned into a hotel and became a total loss.

Now, however, there are many in Cairo who believe if the great Heliopolis hotel were once again operated as a casino that Cairo would become as alluring as Monte Carlo, that Egyptian life would be immensely stimulated, that the well-to-do and socially elect would be drawn in greater numbers to its mild winter climate, that visitors would linger instead of remaining just long enough to inspect Egypt's famous ruins, that millions would pour into the country and that even the native Egyptian noblemen would be tempted to remain at home longer and spend more of their money in the land which produces it. Thus a gambling casino might play a vital part in repairing a nation's finances.

The most interesting case is that of Italy. Mr. Mussolini has been having a difficult time with his finances. He has stabilized the lira at a point twenty-five per cent higher than the French franc without any substantial foundation for it and he has been having a hard time keeping it there. The trade balance has been against Italy every year, which means she has seen her gold reserve threatened persistently. The only thing that has saved her has been those precious Invisibles—loans from America and the flow of tourist expenditures. One might almost say of Italy that the whole place is on exhibition.

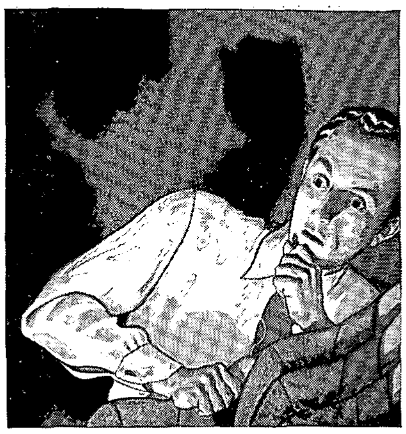
There are many towns which depend almost wholly upon tourists. Venice is such a place. It is just an inhabited museum, and thousands flock there every year to look upon the remnants of its faded glories. But this has not satisfied Mr. Mussolini. To make the place more alluring to travelers he has cleaned it up—he has used a broom, not merely politically, but actually. His Fascists have regulated prices. He has lectured his countrymen and the peddlers about their manners and he has practically abolished the ancient and venerable profession of begging.

Mussolini Sees the Light

But he has looked with dismay upon the manner in which the tourist flood, particularly the American flood, rolls through Italy. It goes through the country as it goes through the museums—on the run. From Switzerland into the land of the Cæsars for a day in Milan, a day in Venice, a day in Florence, down to Naples for a day, two days in Rome, two hours in Genoa and out. Out and on to Monte Carlo or Nice for three or four or more days, perhaps even a stay of weeks—of lazy days in the casinos and along the beautiful coast of the Riviera. And the richer the American the longer he stays on the Riviera.

And so, in order to compete with Monte Carlo and Nice, the restrictions against roulette and boule and baccarat have been relaxed to permit the establishment of casinos in two places in

(Continued on page 51)

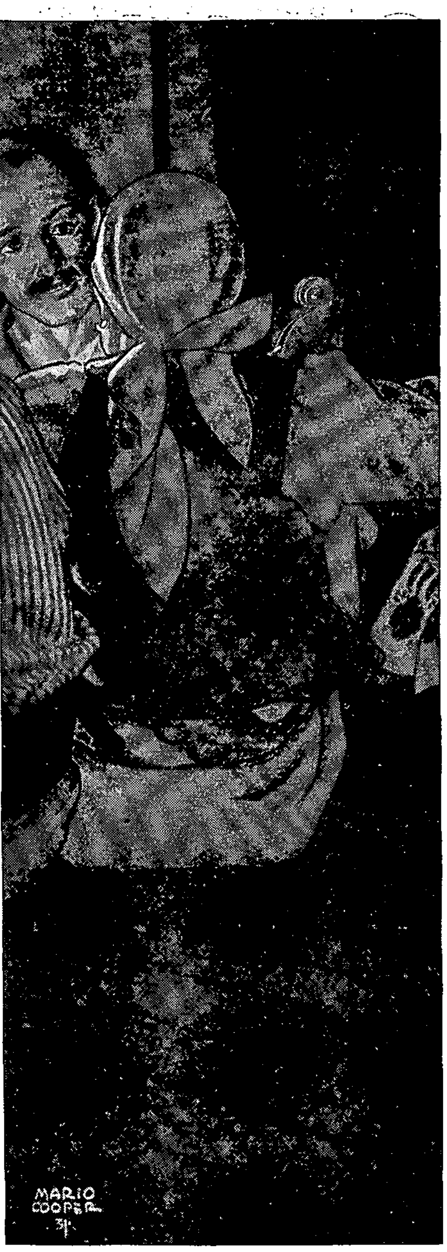


Vagabond Loafer

Irving Benjamin Kohn
bumps into romance—
and likes it

By Guy Gilpatric

Illustrated by Mario Cooper



ALONG the *Cros*, the fishermen were hauling in their nets. Children in bérets and smocks were playing marbles on the hard white sand. Just beyond the customs guard's shanty, a party of gypsies were tethering their horses to the wagon wheels for the night. In front of the little church the *curé* was stalking like a black-robed sentinel, his forefinger between the pages of his breviary and his eyes on the sun as it sank redly behind the shoulder of Cap d'Antibes.

It was the grandest sunset I had ever seen—a spectacle so gorgeous that, perversely enough, my pleasure in beholding it was marred by a sense of my inability to convey its gorgeousness to anyone else. No writer, I felt, could even hope to describe it, and no painter, even if he succeeded in putting it down on canvas, would risk his reputation by exhibiting the result. For any picture of this sunset would look like all the pictures of sunsets ever lithographed on calendars, painted on panels of hand-organs, or stained on the Indian birch-bark souvenirs of Rockaway Beach, Long Island.

As a matter of fact, it was only the sounds and smells of Cros-de-Cagnes which gave substance to the scene and saved it from sentimental unreality. The children were too pretty, the curve of the houses beyond the beach too perfect, the curé too picturesque, to be convincing in any mere picture or description of them.

The gypsies, of course, were entirely too quaint. If they had had motor cars and camping-trailers and V-necked sweaters and khaki pants, like American gypsies, their presence would have been supportable. But they had wagons which you felt had been built in Moldavia or Wallachia or some other strange, romantic place; wagons painted green and red and yellow, with little mirrors set in the sides in patterns of stars and crescents and Maltese crosses. The women wore the gay peplums of their tribe, and the bearded men had red sashes around the waists of their baggy corduroys. And not all of them were as dirty as all gypsies should be.

One of the men, in particular, was almost neat. He was smooth-shaven and darkly handsome. Although slight of build and younger than most of his fellows, he was evidently the boss. Thus, while the rest of them chopped wood and watered the horses, he stood aloof with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigarette and supervising the job. When at length the progress of things was ordered to his liking, he yawned, strolled down the beach in my direction, and paused to consider the sunset. I heard him humming to himself, and just as I was beginning to realize that his song was not a wild gitano *jota* he raised his voice and broke into the words:

"Come on an' snuggle up, snuggle-uggle-uggle up
To Daddy . . . ."

AT SUCH a time and in such a place, this drivel was exceedingly strange and vastly funny. I laughed, and at the sound of my laughter he stopped his song and wheeled toward me in embarrassment. And then I was sorry.

"Excuse me," I said. "I really didn't mean to laugh. Only—I thought you were a gypsy."

"Okay, Bud!" he grinned. "I guess I didn't know I was singing out loud. And anyway, I thought you was a Frenchman."

"No," I said. "I'm not a Frenchman. I'm from New York; and you are too, or I miss my guess."

"Yair," he said. "N'Yawk, that's me, Mac. A Hunerd 'n' Eighty-foist Street 'n' The Bronx. I useter be a Jewish boy, but I'm a Bohemian, now—a Zigeuner, a gitano, a gypsy. Kohn is my name—Irving Benjamin Kohn. Glad to meetcha."

We shook hands, lighted fresh cigarettes, and sprawled back upon our elbows in the sand. Mr. Kohn, due to my unexpected presence, seemed somewhat ill at ease. He gulped once or twice and smiled foolishly.

"Y'know, I was just thinking to myself that that there is pretty damn' fine," he said, waving his hand toward the sun-dyed sea. "In fact, yair, by golly, all of it is," and he increased the scope of his gesture to include the entire universe. "Sometimes, I'm afraid I'll wake up in Bellevue Hospital, or in the bughouse on Welfare Island, and hear 'em tell me it ain't real. I bet I've told myself a million times it's real. But I can't believe it yet." He stamped his heel into the sand and drew so fiercely on his cigarette that each puff dragged the fire a quarter-inch along the white paper.

"Oh, it's real, all right," I assured him. "At least, I guess it is. I was just sort of wondering about it myself when you started to sing."

"Yair," he nodded. "It does make you wonder, don't it?" Then, smiling to himself and lowering his voice, "Why, say, lissen, Buddy, lemme tell yuh something. . . ."

This is what he told me:

When Irving Benjamin Kohn graduated from the New York High School of Commerce, where he hadn't wanted to go in the first place, he was seventeen years old. On graduation day, Kohn's father had caused the words "& Son" to be painted after his own name on the store sign; and, according to the placards in the window, he Slashed Prices to the Bone to Celebrate My Son Is in the Business, Suits and O'Coats Away Below Cost.

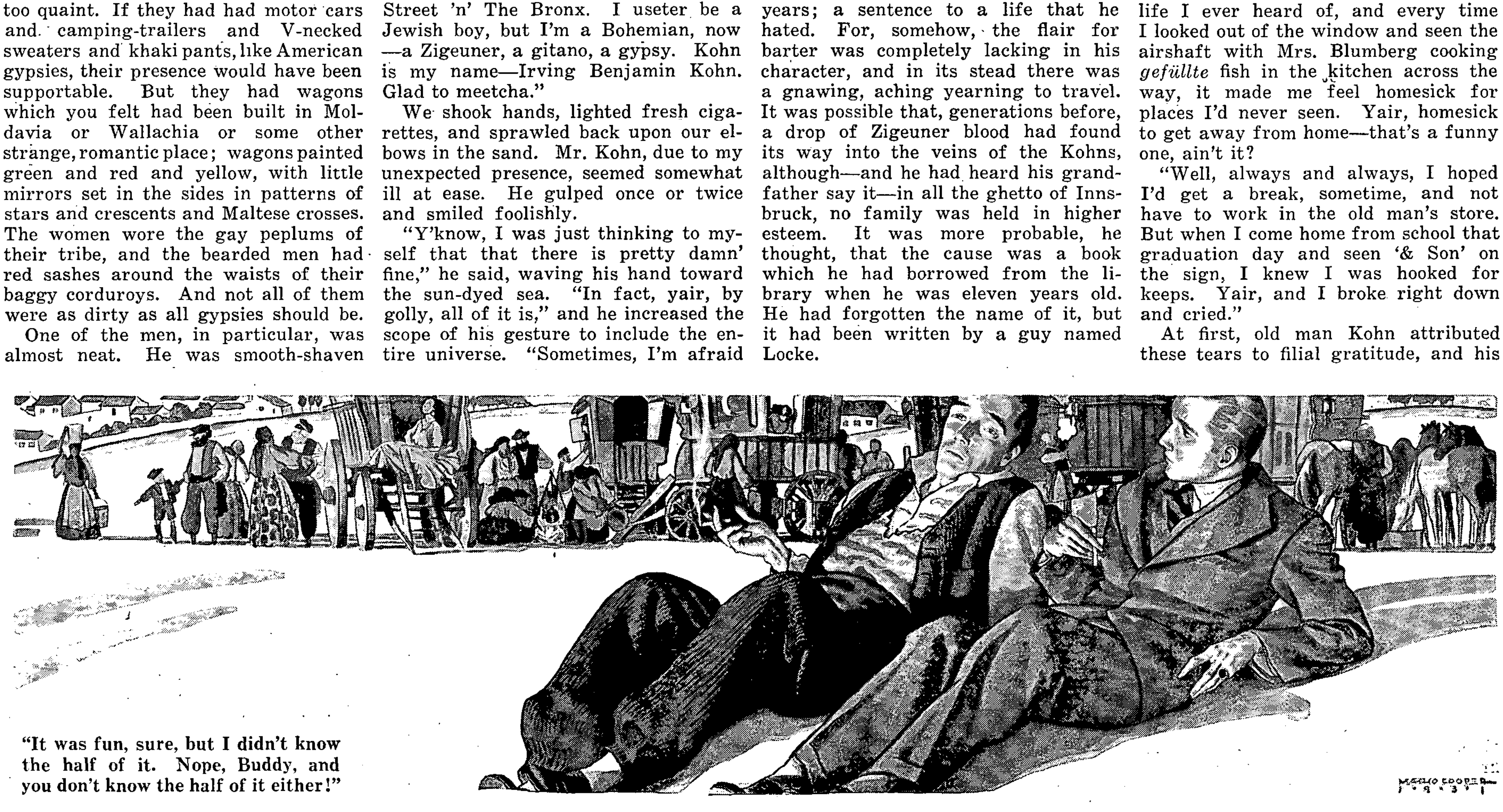
Now, by every rule of instinct, young Irving Benjamin should have deemed this a most auspicious send-off and a glamorous launching on a substantial career. But strangely enough, he didn't.

TO HIM, it was the fulfillment of a threat that had disturbed him for years; a sentence to a life that he hated. For, somehow, the flair for barter was completely lacking in his character, and in its stead there was a gnawing, aching yearning to travel. It was possible that, generations before, a drop of Zigeuner blood had found its way into the veins of the Kohns, although—and he had heard his grandfather say it—in all the ghetto of Innsbruck, no family was held in higher esteem. It was more probable, he thought, that the cause was a book which he had borrowed from the library when he was eleven years old. He had forgotten the name of it, but it had been written by a guy named Locke.

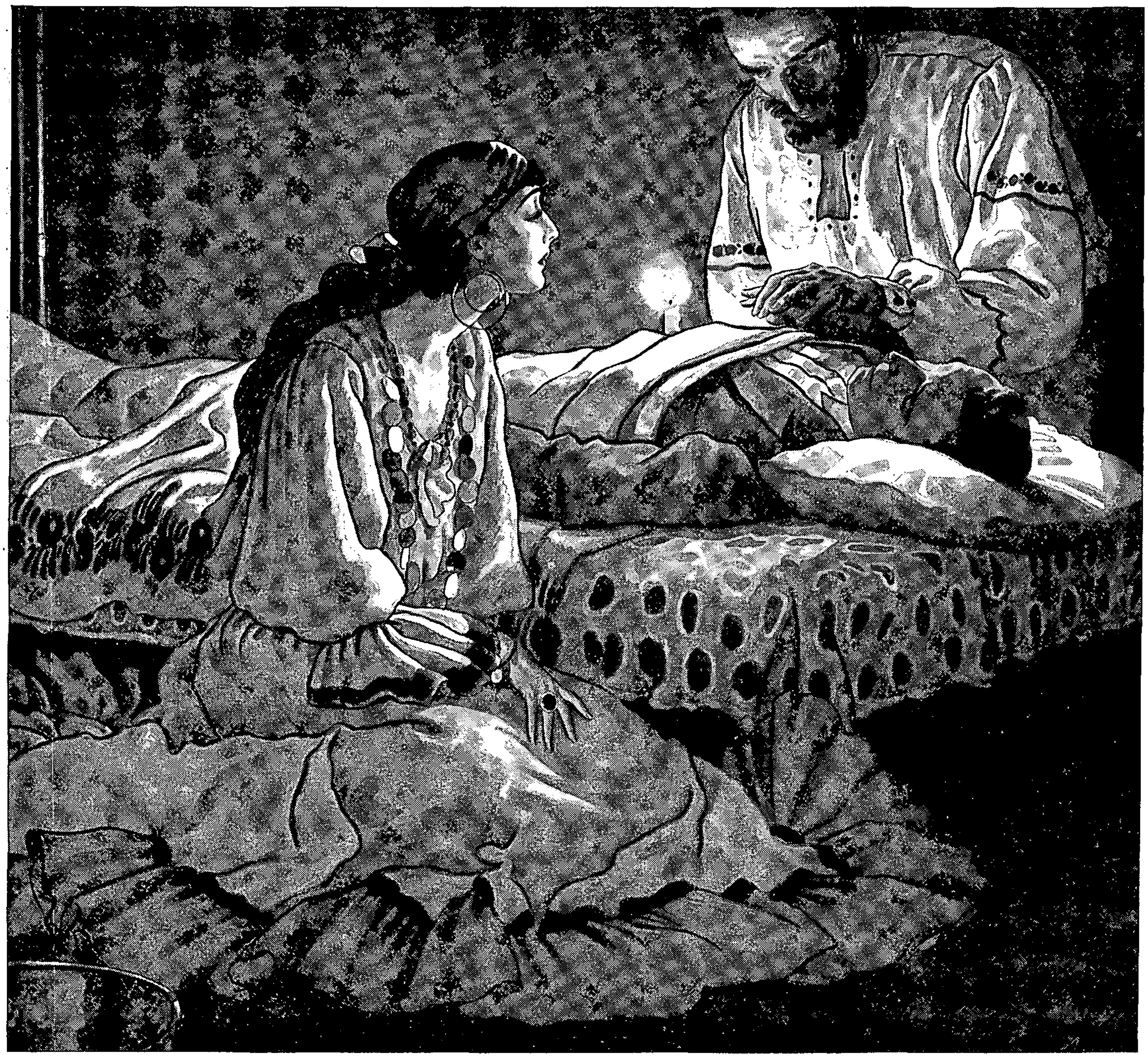
"This book," said Irving Benjamin, "was about an old boid who was a juggler, and a kid he'd picked up somewheres, and all they done was loaf around Europe and have a hell of a swell time. I thought it was the softest life I ever heard of, and every time I looked out of the window and seen the airshaft with Mrs. Blumberg cooking *gefüllte* fish in the kitchen across the way, it made me feel homesick for places I'd never seen. Yair, homesick to get away from home—that's a funny one, ain't it?

"Well, always and always, I hoped I'd get a break, sometime, and not have to work in the old man's store. But when I come home from school that graduation day and seen '& Son' on the sign, I knew I was hooked for keeps. Yair, and I broke right down and cried."

At first, old man Kohn attributed these tears to filial gratitude, and his



"It was fun, sure, but I didn't know the half of it. Nope, Buddy, and you don't know the half of it either!"



Sitting on one side of him was an old man with a beard, and on the other the prettiest girl he had ever seen

heart swelled with pride. But when Irving tried to explain their true cause, his father snorted derision.

"Trevvel?" he said. "Phooey, hear the boy! Why, say, lissen, Irving, you're crazy! What you want to spend your lifetime carrying a semple-case for, and sleeping in Pullmans and bum hotels? For why should you want to go on the road when we got right here the nicest little clothing business in The Bronx?"

Then Irving realized the futility of further explanation to a parent who thought of travel only in terms of sample-cases, railroad trains and drummers' hotels—travel, which meant blue skies, green meadows, and the tree-fringed highways which we follow in our dreams.

Sample-cases! Well, he supposed, he'd simply have to go to work selling suits, and forget it. . . .

He went to work, but he couldn't forget it. In the gloom of the store, the narrow aisles between the racks of clothing would suddenly become leafy lanes, and as suddenly turn back to cheviots, serges and bargains in mohairs. For the rest of the day, then, Irving Benjamin would wander around in a nostalgic daze while the old man scolded him and called him loafer.

After three miserable years of this, the elder Kohn died. Irving sold the store, gave the proceeds to his mother, and bought himself a taxicab.

"For you see," he explained, "Mommer was pretty old, and there was only her and my sister, Sarah, who wasn't married yet, and I figured I'd better not git out of New York and leave 'em all alone. Maybe I have got gypsy blood, and maybe again I haven't; but first of all I'm a Jew, and we always stick sorter close in the family. So I done the best I could to see the woild without leaving town. And when you're driving a hack, you do see it, Buddy, believe me!"

Of course, driving a taxi through the streets of Manhattan was a far cry from vagabonding through the hamlets of Provence, but it was so much better than working in the store that Irving Benjamin took a new lease on life.

"You got no idea the kick I got out of it, at foist," he said. "I was on top of the woild. East side, West side, all around the town, that was me! Yop, and sometimes I'd git a fare for Rye or Port Chester, or maybe some place way out on Long Island. It was fun, sure, but I didn't know the half of it. Nope, Buddy, and you don't know the half of it either!"

HE PAUSED to light a cigarette and to ruminate the half I didn't know. After a dozen puffs which spelled confusion to the gnats that swarmed mistily overhead, he picked up his story at a point which found him cruising eastward through Forty-eighth Street, shortly after two o'clock one morning. He was driving slowly, he said, because every other house on the block was a speakeasy, and in the small hours, speakeasy patrons are good pickings.

He saw a man emerging from a basement gate on the right. This man seemed to be in a hurry. He came up the steps of the areaway in one bound, and ran toward Irving Benjamin's cab as though the devil was after him.

As a matter of fact, several devils were after him, and they started blazing away with automatic pistols.

Irving heard the door of his cab slam closed, and the ear-splitting roar of three shots as his passenger unlimbered his artillery through the window. He shoved the accelerator to the floor and swung away from the curb. As he did so, a figure sprang from behind a lamp post and fired twice. Irving saw a white spider-web appear on the windshield before him, with a little hole right in the center of it. The hole was in line with his right hand, which was suddenly limp and bloody.

The man at the curb was about to fire again. Irving yanked the wheel with his left hand and steered straight for him. There was a bump, a scream, a crunch. But Irving didn't stop.

"Hey, slow down, slow down, we're okay now!" said a voice behind him. "Lemme out, kid, I'm going back and get them guys."

Irving slowed down and his fare leaped out.

From a dozen directions, it seemed, police whistles were shrilling, and night-sticks were tapping the alarm upon the echoing sidewalks. Speeding toward him, not a block away, was a car with bluecoats standing on the running-boards. These cops had pistols in their hands.

A cold wave of panic swept over Irving. "If them Turks ketch me," he thought, "I'll be sent up the river fer life!"

But he made up his mind that they wouldn't catch him. He opened his motor wide and tore through the almost deserted streets at fifty miles an hour. At First Avenue he swung dizzily southward. At Forty-sixth Street a milk truck lumbered across his way, and because he was driving with his left hand, he crashed into the rear of it. . . . .

He must have been dazed by the shock, for when he came to himself he was surprised to find that he was running through a dark side street, and that First Avenue was half a block behind him. His legs, he said, were moving by themselves, and he was astonished at the speed with which they carried him. But his breath was coming in gasps, and suddenly his knees seemed to melt.

"IT WAS a funny feeling," he told me. "I did a brodie right on my pan on the sidewalk, and though I was unconscious, I knew that I was unconscious. Yair, and all the time I was thinking to myself that the cops'd trace me through my hack number, and Mommer would die of shame when she heard I was pinched."

He was not aware of being carried from the sidewalk, but suddenly he heard a man's voice saying: "Kohn? Kohn? Kohn?" and the voice of a girl talking in an unfamiliar tongue.

He heard his name repeated again, and tried to move. "Yair, Kohn," he murmured, "but don't tell the cops."

The girl laughed, and said in English: "Don't be afraid. But what is your name?"

"Why, Kohn," said Irving Benjamin, managing to open his eyes. "Kohn, like I told you. What is this anyway, a gag?"

By the dim light of candles, he saw that he was lying on a cot in a vacant store, the window of which was coated with whitewash to prevent people on the street from looking in. In the middle of the room was an oil stove with five or six strangers sitting around it. Sitting on one side of him was an old man with a beard, and on the other side was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She had a yellow cloth on her head and big gold hoops in her ears. He concluded that these people must be Italians.

"My father was asking me who you were," said the girl. "'Kohn' means 'who' in our language. Are you by chance a Tsigane?"

"No," said Irving Benjamin, "I am a Jew."

THE girl translated this to the old man. Then, turning to Irving: "My father is very much interested in you. He says that you look like a gypsy and that he cannot understand how you can have a gypsy name if you aren't one. He wants to know how you were shot in the hand and why you were running away."

"I killed a man," said Irving, simply. "I killed him because he was trying to kill me."

When this statement had been translated, the old man nodded his head in sympathetic understanding.

"We will hide you," said the girl. "My father believes that you really must be one of us—a member of one of our lost *tabors*, tribes."

Irving felt foolish and light-headed. "Tell him he's crazy," he said, smiling up at her. "I'm strickly kosher, like I told you. Say, baby, my hand is starting to hurt something fierce. Hold it for me, will yuh?"

Up to this point, the group around the stove had paid not the slightest attention to the proceedings. They behaved as though there was nothing at all strange in having a wounded man dragged from the streets to sanctuary among them. But now, in answer to the girl's summons, one of them came

(*Continued on page 42*)

The Bridal Wail

The story of a matrimonial barque which scraped

THE first thing I done after getting divorced from Birdie was to feel free, and I'm telling you it was a noble sensation.

Now, mind you, I ain't slamming Birdie, because she was a good kid, but the way that woman could spend money was enough to make your hair curl. She would of spent all our salary every week if I had let her, only I was saving for a rainy day and was careful that she shouldn't get her hooks on nothing except just what it would cost her to ride the street cars and buy some clothes with. That was the main trouble between I and Birdie. When we married we didn't neither of us have nothing, and we never would of had if I hadn't took the bit in my teeth and seen to it that she didn't get no chance to give way to them extravagant tastes of hers.

Me and Birdie was a two-act. We was billed as Chuck Rawlins & Company and she was the & Company. We never had no trouble getting booked forty weeks a year and in the past two or three years we was getting four hundred smackers a week which is pretty good gravy. On the stage I tell all the jokes, wise cracks, etc., and Birdie feeds me the laughs. She is a good feeder, too. Also she dresses up the act pretty nifty because she is still young and good-looking and has got a neat pair of gams—and when a husband says that about his awfully wedded wife, he has indeed spoke a compliment.

WELL, as I was saying, I didn't have no kick against Birdie when we was on, but off it was a gray horse of another color. Always, she was getting funny ideas in her head like we should stay at swank hotels and she should wear swell clothes and everything. All she could see was the present, and she never had no thought to the future.

"Birdie," I would say politely, "what good do we get out of our four hundred a week if we are always blowing it in on hotels and clothes?"

"We get a feeling of self-respect," she would always answer like she had learned them lines for an act. "It ain't decent for a good team like us to be always hanging out in cheap boarding houses when we ought to stay in anyway second-class hotels. Also it ain't right that we should take our short jumps in day coaches instead of Pullmans. And most of all, it ain't proper that your wife should be wearing ten-dollar dresses when every chorus cluck on the bill has got on one which cost twice as much."

"Of course," I would answer, sarcastical—"but one of these days, Birdie, I and you will be living in a neat little vine-covered cottage in the country with dogs and chickens and a nice garden—"

"—And cuckoos!"

"—And cows and hens and all, and we will not have to continue playing lousy vaudeville theaters, and when that day comes these women who do not think of nothing but their clothes will not have no clothes to wear—"

"—And so they will get jobs in night clubs," she finishes. Birdie is always that way: snapping me off before I have finished my argument; and making wise cracks, which some of them are not very proper.

But just disagreeing on financial questions ain't what causes the split-up. What causes that is mostly because I and Birdie are what the lawyer calls congenitally antipathetic, meaning that she won't see things my way. We get to talking about money and the future and that little home in the country, and the first thing you know we are saying things to each other which the lawyer describes in the divorce petition as being conducive to the destroying of the peace and tranquillity of the home, and I'm telling you that bird didn't mention the half of it.

All the time we are fighting and fighting, and finally she gets a divorce from me. She says she would rather be single and broke than travel around with me and never own a cent and have to live in rotten boarding houses and eat in armchair lunch rooms. I explain to her that she is making a great mistake, but you cannot knock no sense into a woman's head. She argues that she wants to save, but also she wants to enjoy life, and she cannot understand when I reply that the more you save the more you can enjoy things.

So she quit me, and—like I said—the first thing I done was to feel free. We was just finishing the season and it was a great relief not to have to worry about how much she wanted to spend for things. During the summer I visited around with friends, which was very cheap and inexpensive, and I heard that Birdie had a job as hostess in a big resort hotel and it made me very sad to think of all the money she must of spent on hostess costumes with the money the judge give her when he dissolved our marriage.

During the summer I am readying a new act, which is to be very much like the old one, only with a few new gags, jokes, etc., and every once in a while I get a silly feeling that I ain't so anxious to start out on the road again, because this is the first time in five years that Birdie will not be with me. The more I think of this, the sorrier I get that she was so dumb she couldn't see things my way, because if she had of had sense enough to do that we could of been very happy, and some day had enough money for a cute little farm in the country.

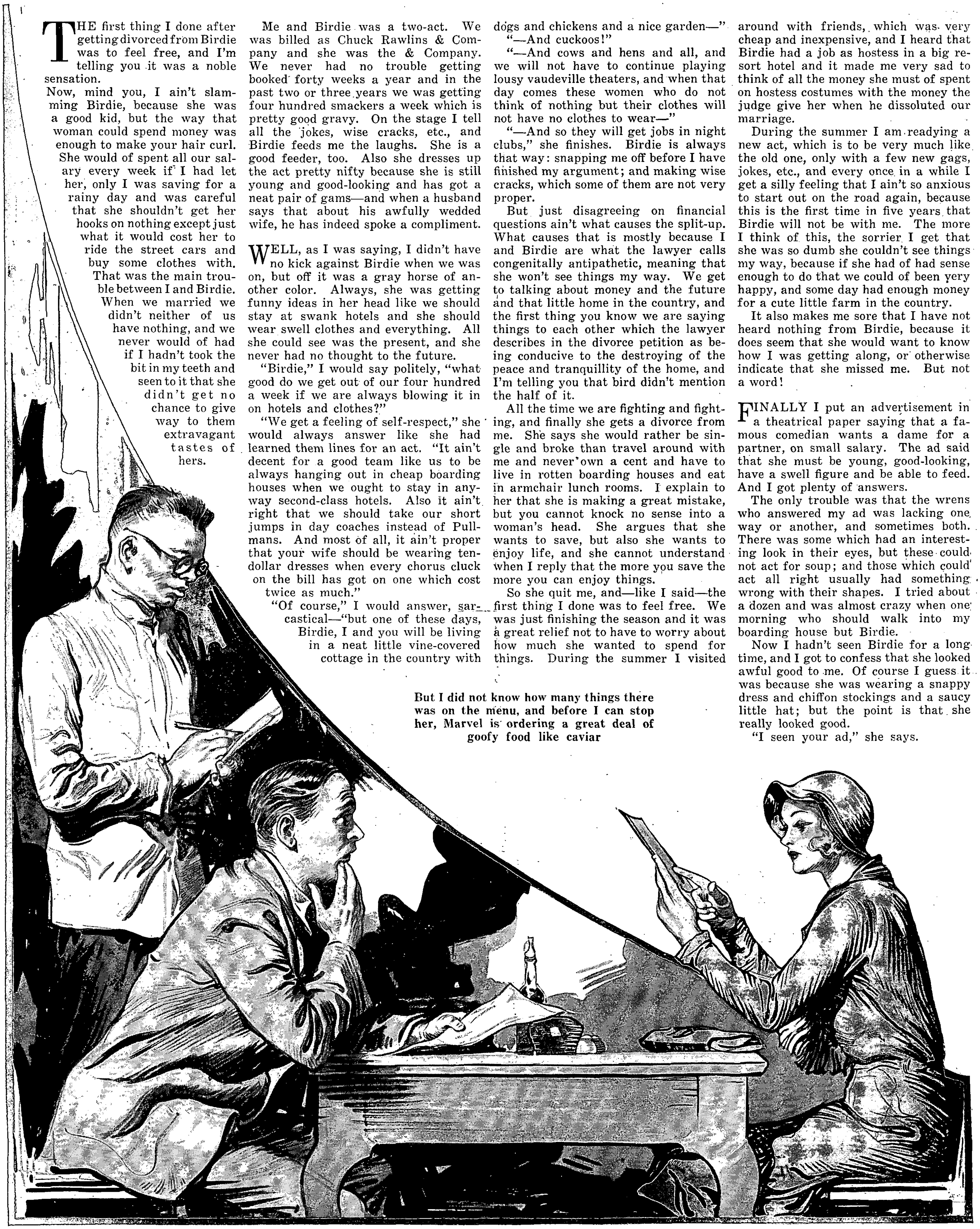
It also makes me sore that I have not heard nothing from Birdie, because it does seem that she would want to know how I was getting along, or otherwise indicate that she missed me. But not a word!

FINALLY I put an advertisement in a theatrical paper saying that a famous comedian wants a dame for a partner, on small salary. The ad said that she must be young, good-looking, have a swell figure and be able to feed. And I got plenty of answers.

The only trouble was that the wrens who answered my ad was lacking one way or another, and sometimes both. There was some which had an interesting look in their eyes, but these could not act for soup; and those which could act all right usually had something wrong with their shapes. I tried about a dozen and was almost crazy when one morning who should walk into my boarding house but Birdie.

Now I hadn't seen Birdie for a long time, and I got to confess that she looked awful good to me. Of course I guess it was because she was wearing a snappy dress and chiffon stockings and a saucy little hat; but the point is that she really looked good.

"I seen your ad," she says.



But I did not know how many things there was on the menu, and before I can stop her, Marvel is ordering a great deal of goofy food like caviar

on the sands of economy—and sprang a leak

By Octavus Roy Cohen

"How did you know it was my ad?"

"Because nobody else in the world could of got so much into such few words; or wanted so much girl for so little money. Have you got a new partner yet?"

"No," I answer miserably, "I haven't. These girls are all lacking one thing or the other—and mostly the other."

"Well," says Birdie, much to my surprise, "I have come to apply for the job."

"You!" I gasp. "You want to work for me!"

"It's a habit, Chuck," she answers. "I have been working for you the past five years and it don't seem right not to."

"You—you mean, you want to marry me again?"

With that she gives me an uncomplimentary laugh. "I wouldn't marry you on a bet," she says. "Your ad didn't say nothing about matrimony. It said you wanted a good partner. Well, here I am."

"But, Birdie—that wouldn't be decent! With everybody knowing we are divorced."

"I'd rather have people know I had sense enough to divorce you than to have them think I was still your wife. Now get this, Chuck: I ain't handing myself a thing when I say I'm the best partner you can get. You can pay me a salary and I will live on it. You can go to your cheap boarding houses and eat rotten food and I will enjoy myself. Also I promise you that I will not interfere with nothing you do. Now, what do you say?"

THERE wasn't no use denying that I was delighted at the idea. I and Birdie had been together since I was a punk, and it wasn't no lie that she was the best money could buy so far as I was concerned. So I offer her fifty a week and the first thing you know we are fighting again, but when it is over I have agreed to pay her one hundred a week, which only leaves me three hundred for myself.

But still and all, I am sort of happy, because when a man has been married to a woman for five years, she has kind of got to be a habit with him, and I find that I am still very fond of Birdie, especially with her looking as good as she does.

Well, that's how I and Birdie started out together again, only this time we was free and independent. Or at least we was independent because I couldn't honestly say that a hundred smackers a week was free.

We click fine. But before we have been on the road three weeks, I begin to feel very peculiar about how things are working out. It never did seem right to me that every time we would get to a town Birdie would go one place and I would go another. Once I even asked her wasn't that silly, and she said she did not know whether to be complimented or insulted, and I had to explain that I didn't mean it either way—but wouldn't it be cheaper if we was married again.

"Chuck," she says—"the only thing cheap about being married to you—is you!" And with that she walked off, leaving me very worried trying to figure out just what she meant by that last crack, which to me had all the earmarks of being dirty.

Well, having figured out that it was cheaper to be married to Birdie than paying her one hundred dollars a week, and also being quite fond of her in a matrimonial way, I again inquired if she would not marry me and help me save her money so that we could some day leave the profesh and settle down on a nice farm in the country, and again she makes a very wise crack which gets me plenty sore.

Of course, Birdie turning me down makes me more than ever anxious to get her again, because I am finding it is true what the old saying says that there ain't no grapes like sour grapes, and so I start the old bean to working and I figure out—all by myself—that if I could make Birdie jealous of another dame then she would change her mind. So I cast my eyes about, and I am saying that I did not have to cast them very far.

We was traveling very much like a unit show, except where some cities the acts would separate for a week—but anyways, the same bill was most always together—moving from town to town, and the headliner was a flash act with a snappy ballad singer heading it, and lots of girls.

In this act there was a dame named Marvel Bates which done a tap specialty—and how! Also, she wasn't in no way hard on the eyes; having what I would call a trim figure and a come-hither look.

WELL, I get my courage in hand and invite Marvel to take a little supper with me after the show and she says sure she will. I make sure that Birdie sees that I am going with Marvel and then I take that kid out and ask her whether she would rather have a dozen oysters or some chop suey and she says she likes the Chinese places, so I know I cannot be hurt very bad because the best chop suey there is is only one dollar and a quarter, including white mushrooms.

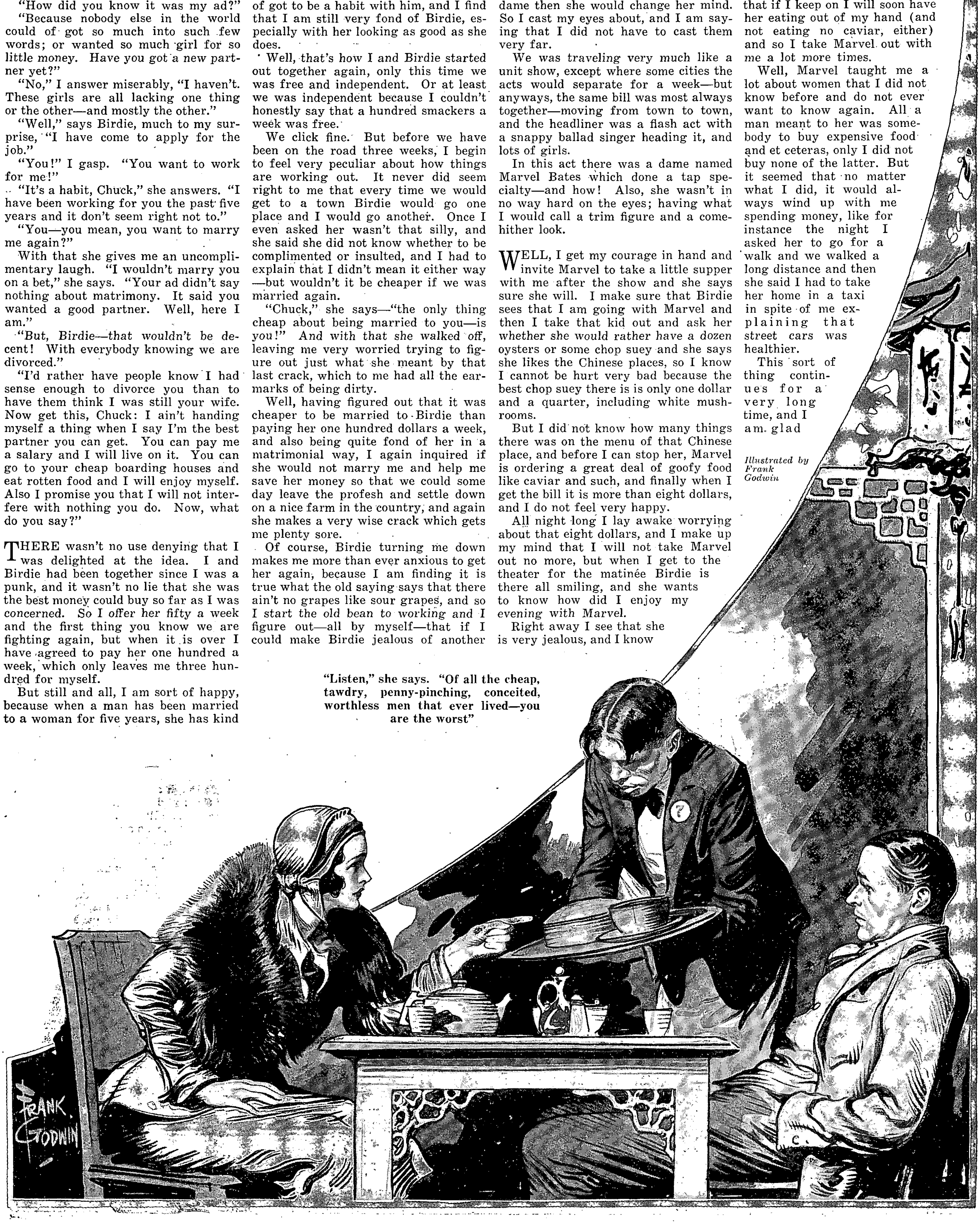
But I did not know how many things there was on the menu of that Chinese place, and before I can stop her, Marvel is ordering a great deal of goofy food like caviar and such, and finally when I get the bill it is more than eight dollars, and I do not feel very happy.

All night long I lay awake worrying about that eight dollars, and I make up my mind that I will not take Marvel out no more, but when I get to the theater for the matinée Birdie is there all smiling, and she wants to know how did I enjoy my evening with Marvel.

Right away I see that she is very jealous, and I know that if I keep on I will soon have her eating out of my hand (and not eating no caviar, either) and so I take Marvel out with me a lot more times.

Well, Marvel taught me a lot about women that I did not know before and do not ever want to know again. All a man meant to her was somebody to buy expensive food and et ceteras, only I did not buy none of the latter. But it seemed that no matter what I did, it would always wind up with me spending money, like for instance the night I asked her to go for a walk and we walked a long distance and then she said I had to take her home in a taxi in spite of me explaining that street cars was healthier.

This sort of thing continues for a very long time, and I am glad



Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"Listen," she says. "Of all the cheap, tawdry, penny-pinching, conceited, worthless men that ever lived—you are the worst"

to say that Birdie had enough self-respect not to start running around with no men. Instead of that she was friendly with everybody and when she would go out on parties there would always be another girl along and I would know that everything was very respectable.

So anyway, I commenced to figure that I had got out of Marvel all that I could, and it sort of seemed to me that I had better induce Birdie to marry me again, because no matter how much money she wanted to spend when she was my wife, it was cheaper than spending money on a dumb dame like Marvel. So one night I wait until Marvel cracks at me.

"Chuck," she says, "honest, I don't see how Birdie stood you as long as she did. I cannot see no romance in a guy which won't squeeze nothing only nickels."

"All right, Marvel," I says, "if you do not like me, then go and get yourself another boy friend."

"I was considering that," she says. "And now I'm all set."

SO THAT is how I and Marvel split up, but I knew I had better work quick because I would not want Birdie to know that I was not ace-high with that dancing dame no more. So I invite Birdie out with me the next night.

Does she accept? Boy! I don't mean maybe!

Well, I don't say nothing, but I shoot the works on her. I take her in a taxi after the show and we go to a roadhouse which is very expensive only there ain't no cover charge. First thing when the waiter shows up, I order a couple caviars and Birdie almost passes out. I can see I have got her groggy, because it is like she explains later—when she sees me spending money she knows I must be completely ga-ga about her or else why would I do it.

It does not take me long to land Birdie again, but the money I spend almost breaks my heart. We are still playing the bill with Marvel's flash act, and I manage to make Birdie think I am still aces with Marvel, all of which doesn't hurt my chances none. But it does hurt me to have to keep on spending money on the dame which used to be my wife, but I do not flinch. It gets so that when we go into a restaurant the caviar sees us coming and just walks onto the table.

Well, time passes and Birdie flops plenty hard. I can see that she has it all figured out that greater love than this there ain't any guy got, and one night I hire a car and we drive into the country and I take her in my arms and say that I cannot live without her and won't she marry me, and before you know it, she has said yes.

I would hate to confess how happy this makes me, because if Birdie knew it, she would get swell-headed, and a big-headed woman ain't no person to try and live with. Also, now that I have landed her again I do not see no sense in keeping on spending money which can better be saved up for a rainy day —or even if it don't rain, it will buy us a house in the country and a neat little farm where I can satisfy my ambition to raise chickens, hens, etc.

OUR bookings have almost ended and the summer is coming on. Birdie and I decide that we will wait until the end of the route to get hitched and then spend a second honeymoon in some nice place which I—being the bridegroom—will pick out. This is fortunate because I know a swell farmhouse in Massachusetts where the lady will take us for ten smackers a week each, and while that is kind of expensive, I do not think it is too much for a guy to spend on a honeymoon.

Well, soon after we become engaged, I explain to Birdie that it is foolish for me to keep on throwing our money away on caviar and such, including taxi rides. So, for three nights she eats hamburgers with me and I know I have won the battle, because Birdie does not kick even when we ride home in the street car or else walk. But one night she takes me into a chop-suey joint and we settle down in a private booth for a quiet talk.

"Chuck," she says, "are you still a cheap skate or ain't you?"

"I never was one, Birdie. I was merely economical."

She was kind of cold and distant. "When we are married again, will we live in boarding houses or hotels?"

"Boarding houses are better and cheaper," I says.

"Is this hamburger thing a fad or a habit?"

"Well," I says, "hot coneys are also awful good, and very nourishing."

"In other words—you haven't changed at all. The money you spent on me was just so as you could get me again, and you probably only wanted me because I was a good stage partner and it was cheaper to get me for nothing than to pay me a hundred a week: is that it?"

"I cannot tell a lie," I says, "them is some of the reasons—and also, I am very fond of you."

WELL, you would think that any woman would appreciate the pure and honest love of a man like I, but instead of that a most peculiar expression appears on Birdie's face.

"Listen," she says in a voice which sounds like slapping a hammer against a steel rail: "For once in my life I'm going to have the pleasure of telling you just what I think.

"Of all the cheap, tawdry, penny-pinching, self-satisfied, conceited, worthless men that ever lived—you are the worst. I was fool enough to think that you had changed. I didn't want you to spend money extravagantly—but I wanted you to want me enough to be willing to. All I ever asked you to do was live like a four-hundred-dollar act ought to. You think I don't give a hang about that farm in the country you are always talking about. Well, I do care . . . but I don't want to be so dried out by that time that I won't enjoy it.

"You're no good, Chuck Rawlins. You're cheap and small and rotten."

I was very dignified, although hurt. "And I suppose you will not marry me?" I inquired haughtily.

Her shoulders kind of sag. "Yes, I'll marry you. And why? Because I'm a fool—and I love you."

With that I sneered. "Guess again, Birdie," I says, "because you will never marry me. I will never become the husband of a woman who thinks the things about me that you do. Especially when she is all wrong."

Her voice gets small and hard.

"You are turning me down?"

"I ain't doing nothing else. Until the end of these bookings you can remain as my partner, but you will never again be my wife."

I felt very victorious when I said that, and I could see that it had bumped Birdie hard. Suddenly she gives me a little laugh and gets up.

"Good night, Chuck," she says. "I'm much obliged!"

Now that was a silly thing to say, because what did she have to be much obliged for? Still and all I guess she was trying to show me that she was a lady and could still be polite to the gent which had just jilted her.

A FEW weeks later, the season ends and we separate and I start visiting around with friends. Then one day I get a letter which knocks me for a goal. It is from a lawyer and is very brief. But what it says is plenty!

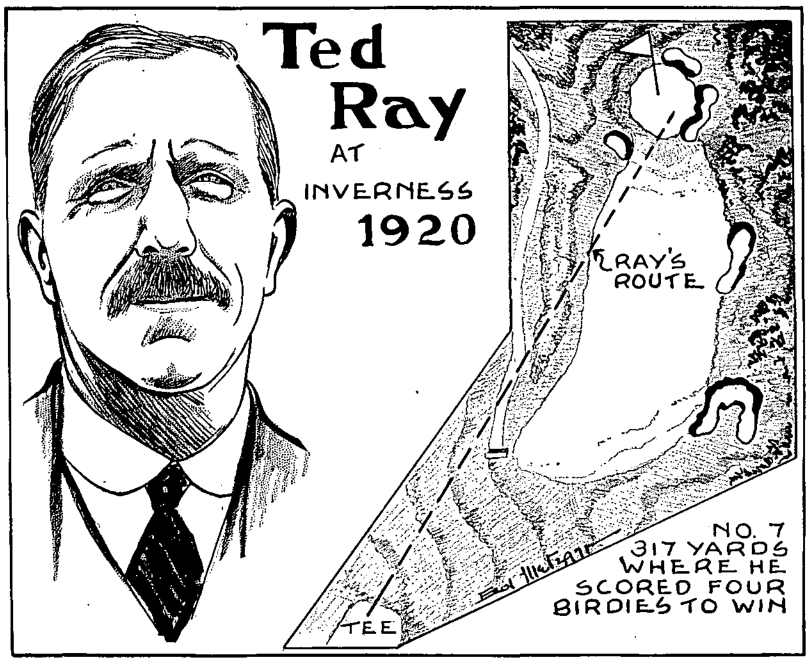
It is headed Rawlins vs. Rawlins, and announces that my ex-wife has instituted suit against me for breach of promise!

Now is that sappy? I'm asking you! I hop the next train and take it on the lam for that bozo's office. He is a little guy who looks like fifteen cents' worth of soup meat and has a voice like a dill pickle. I wave the papers under his nose.

"I demand to know what this means!" I announce. "And quick!"

"It means," he says in a chilly manner, "that Mrs. Birdie Rawlins is suing

(Continued on page 32)



King of Wallop

By Sol Metzger

WHEN big Ted Ray and Harry Vardon, Britain's ranking pros, came to our shores in 1920 seeking our National Open crown, a title denied them seven years before by Francis Ouimet in that memorable play-off at Brookline, America had not as yet produced its present crop of outstanding linksmen.

Bobby Jones was making his first bid for Open honors in mid-August of that year. He finished five strokes behind the winner. Gene Sarazen, a player to be watched this season, was also making his début, although he was not nearly so promising. Johnny Farrell was then an unknown but Walter Hagen, with two American titles under his belt, was counted on, along with Jock Hutchison, Jim Barnes, Leo Diegel and Chick Evans, to hold the home fort.

On the eve of the event I asked Francis Ouimet, who had met the invaders earlier that season, what their chances were. He rated Vardon the best golfer in the field, but figured him beyond the age when he could stand the gaff of four consecutive days of competition. Ray was the fellow to be feared. How true a prophecy!

Ted is a biggish man who a decade ago packed a pachyderm wallop. He had broad shoulders, big hands and steel-like wrists. Tales of his driving feats were not news to Ouimet. And it was Ray who won.

Heart throbs galore were jammed into the finishing play as Ray, Vardon, Diegel, Hutchinson and Jack Burke came neck and neck down the stretch. Vardon's hopes died when he wearily failed to carry a ditch. The others, save Ray, were not sufficiently seasoned to title tests to check their throbbing nerves.

The burly Briton banged his way to the front. While his long experience unquestionably saved him in the grueling finish his chief asset must have been the cheering memory of earlier happenings, a strange sort of confidence born on a hole that four times had yielded to his almost unbelievable power—the par 4 No. 7. It is a dog-leg stretch of 317 yards, and the green has a sharp up-slope as you view it from the tee. Of the 265 entries, 264 elected to play it in orthodox manner—a drive and a pitch to reach home.

Not so big Ted. On each of his four rounds the King of Wallop, alone of all the field, dared bang his ball from the tee straight for the flag in defiance of distance and of destructive traps. One such drive carried, as the crow flies, 283 yards to the front of the green to stop where it fell. The ensuing putted ball thumbed its nose at him, as such putts always seem to do, a thin hair short of toppling in for an eagle 2. His earlier three were so near the green's edge that easy birdies fell prey to his pretty run-ups.

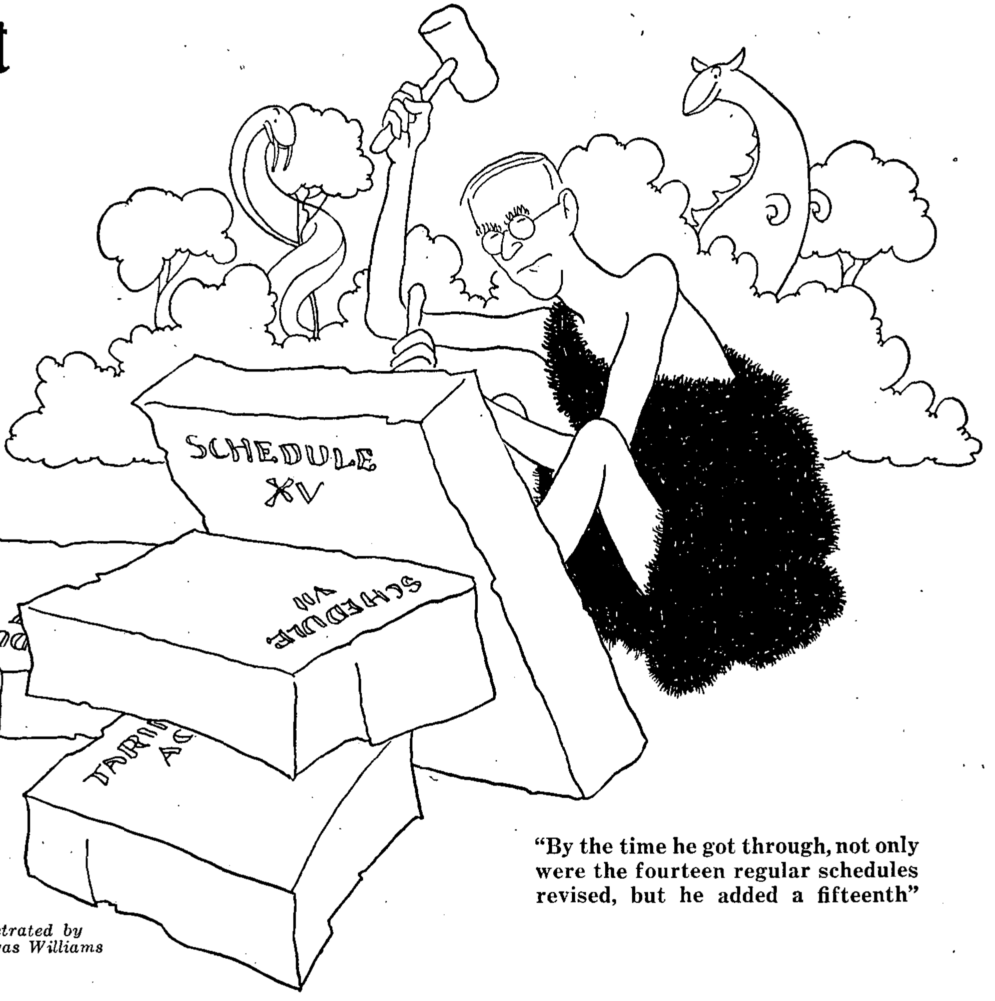
Four birdies in four rounds on this hole tell the story of Ray's scant one-stroke victory in the 1920 National Open at the Inverness Club, Cleveland, where the same event is scheduled for early July of this season, a championship that once more brings into conflict the cream of American and British golfers.

When they play their rounds on that occasion, note if any match the melody of Ray's song of swat on this same seventh. If one should, take my tip, and play your wallet on his wallops. It's a cinch, for we can truly say of Ted at Toledo what we said of Bobby Jones' four title wins last year, "No golfer has ever done this before and it is extremely improbable if any will ever duplicate the feat."

The Age of Smoot

"I still think it's rottenly unfair to blame poor Weed Smoot. It isn't as if he was modern. People who know him assure me that he still makes fire by rubbin' two sticks together an' hides in a cave every time he sees an airplane, thinkin' it's a pterodactyl. A prehistoric type like that doesn't lend itself to change"

Uncle Henry



"By the time he got through, not only were the fourteen regular schedules revised, but he added a fifteenth"

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

"WHAT puzzles me," confessed Uncle Henry, "is why archæologists want to go to the ends of the earth, endurin' the dangers an' hardships of Yucatan an' the Gobi Desert, when a man like Reed Smoot is in plain view an' right at hand.

"Now there's somethin' *really* prehistoric, 'Lonzo. Listen to any one of the senator's speeches on burnin' issues of the day, an' it takes you right back to the dawn of time. Honest, you can close your eyes an' see the world as it was when the saber-tooth tiger fought for mastery with the woolly rhinoceros an' every Neanderthal man had a pet glacier right in his own back yard.

"If the scientists honestly want to know how humanity lived an' thought in the days before we learned to walk on our hind legs, all they've got to do is to sink a pick in the senior senator from Utah. An' there's the tremendous savin' in time an' expense. As I understand it, archæological work in Egypt, Greece, Italy an' the Mexican jungles calls for steam shovels an' dynamite, an' even then they're liable to find nothin'.

"Not so with dear old Weed Smoot. All they need for him is a scalpel or even a penknife. Jes' the merest incision, not more than half an inch under the skin, an' they'll come on dinosaur eggs and bones of the hairy mammoth.

"There's quite a difference of opinion about Smoot's exact date, some insistin' that he belongs to the Jurassic period, an' others holdin' that he is plainly of the Cretaceous period. Personally, I think both groups are mistaken. I've listened to him for years, an' I never found a period in him.

"Go to Washington, an' you'll notice that the senator is always followed by a crowd of men with hammers in their hands. You might think at first that they were his constituents, but not so, 'Lonzo. Not so. They're geologists tryin' to chip a piece off him to find out whether he's Fundamental Gneiss or a later formation.

"Unfortunately, there isn't a human bein' in the whole United States who seems interested in poor old Weed Smoot's preservation. Everybody blames everything on his tariff bill. In the face of a world-wide boycott against American goods, with Germans eatin' shoe buttons rather than buy California prunes, an' Canadians paintin' dill pickles yellow to imitate Florida grapefruit, the Utah senator is classed with the boll weevil an' army worm.

"Let Sleepin' Hogs Lie"

"Back there in the soft, sweet spring days of 1929, when President Hoover stopped appointin' commissions for a minute an' called Congress into special session, nobody dreamed of any general revision of the tariff. 'Let sleepin' hogs lie,' said everybody. The call specifically stated that changes were to be made only in schedules that bore on farm relief, such as silver duck presses, caviar, joss, ivory fans an' old musical instruments.

"But they reckoned without their Smoot. By the time he got through, not only were the fourteen regular schedules revised upward, but he added a fifteenth to take care of such sundries as golf tees, peat moss, gun wads, cork bark, dominoes, candles, sea grass, spangles, fishhooks, Christmas-tree decorations, catgut an' baseballs.

"Of course, a scream of horrified protest went up from every producer in the country, for even the stupidest had the sense to see that a boomin' export trade was America's one hope. Everything depended on gettin' rid of our surplus. An' as they listened to the roar of rage from other nations, an' saw 'em whettin' knives an' barin' their teeth, the whiskers of our infant industries turned a delicate pearl gray.

"But I still think it's rottenly unfair for 'em to blame poor Weed Smoot. It isn't as if he was *modern*, 'Lonzo. People who know him assure me that he still makes fire by rubbin' two sticks together, an' hides in a cave every time he sees an airplane, thinkin' it's a pterodactyl. A prehistoric type like that doesn't lend itself to change.

"Other folks may mark the long beards an' huge bones of our industries, but Smoot remembers 'em only as he saw 'em back in the dawn of time. To him, 'Lonzo, they're still at breast, an' through his eyes of love he sees their battle-scarred mugs as round, rosy, dimplin' an' infantile. Others may think the only protection they want is police protection, but Weed knows that the little darlin's need the tender help of a guardian hand.

"Even the United States Chamber of Commerce an' the great economists couldn't do a thing with him. 'For heaven's sake, stop it,' they implored, but Weed only shook his head an' chattered excitedly. Pointin' out across the Atlantic Ocean, he shouted, 'Bad mans! Bad mans!' an' then swung his huge war club in menacin' circles, mouthin' strange, unintelligible threats.

"Unable to make 'em understand, he took out a flint knife, an' made marks on the ground. An' at last one industrial magnate caught what he was drivin' at. 'He says,' this man explained, 'that there are mean tribes across the big water, an' he wants us to dig a hole in the ground, get in it, an' then pull the hole in after us. Is that it?' he asked.

"'Ug wah!' Weed answered, frantic with joy. 'Ug wah. Gog jab pug lib.'

"The Senate itself was half crazy. It realized that what American business needed was a pulmotor, not knock-out drops. But Smoot cowed 'em.

"In their despair they even appealed to Mr. Hoover. Delegations from Congress, escorted by the full membership of the Manufacturers' Association, walked barefoot to the White House. 'Save us,' they pleaded. 'Call Smoot off.' But the President said no word.

The Neanderthal's Triumph

"So back to the Capitol the doomed crew plodded, a pitiful sight. Only Senator Smoot was happy. As the duties mounted higher an' higher, hangin' millstones around the neck of our export trade, weird bellows burst from him, an' he rushed out into the open, fairly achin' to meet up with a hairy mammoth.

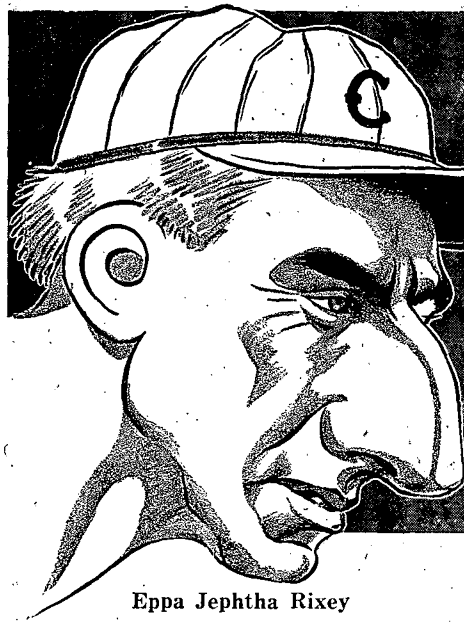
"Sad as our position is, 'Lonzo, I can't say that I have any large amount of sympathy for American business. If they put prehistoric men in the Senate, they must expect prehistoric laws. What sometimes makes me think that maybe our huge enterprises are really infant industries, after all, is the type of men they pick for public office.

"But please don't understand me as condemnin' the tariff absolutely, for it contains one offer that ought to appeal to the sportsmanship of every red-blooded American. If, says the bill, any vessel has been sunk in American waters for more than two years, any person able to raise the vessel can bring all of the merchandise into the United States without payin' a cent of duty."

"If things keep on," groaned Mr. Stubbs, "I don't see how we're goin' to be able to live."

"We've got to," said Uncle Henry. "Coffins carry heavy duties under the Smoot bill, and there's a tax of 60 to 1,500 per cent on tombstones."

"There's quite a difference of opinion about Smoot's exact date"



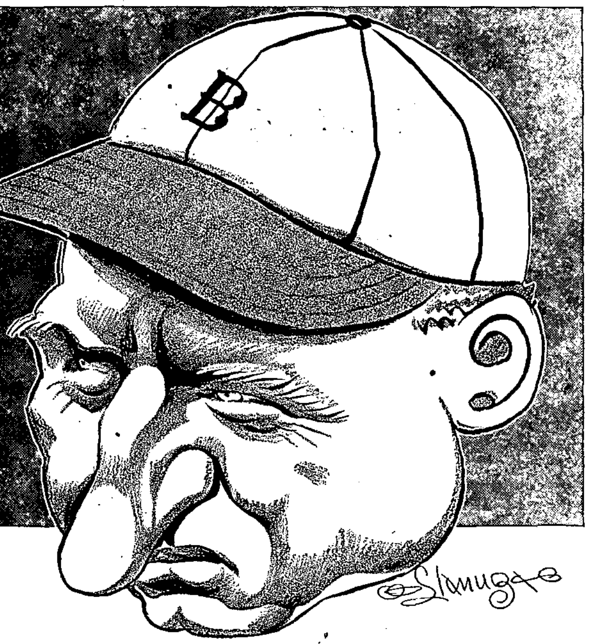
Eppa Jephtha Rixey

Shaming Youth

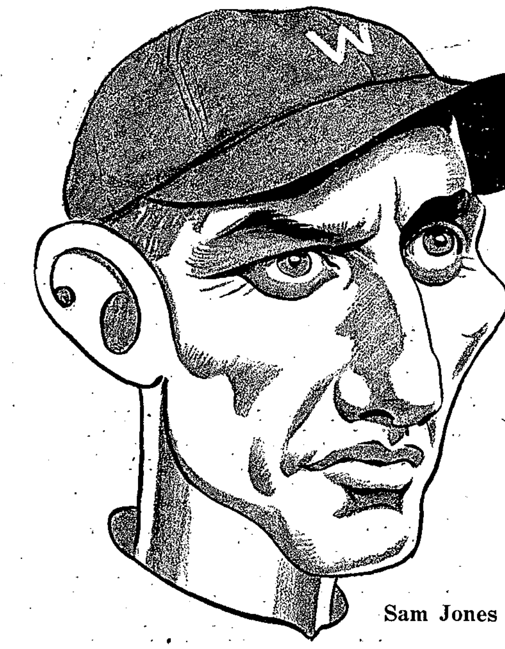
They laughed when Rabbit Maranville told them eleven years ago he was not old enough to quit baseball. Today the Rabbit is "just warming up," and he is only one of the veterans who have been throwing a ball around for the past twenty years

By Grantland Rice

Cartoons by Llanuza



Dazzy Vance



Sam Jones

AS THE years begin to slip by, one gets a little fed up on the old slogan that "youth must be served." Maybe the slogan tells most of the story. What if it does? At least it doesn't tell all of the story.

We hear that Jack Dempsey is through at thirty-five and that Gene Tunney is in retirement at thirty-three, but what rollicking youths have looked any better? And why shouldn't a cheer go up from the old guard when Bill Tilden, nearing forty, mops up the professional tennis field and looks just about as good as ever? Or when MacDonald Smith, up in the forties, still romps around the links in the high 60's or the low 70's? Or when you see Devereux Milburn at forty-nine riding a polo pony and hitting a polo ball with enough skill and power to make younger players look on with pop-eyed amazement?

But it is baseball that brings the old-timer the greatest comfort and makes him feel that years don't mean much, after all. The game is chock-full of veteran stars. And baseball is a game that demands a good arm, a keen eye, a pair of strong, wiry legs and speed is at a premium.

Ty Cobb, after twenty-four years of baseball, is still able to start at dawn and hunt all day on a pair of strong, durable legs, although these legs lack the spring needed for the game he followed so long. The legs that might carry a marathon runner the full distance in winning time might not be elastic enough for baseball. They probably would not be. And the same is true of the arm belonging to a pitcher, an infielder or an outfielder.

The Perennial Mitchell

The early records of the present season prove this durability of ball players. Consider Clarence Mitchell, the left-handed veteran of the New York Giants. Mitchell was born in Franklin, Nebraska, forty-two years ago. He began pitching for his home town and twenty years ago he was signed by Detroit. Since that date he has drifted along the route that knew eight cities. Yet when the 1931 season opened Mitchell was one of the mainstays of the Giants, pitching with telling effect.

He won his first four games and when summer came on he was still facing every attack with skill and brains. He still had enough on the ball to bother the best hitters who faced him, and most of these were under thirty.

Then there is Jack Quinn of the Dodgers, at least forty-six years old, who was pitching professional baseball twenty-seven years ago. How many do you know who have faced the test of professional competition for twenty-seven years?

Even size doesn't count. Rabbit Maranville was playing ball with New Bedford in 1911. Standing five feet five inches in height, weighing then less than 130 pounds, he has weathered more gales than a dozen ships. I still recall the combination of Maranville and Evers with the Boston Braves in 1914, the year they came from last place to win the pennant and beat the Athletics four straight. The flaming spirit of Evers and Maranville was one of the big factors in this club's success, plus the pitching of Rudolph, Tyler and James.

Maranville finished his career with Boston in 1920. That was eleven years ago and he was supposed to be through. He had only batted .266 that last season and he seemed to be slipping. From Boston he went to Pittsburgh for four years and then Pittsburgh thought he was over the hill. But in 1925 he signed with the Chicago Cubs and for a short while was manager of the team.

He came to Brooklyn in 1926 and a year later he passed on to Rochester. He then was supposed to be definitely out of big-league company, barely hanging on. But in 1927 he returned to the St. Louis Cardinals and in 1929 he was back again with his old club, the Braves. Early this season I saw the old war horse in action and he looked like one of the kids. He was as fast as ever at short, bounding all over the infield. Twenty-two years at it and only warming up.

These names are coming along at random. There are too many to mention all. But we can't ignore Eppa Jephtha Rixey of Culpeper, Virginia, born forty years ago, and now tackling his twenty-first season in the majors. Rixey is a member of the old school, and that doesn't include pitching alone.

Pitching Patriarchs

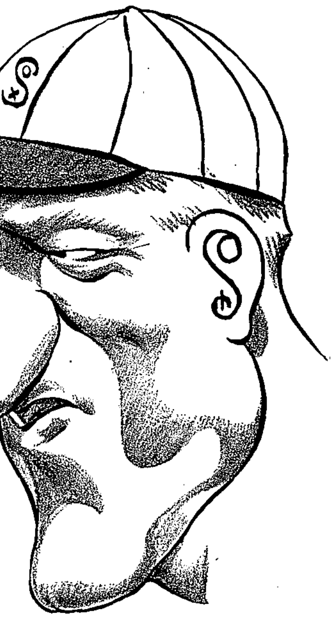
In some ways the pitchers last longer. This may be because they have three or four days' rest between each start. But a pitcher has to have more stuff in his arm to get along and that makes up for the rest his legs receive.

There are Urban (Red) Faber of the Chicago White Sox and Burleigh Grimes of the Cardinals. Faber was born in Cascade, Iowa, forty-three years ago and he has been throwing a baseball for money since 1909. This is his eighteenth season with the White Sox, which is longer than Matty traveled with the Giants. And no one can overlook the record of Burleigh Grimes, a kid of thirty-eight, now in his nineteenth big-league year. He began the current season with as much stuff as any pitcher in either league. Grimes was Brooklyn's mainstay thirteen years ago and after that traveled to New York and Pittsburgh and St. Louis.

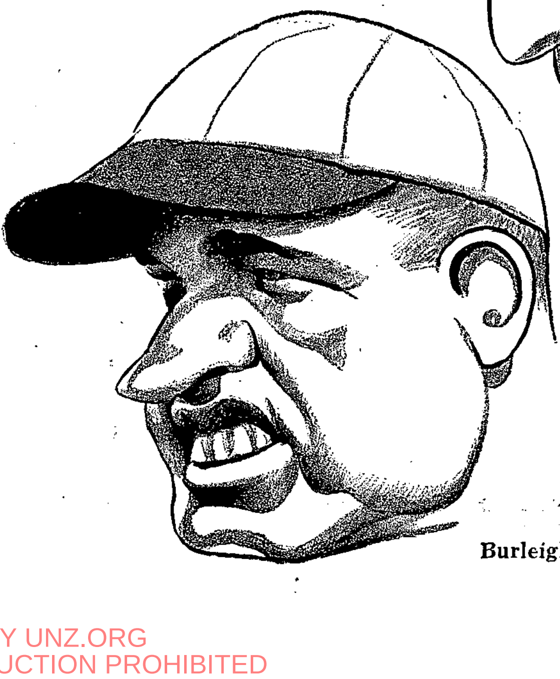
When Grimes joined the Cardinals last summer they appeared to be sunk. But the veteran began to win games and to give the club new spirit. He gave the hard-hitting Athletics two great battles in the last world series when he and Mickey Cochrane waged a personal war.

Sam Jones, of the Senators, Dazzy Vance and Luque of the Dodgers are three other pitchers who have been around for nearly twenty years. And then there is a fellow named Babe Ruth, a veteran of eighteen campaigns, who has refused to let the years get in his way. The Babe started this season with another wild rush, suffered a hard bumping, took his week in the hospital and then came back with a new outburst of hitting and fielding. He has been carrying 220 pounds at top speed on slender ankles for nearly twenty years and if he is slowing up it is not yet visible.

These are only a few of the old-time brigade either nearing forty or well beyond. They know the end of the road isn't so far away but they are still playing the game with all the spirit of their rookie days. And they have supplied no small part of baseball's interest.



Urban Faber



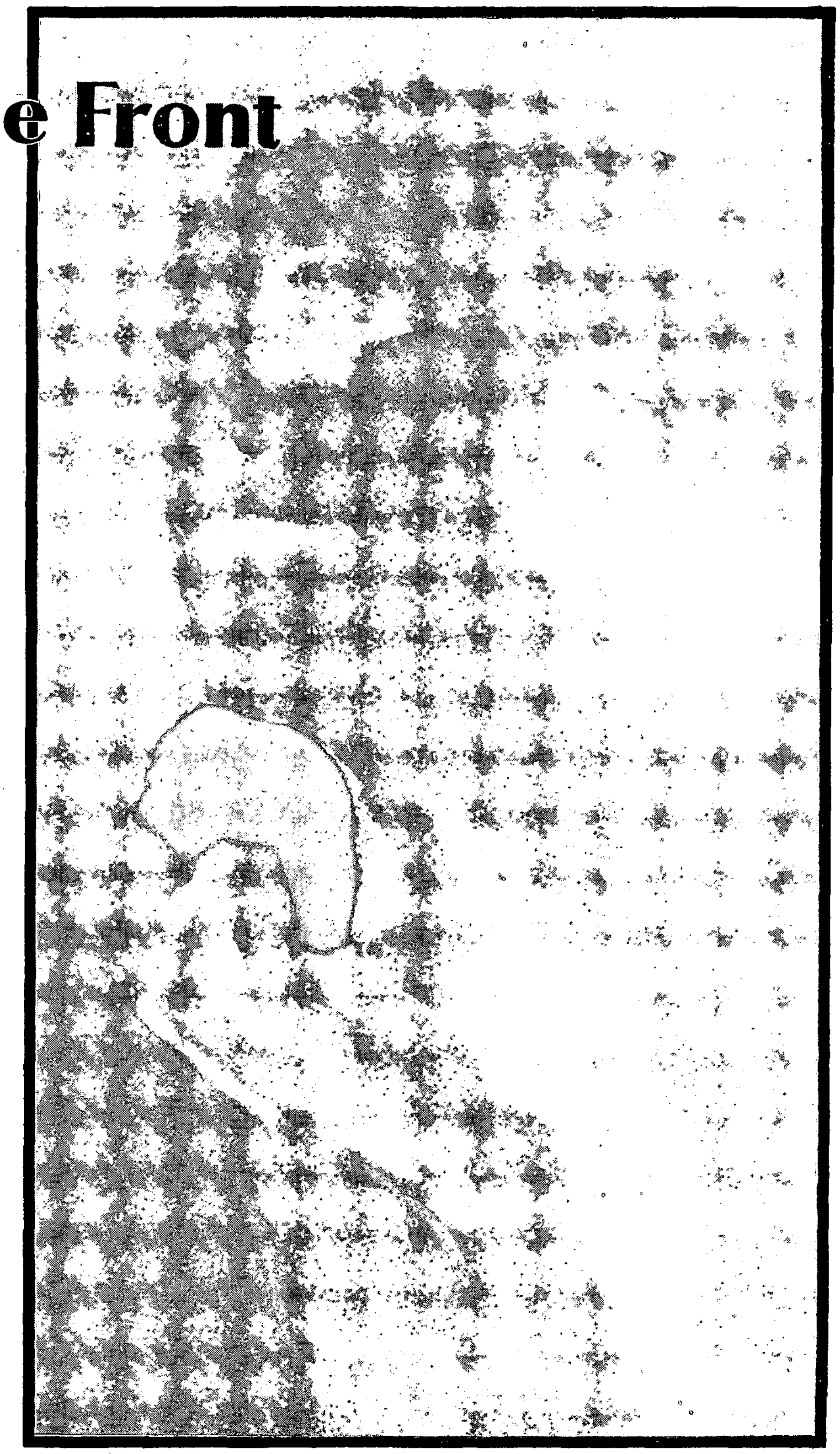
Burleigh Grimes

Putting up a False Front

There's no such thing as an unbecoming color. The new make-up has settled that. Now the ladies see themselves as they really are, and then make a dark—or fair—secret of it. Here their tricks are revealed

By Betty Thornley Stuart

Photograph by George P. Higgins



Individuality is the keynote of modern make-up; subtlety the watchword

THE girls have done it again, deadlier than ever. Long ago they all discovered how to have curly hair, a devastating bit of strategy. Later, they acquired the slim figure *en masse*, with such disastrous results that a man might be caught following a ravishing young willow down the street, only to catch up and find an old oaken face topping somebody else's Aunt Jane, or a youthful but nondescript arrangement of features. This year, the face has been solved.

Blondes have had it over brunettes since the dawn of American time, but even they had their limitations. There were certain colors they couldn't wear with any degree of dash. Also, a lot of the sisterhood with glorious hair and dazzling skins seemed to have been overlooked when the eyes were distributed, to say nothing of the brows and the lashes. Brunettes, on the contrary, generally scored on these points, but fell behind on the rest. As for the in-betweens, those poor little girls who couldn't claim to belong to either of the embattled types, they spent their lives worrying along trying to approximate whichever was nearer.

Women have always had their houses redecorated, their clothes restyled and recolored. But season after season has seen them making backgrounds and choosing costumes to fit the faces they had—whether they'd have been found dead with those faces or not if choice in that direction came their way. Now they begin by reëditing the face.

They've always used make-up, but heretofore the process has gone by fashion rather than by type, and has resulted in something that looked more like a billboard than a work of art. All girls were adjured to do the same thing, so that we can remember whole eras like the nose-in-the-flour-barrel, the twin-sunsets-on-cheeks, the corpse-face with the scarlet gash for a mouth, the recent mahogany finish all over, the still more recent feminine wave that forced even the lusty Amazon to look fragile and appealing.

This thing is different. The keynote is individuality, the watchword subtlety. The colors, subcolors and shadings are as delicately varied as those a painter puts on canvas. And the whole achievement falls to pieces if the setting doesn't take place in so strong a light, with so cruel a mirror for a critic that no one can separate the artifice from the background contributed by nature.

Evening make-up is, of course, the *chef d'œuvre* of the whole performance, though daytime effects for town run it a close second. Even the most ardent devotees of the new movement go easy for sport.

The first step is to see yourself truthfully as is—and don't cheat here unless you want to be handicapped throughout. Some of the most miraculous transformations occur where there is so little to go on in the way of initial type that it hardly seems worth the effort.

Suppose you're one of those pale nondescripts with a wedge-shaped face, lightish brown hair and eyes that are neither here nor there, unless you begin to analyze their shade. You must realize that you're slated to be extra-pale and play it up—no rouge whatever, unless the merest touch when you aren't feeling well. Your mouth should be brilliantly red. But the crux of the situation lies in your eyes. They're much better than china-blue ones, no matter how enormous, or gypsy black ones like oversize shoe buttons. They're cast for a versatile rôle; they can change like the sea and be just as dangerous.

How to Wear Dark Blue

If you want to wear blue—the bright dark Skipper shade that has always blown your light out—your eyes should be made up with a neutral light-brown cream eye shadow, applied over the entire lid from lash to brow, shaded a bit with dark blue, outward on the lid and toward the corners. If, on the contrary, you plan to wear green, the neutral shadow should be reënforced with a touch of this same color. Mascara is to be used at all times—just the least delicate bit on the upper lashes, applied from underneath and afterward gone over with a dry brush to remove the movie effect. The brows aren't to be plucked—that is gone forever—but brushed so as to be a little thinner and flatter.

But perhaps you're an ice-box blonde, and need a bunch of Roman candles added to your disposition so that you can wear the new beige that usually makes you look a pale mud color from head to foot. Instead of trying to be pink and white, use rachel powder foundation and a cream rouge the color of blood to be blended in before the foundation dries, a little near the nose if your face is a tiny bit too full. Your powder is a neutral flat finish. But your eyes, those twin turquoises that nobody ever knew you owned, come from the blending of green and light sky-blue eye shadow, reënforced with black mascara on the upper lashes, a little more pronounced in the corners. Then add a light, indelible lipstick and go out, conquering and to conquer.

If you want to wear red and white, take another powder base—naturelle—to keep the pink in your skin, add rouge subdued almost to the vanishing point, a neutral powder neither dark nor pale, light brown eye shadow, black mascara and a lipstick the exact shade of the red you've chosen.

A young friend of mine, who suddenly found she could appear in Skipper blue without anybody's offering to throw out the life line, did it because she was taught that all blues except the palest throw deep shadows into the face. Blondes and brunettes both should wear a lighter make-up than usual for this blue—a lighter foundation, a lighter but not too vivid cream rouge, a lighter powder with more pink in it, a bright lipstick.

Making Blue Eyes Brown

As for the important matter of eye shadow, the blonde has an easy time, because she has merely to emphasize the shade of her own eyes in sky-blue. But brunettes have to be convinced that you can suggest blue in a brown eye, if you use a dark blue shadow. They can even wear blue at night, if they change their black or brown mascara for evening-blue.

The freckled red-head may start out with a good serious-minded skin bleach to fade down the freckles. Then she uses a naturelle foundation, rouge that is a pastel rather than the orange so mistakenly used by many, and powder with no pink in it—rather a cream or a rachel. Her eyes are done with light brown shadow, reënforced by a tiny bit of color to match or make an interesting contrast with what she wears—sky-blue shadow with blue, green with green, violet with gray, green with beige.

Everyone wants to know how to wear chartreuse—and white. For the former, brunettes in general are adjured to stay definitely dark-skinned, provided they avoid any suggestion of sallowness, but blondes are to choose a pinker make-up. A brightish cream rouge, a warm-colored powder, a really rose-toned lipstick and green eye shadow—for both types—make the recipe.

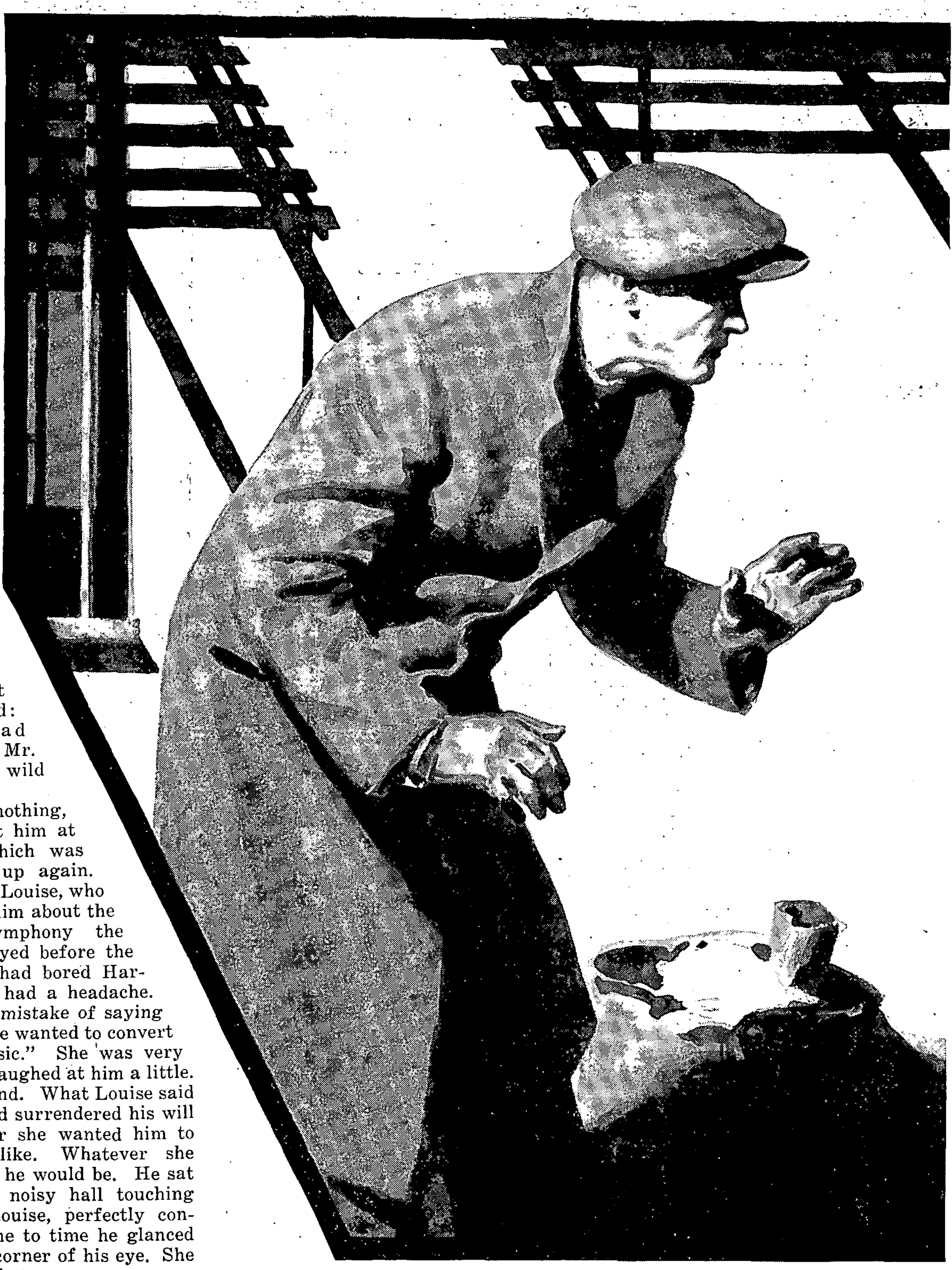
As for white—every type from Norwegian blonde to Italian brunette will be wearing it this summer, and each should decide to make her face a contrast to her frock, even if she has to fake the darkness a bit. Foundation: cream rouge, powder, all dark, with a very, very vivid lipstick. Eye shadow

(Continued on page 56)

Protection

By W. R. Burnett

Illustrated by Donald Teague



The Story Thus Far:

FRANCIS HARWORTH, Chicago restaurant and night-club owner, falls in love with Helen Magnussen, divorced wife of a man of great wealth. Harworth is well-to-do; he is not rich. To hold Helen, he must (so he believes) have more money. He gets it by allying himself, an honest man, with Joe Molina, a racketeer.

His troubles begin at once. Lily, a little dancer to whom he had foolishly written some letters, threatens to blackmail him. *Canovi, one of Molina's hirelings, steals the* letters. Whereupon a rival gang headed by one Monahan threatens to kill Canovi. Before the threat is carried out, however, one of Monahan's men—a cousin of the ratlike Campi, one of Lily's friends—is shot to death. Apparently, Canovi fired the shot. Hostilities begin. And surprises follow thick and fast, for Harworth.

Helen suddenly remarries Richard Magnussen, her divorced husband! Then Louise Joyce, a delightful girl, phones him. He has always admired Louise; but the girl, engaged to young Arthur Burne, a poor composer, has been cold to him. "Come over quickly, Frank!" she sobs. "Burne has shot himself." Harworth dashes to her apartment, finds Burne slightly wounded, rushes him to a doctor, who, for a consideration, will forget to send in a report! . . . Convalescent, Burne goes to California. Then Louise tells Harworth the whole story; confesses. Burne had not shot himself; *she* had shot him, during a quarrel. And she loves Harworth—promises to marry him!

Harworth is "in the market," deeply. All of his holdings have soared. Old August Stein, with whom he has lived for years, begs him to sell. He tosses a coin. "Tails!" he exclaims. "Okay, I'll sell!" Two days later, stocks go crashing—but Francis Harworth is rich. . . . With Louise and her cousin, Robert Joyce, Harworth sees the Magnussens off on their wedding trip. Robert produces a book—The Prince! The Prince! "Here's Richman's novel," he announces; and Harworth, glancing through the volume, is delighted. Berg Richman is his friend. And Berg Richman has made him—*Francis Harworth*—the hero of this wonderful new book. . . . "Could life be sweeter?" he wonders, little dreaming of the sinister adventure that awaits him—the shadows that hem him in!

Conclusion

THEY went out to smoke during the intermission and Harworth got a paper, which he stuffed hurriedly into his pocket after he had read the headlines and a few snatches of the articles dealing with the election. The reform candidates were leading in every ward except three; the three worst wards in the city. Armed hoodlums were threatening voters at the polls. A committee of business men were demanding "drastic measures." On the South Side an election judge had been badly beaten and was not expected to live. There had been an open gun battle in a near West Side ward.

When they got back the orchestra was already tuning up. They sat down. Louise said:

"It's too bad Arthur isn't here. Mr. Stock is simply wild over his music."

Harworth said nothing, but glanced about him at the huge hall which was gradually filling up again. He turned back to Louise, who began talking to him about the Tschaikowsky symphony the orchestra had played before the intermission. It had bored Harworth so that he had a headache. He had made the mistake of saying so. Louise said she wanted to convert him "to good music." She was very nice about it, but laughed at him a little.

But he didn't mind. What Louise said was right. He had surrendered his will to her. Whatever she wanted him to like, he would like. Whatever she wanted him to be, he would be. He sat there in the big noisy hall touching shoulders with Louise, perfectly contented. From time to time he glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. She was perfect, perfect.

Once an ugly thought had crossed his mind, making him wince. She was marrying him for his money; she was tired of struggling against the world and had taken the easiest way. Helen thought so, he could tell from her attitude. Stein thought so, though he did not say it outright. Magnussen, everybody thought so. But after all, what did it matter? Being rich made him powerful; his brains had made him rich. If he had failed, if he had gone down in the struggle, he wouldn't have deserved her, anyway. To the strong the spoils.

Success was everything.

Louise touched his arm.

"What are you thinking about? Smooth out your forehead and look pleasant."

Harworth smiled.

"I was thinking about you."

"Were you? What?"

"Tell you later."

STOCK came out onto the stage and there was a roar of applause. The lights were dimmed and Louise slipped her arm through Harworth's and held his hand. He had never been so happy in his life. He wanted to tell Louise so, to give her some idea of how much she meant to him, but he could find no words and pressed her hand instead. He was glowing with tenderness and good will; he wanted to do things for people, to make them happy.

Stock raised his baton and the music commenced. It was soft, remote, sensuous music and Harworth enjoyed it. No crashing chords, loud blasts on the trumpets, resounding climaxes. He turned to Louise.

"What is this?"

"*L'Après-Midi d'un Faune.* Afternoon of a Faun. You mustn't talk."

Harworth sat with his eyes lowered while the music rolled over him in long, quiet, voluptuous waves. He didn't know what a faun was. And he thought it was mighty queer for a man to try to give an idea of anybody's afternoon in music. It didn't mean anything. All the same he enjoyed it.

When it was over, there was prolonged applause and Stock bowed repeatedly and finally brought the orchestra to its feet with a gesture.

"Arthur hates Debussy," said Louise. "Why, I don't know."

Harworth said nothing. But he did not like to hear her mention Burne's name. He didn't want her to think of anybody else even. She was his!

The hall quieted down and Stock raised his baton for the final number. Louise said:

"I've never heard this played, you know. Arthur kept it hidden for a long time."

She handed Harworth the program and pointed. He read: "The Dead: a symphonic poem by a young Chicago composer, Arthur Burne." There was a long explanation of the composer's aims and a brief biography. Then there was a poem which, the program said, had been the composer's "inspiration."

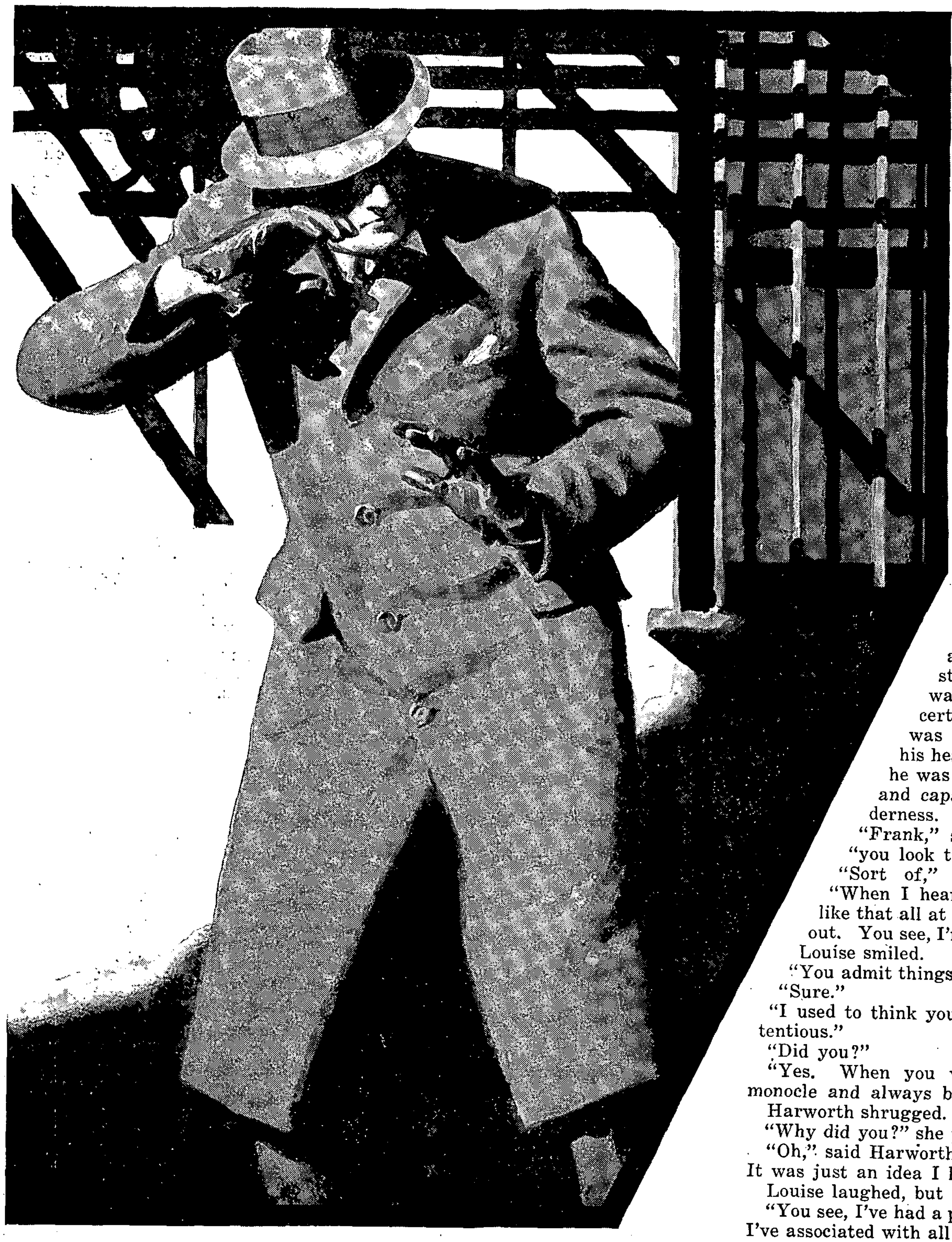
LOUISE said: "Arthur says the poem isn't much good. He always has the queerest notions. I like it."

Harworth nodded and absent-mindedly put the program into his pocket.

The music began. After a moment, Harworth turned to look at Louise. She sat listening, with lowered eyes. What was she thinking?

The music went on and on; it made Harworth uneasy. It was low-pitched and monotonous, full of dissonance. Suddenly he wondered how far Burne had gone with Louise. He flushed and shifted about in his seat. Then, of a sudden, he pressed her hand so hard that she turned to look at him in bewilderment. She seemed so frail and lovely and there was an innocent look of surprise on her face.

Harworth blushed heavily and said:



Harworth stood frozen with horror. The touring car was coming toward them slowly; he saw four men

"It's good. The music, I mean."

"Yes," said Louise.

Harworth was suffering. He shifted his feet and tried to concentrate on the music. Vaguely he began to wonder if there was peace anywhere. He wanted happiness; ease from the bitter struggle of living. But it was nowhere to be found; it seemed as far off as ever now. He had Louise; he was rich and young. Yet he was no happier than he had ever been.

For a moment, a wave of anger swept over him, and his success seemed trivial, all out of proportion to his anticipatory thoughts regarding it. Why should he feel so strong, so all-conquering? Here he was ready to devote himself to a girl who was marrying him for his money. Was this a triumph?

But Louise pressed his hand. The music had stopped; the lights came on. Louise said:

"It was good, very good."

They sat listening to the applause. Then they got up. Harworth helped her into her wrap. He looked down at her slender figure, her fine blond hair, noticed the delicate perfume arising from her clothing. What was wrong with him?

Louise said:

"We'll go right home. I've already fixed a little lunch."

"That was mighty nice of you."

"I thought it would be fun."

"It will be."

Harworth wanted to apologize for his thoughts.

When they came out, the doorman was calling out the car numbers and blowing his whistle. There was a hubbub in the foyer. Newsboys were running about with the latest extras. Suddenly Harworth stopped and listened. A boy was shouting:

"Big North Side murder. Alderman-elect Bourke shot down."

Harworth bought a paper, glanced at the scareheads, then stuffed it hastily into his pocket. Their car was ready. He helped Louise through the crowd and into the car. Sandy whispered:

"Hell's sure popping, Boss. They shot Bourke."

"I know," said Harworth.

WHEN they had eaten, they went into the living-room. Harworth seemed preoccupied and from time to time Louise glanced at him, wondering. At times she was very much puzzled by him. He'd sit pale and thoughtful, with his forehead wrinkled; and she never had the vaguest notion what he was thinking about. Often she'd study him when he wasn't looking. At certain angles there was a brutal look to his head and jaw. Yet he was very considerate and capable of real tenderness.

"Frank," she said, finally, "you look tired. Are you?"

"Sort of," said Harworth. "When I hear a lot of music like that all at once it wears me out. You see, I'm not used to it."

Louise smiled.

"You admit things, don't you?"

"Sure."

"I used to think you were very pretentious."

"Did you?"

"Yes. When you were wearing a monocle and always bowing."

Harworth shrugged.

"Why did you?" she persisted.

"Oh," said Harworth, "I don't know. It was just an idea I had."

Louise laughed, but she was puzzled.

"You see, I've had a pretty rough life. I've associated with all kinds of people: bums and gamblers and yeggs. I guess I was trying to get as far away from them as possible. You know. I wanted to be somebody."

"Well, you are. Aren't you?"

"Am I?"

"Frank, don't be silly. I think you've done wonderfully well."

"Well, I've got you."

Louise said:

"Oh, I'm not so much."

Harworth looked at her for a long time. Then he came over and stood beside her chair. Sometimes he had moments of unbelief. In a flash he'd see Louise as he had seen her that first night; elegant, slightly insolent, inaccessible. Was she really his?

He bent over her and she took his face between her hands and kissed him.

"Darling," she said, "hadn't you better go?"

"Yes."

He backed away from her chair and she got up. Harworth tried to turn away and go out in the hall for his hat; instead he took a step toward Louise and put his arms around her. She put her arms around him. They kissed.

Harworth said:

"Listen; some time I'd like to tell you how much you mean to me. I never can seem to get it out."

"Don't tell me."

With their arms around each other they walked over to the window and stood looking out. Below them was a deserted, wind-swept street. It was a cold, clear night and the street lights shone brightly. Overhead the sky was vast and far away and the stars had a frosty look.

"It must be very cold," said Louise, looking down into the street and shivering slightly.

"Round zero."

They stood looking out, silently. Finally Harworth said:

"I'm going. Get a good night's sleep. I'll call you around noon."

"Oh, I'll be up before that."

"I'll call at ten."

Louise laughed.

"CALL at ten-thirty. You never get up any earlier yourself."

They laughed. Louise walked out into the hall with Harworth and helped him into his big ulster, then she kissed him. Harworth didn't want to go. He wanted to stay forever. Time lagged when he wasn't with Louise.

"Well," he said, "good night."

"Good night."

He started out, but turned to look at her. She was standing in the doorway, leaning against the jamb. When he turned she waved and said:

"Good-by, Frank."

"Good-by," said Harworth.

He started toward the elevator. He heard Louise shut her door. He felt sad. He had left all his happiness in that little apartment.

Sandy was sitting in the lobby reading a paper. When he saw Harworth, he got up, handed the paper to him without a word, and went out. Harworth put the paper into his pocket and followed.

Sandy was holding the limousine door open for him. He said:

"This man's town is sure in hellish shape."

"She'll quiet down."

Sandy got in and they drove off. Harworth switched on the lights and took out his paper. The police were hunting Joe Molina, who was wanted for questioning in regard to the election-day riot and the killing of Alderman-elect Bourke. The executives of the business men's committee were demanding the removal of the mayor and the chief of police; they wanted martial law declared. Two more killings on the West Side. A bombing on the South Side.

"Well," said Harworth, trying to laugh, "Joe certainly put on his circus all right."

"Help me back in bed, Frank," said Stein.

Stein was better. His hands were steadier and there was some color in his face. He had been sitting up in an armchair reading and newspapers were scattered all over the room.

Harworth helped Stein back into bed.

"Well, Frank, I guess I'll live after all. Yep. I got a year or two in me if nothing happens."

Harworth laughed.

"You'll probably outlive me."

STEIN sat shaking a forefinger at Harworth.

"Frank," he said, "for once you backed the wrong horse."

"How's that?"

"Molina bit off more than he could chew. It'll be tough for him from now on. This old burg'll just stand so much!"

"Oh," said Harworth, "it'll quiet down. It always does."

"Maybe. Maybe."

There was a short silence, then Stein said:

"Well, good night. Turn out my lights, will you? I want to get a good night's sleep and maybe I'll be pretty fit tomorrow. The reports'll be coming round. I'm sick of being a dead weight."

"Don't let it worry you," said Harworth, turning out the lights.

He sank into a chair and picked up a magazine, but he didn't read it, or even look at the pictures; he sat holding it on his knee, looking off across the room. The house was very still. He felt oppressed by the stillness. Mechanically he reached for a cigarette, but instead he pulled out a folded pamphlet, which he stared at in surprise. It was the Chicago Symphony concert program. He turned it idly in his fingers, then he began to read it with half his mind, the other half occupied with what he dreaded so much, with what he hated to hear mentioned: death.

It was the end of everything. A man had no defense against it. He remembered his father; a big, robust Irishman with muscles like iron. He drank too much, ate too much. One day when he was walking across the saloon he made a grab for a table, missed and fell sprawling. All the men laughed. They thought he was drunk. He was dead.

Harworth read: "The composer of this work, Claude Achille Debussy, was born at St. Germain-en-Laye (Seine-et-Oise), France, August 22, 1862. . . ."

What was death? Once he had taken gas in order to have an infected tooth extracted. He lay back, trying to relax, while the nurse held the cone of the gas tube over his nose. At first he felt drowsy, then he felt himself flying away. He felt Frank Harworth flying away. He tried to restrain himself from leaping up, from crying out: "No! No! I won't!" The nurse said: "Relax, please. Don't fight it." He obeyed with a feeling of despair.

Suddenly there was blackness; he was gone. Then he was in the midst of fantastic dreams. A little man was laughing at him, saying: "Ah ha! you took gas and now you are dead!" He pursued the little man through long, grotesque corridors, trying to kill him. But presently the nurse was saying: "Now there you are. It's all over." And, opening his eyes, he saw the doctor in his white coat smiling at him. It was summer; the window was open, letting in a cool breeze; and there was sunlight in the streets. He was sick but happy.

That was like death. Only you didn't wake up. You pursued the little man farther and farther until there was nothing, only darkness, eternal darkness. That was the end.

HARWORTH shifted about in his chair, sweating; then he began to turn the pages of the program. Absently he read about Burne . . . "born in Chicago, Illinois, September 25, 1898 . . . educated at the University of Illinois and the Sorbonne, Paris. Studied under D'Indy . . . his music has great power . . . is serious, not frivolous like so much modern music. . . ."

He read on and finally came to the poem Louise had spoken about:

When I am dead,
The birds will sing of a morning
And at evening,
And the sun will glide through the heavens, westward.
The moon will rise,
And there'll be sweet days
And bitter days;
And the slow, unvarying procession
Of the seasons.

When I am dead,
The flowers will blossom, fade and die,
But bloom again.
And men will struggle bitterly
And cry with pain and happiness.
And there'll be pleasant friendships,
Love and hate,
When I am dead.

When I am dead. . . .
But words are meaningless!
It is the lot of mortal man,
Who is no more than a little flame;
A quick and solitary flare
Between one great darkness
And another.

Harworth threw the program on the floor. He felt panicky and began to swear. Why write a poem about such a thing as that? Forget it! Forget it! We were all in the same boat; why talk about it! One time he had read in the paper an interview with a condemned man. He was cheerful. He told the reporter he was forty-five years old and in poor health. In a month he would be dead and out of his misery. Anyway, he said, why should he get excited? There was little difference between him and the reporter. He knew when he was to die; the reporter didn't. Everybody is condemned, he said.

Harworth got up and paced the floor. He wanted to forget about such things. He wanted to think about Louise and how much fun they were going to have. Why, they were young!

He turned on the radio. An announcer was saying:

". . . Joe Harley and his Southern Serenaders broadcasting from the Night Hawk Café. The next number is that hot little number: When I'm Walking with My Sweetie . . ."

The band began to play. Harworth walked up and down, trying to listen. After a moment, he shut it off and went to his desk. The world had faded temporarily; the world with its hate and love and happiness and music. He saw himself stretched out in a coffin. People would come to look at him and murmur polite condolences, but he wouldn't know it; he wouldn't know anything ever again.

He picked up a pen and wrote hurriedly on a piece of writing paper:

For August Stein:

If anything should happen to me, if I should meet with an accident, my estate is to be divided equally between you (August Stein) and Miss Louise Joyce. I mean this. This goes!

Then he signed his name, put the note in an envelope and locked it in the wall-safe.

"Hell!" he said, running his hand over his face, "I must be getting nutty. I better try to get some sleep."

HARWORTH undressed and put on his pajamas, then he went over to the night-table to look for mail. When he was away from home during the day Joseph usually left it there. He found six letters and a package, and sat down on the bed to look through them. There was one letter in a dirty envelope, addressed in large, childish handwriting. He opened it. It was from Larsen.

Dear Mr. Harworth:

I have not seen you for many days so I would like to congratulate you by letter. Louise is the most wonderful girl that I ever knew and you are a very lucky man. I want to make you a present of the portrait. It is all I have to give for the wedding. Please do not offer me any money for it as that would offend me very much. The portrait is at present on view at the Chicago Art Institute and has been praised. It is my best work. I am glad Louise is marrying you. You will make life easy for her.

Yours truly,
OLAF LARSEN

HARWORTH, calmer now, sat holding the letter in his hand.

"A good guy," he said, half aloud.

Then he opened the package. It was Berg Richman's novel and there was an inscription in the front and also a note. The inscription read: "For Mr. Francis Harworth, with sincere best wishes (offered with some temerity)."

The note read:

Sorry I'll be unable to see you before going to New York. Congratulations and best wishes. Will you please invite a poor struggling author to visit you sometime? I hope you like the book! The publishers are bugs about it and they think it will sell. I hope they're right. Good-by.

Harworth fixed his pillows and lay down to read. First he read the blurb on the jacket, discovering that: "The Prince! The Prince! is the Chicago novel we have all been waiting for . . . ten laughs to a page . . . you will follow the rocket-like career of a self-possessed, broad-shouldered young ruffian, who elbows his way to the top . . . a ruthless figure, part tough, part charlatan, part man of genius. . . ."

Harworth's feelings were mixed. At first he felt a great glow of satisfaction. Here was a whole book written about him; he was but thinly disguised as Frank Harcourt, and his eccentricities were hit off to the life. He read how he swaggered when he walked, how he deftly handled a monocle, and how he was always ready to use his fists if insulted . . . Still, as he read on, the figure of Harcourt grew monstrous and slightly ridiculous; he was involved in all sorts of swindles, which he carried off with an air, but he was abject where women

(Continued on page 48)

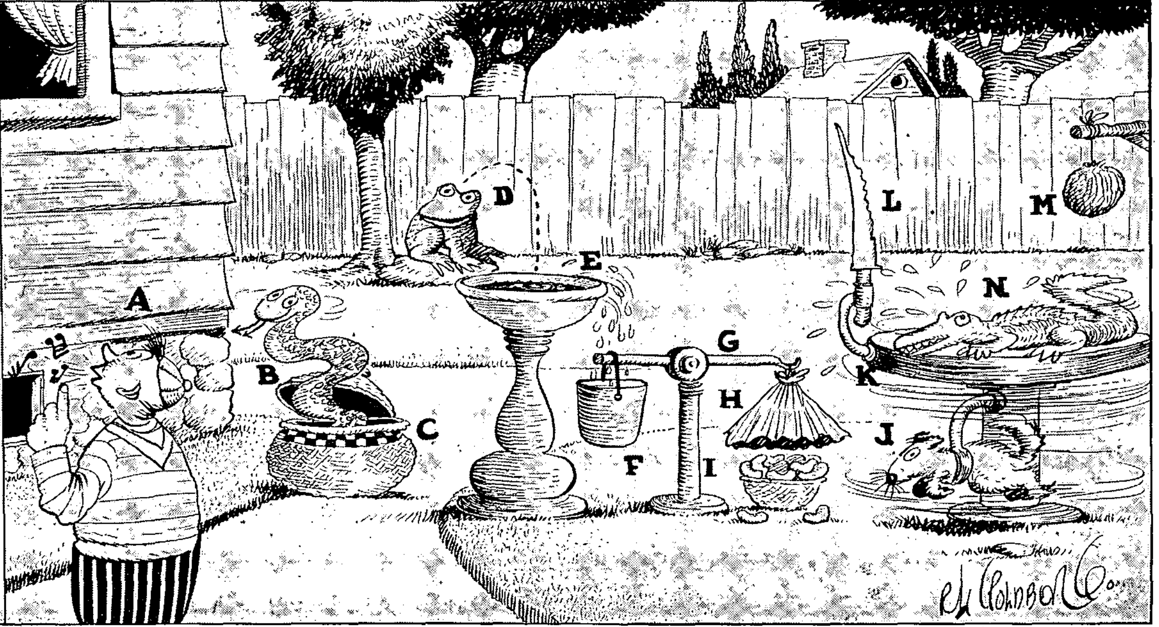
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

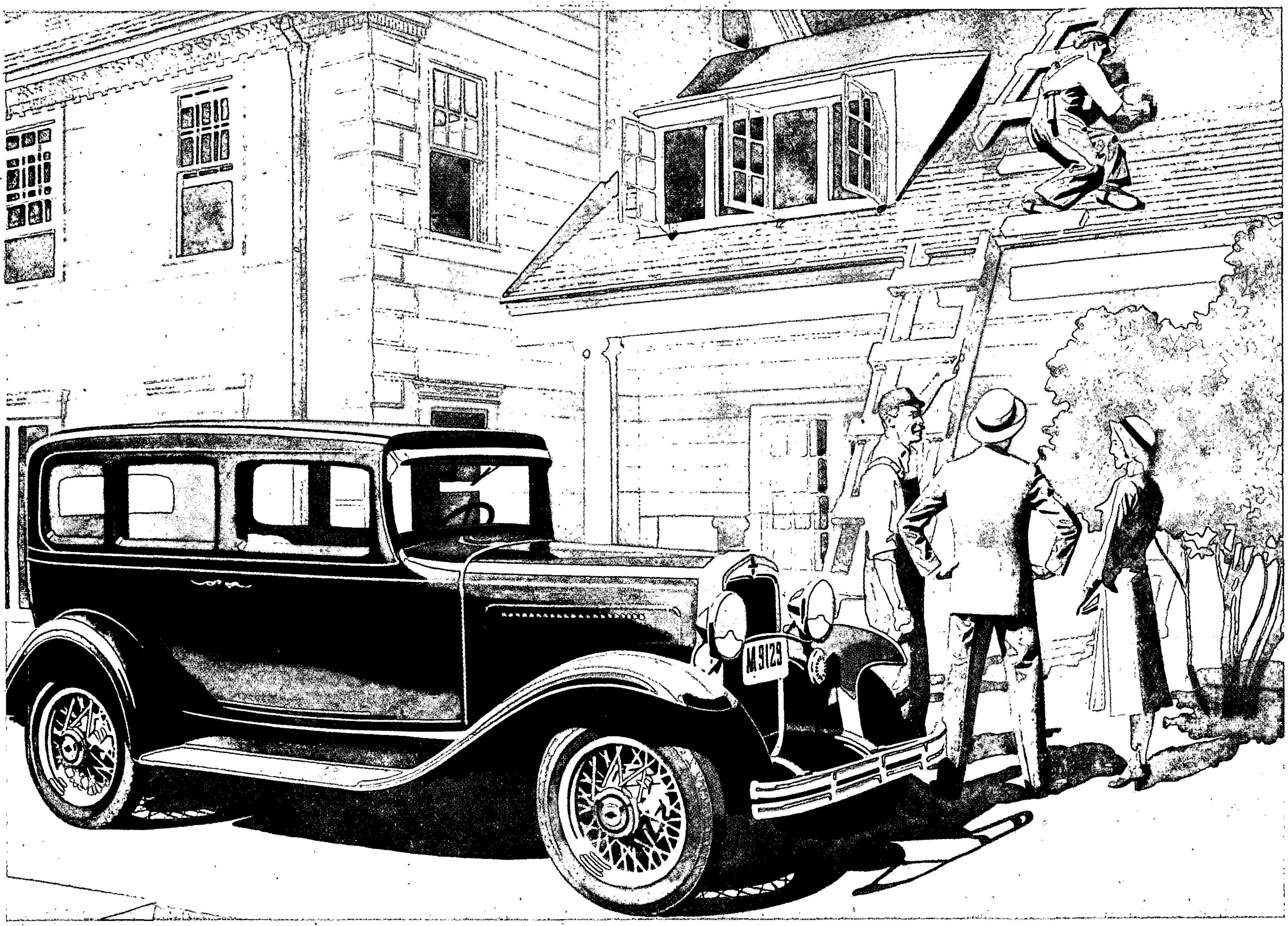
By RUBE GOLDBERG

A NOTED SURGEON OPERATES ON PROFESSOR BUTTS FOR APPENDICITIS AND WHILE UNCONSCIOUS THE PROF BABBLES AN IDEA FOR A SIMPLIFIED LAWN SPRINKLER.

WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER'S BEAU (A) WHISTLES UNDER HER WINDOW, SNAKE (B) MISTAKES SOUND FOR THE FLUTE OF A SNAKE CHARMER. AS SNAKE COMES OUT OF BASKET (C) IT FRIGHTENS FROG (D) WHICH LEAPS FOR SAFETY INTO BIRD BATH (E) AND SPLASHES WATER INTO PAIL (F), CAUSING ROD (G) TO RAISE HOOD (H), EXPOSING BASKET OF PEANUTS (I). SQUIRREL (J) PLUNGES FOR PEANUTS, THEREBY REVOLVING PLATFORM (K). EACH TIME IT REVOLVES, KNIFE (L) SLICES ONION (M). FUMES FROM ONION BRING TEARS TO EYES OF CROCODILE (N). SPEED OF REVOLUTIONS HELPS SCATTER THE CROCODILE TEARS OVER LAWN THEREBY WATERING IT.

IF YOUR DAUGHTER'S BEAU DOESN'T SHOW UP IN THE FIRST PLACE THEN YOU'LL EITHER HAVE TO WAIT FOR RAIN OR BUY A HOSE.





The new Chevrolet Standard Sedan

A comfort to ride in—a pleasure to drive

Whether it's a vacation trip ahead, a week-end jaunt, or just a single day's excursion—plan to take full advantage of it . . . go in a Chevrolet Six. With a 50-horsepower six-cylinder engine to speed you along, you can cover plenty of territory, in remarkably short time. You can really *enjoy* every mile and every moment, too—thanks to Chevrolet's many comfort features: Long wheelbase, modern springs, insulated Fisher bodies, spacious interiors, and a smooth-running six-cylinder motor. On the longest journey you can set out with confidence, knowing that Chevrolet quality will back you all the way. You can travel far and wide, with only a few stops for fuel. In fact, 20 miles to the gallon is a usual experience with Chevrolet drivers. And even during sustained high-speed running, Chevrolet's oil consumption is exceptionally low. Pick out the places you want to visit, the people you want to see—then jump in a Chevrolet Six and go! You can count on a restful *pleasure* trip all the way. For the Chevrolet Six is the *pleasure* type of economical transportation.

New Low Prices—*Roadster, $475; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), $495; Phaeton, $510; Standard Coupe, $535; Coach, $545; Standard Five-Window Coupe, $545; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat), $575; Five-Passenger Coupe, $595; Convertible Cabriolet, $615; Standard Sedan, $635; Special Sedan, $650; Convertible Landau Phaeton, $650. Special equipment extra. Chevrolet truck chassis, $355 to $590. Low delivered prices and easy terms. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.*

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

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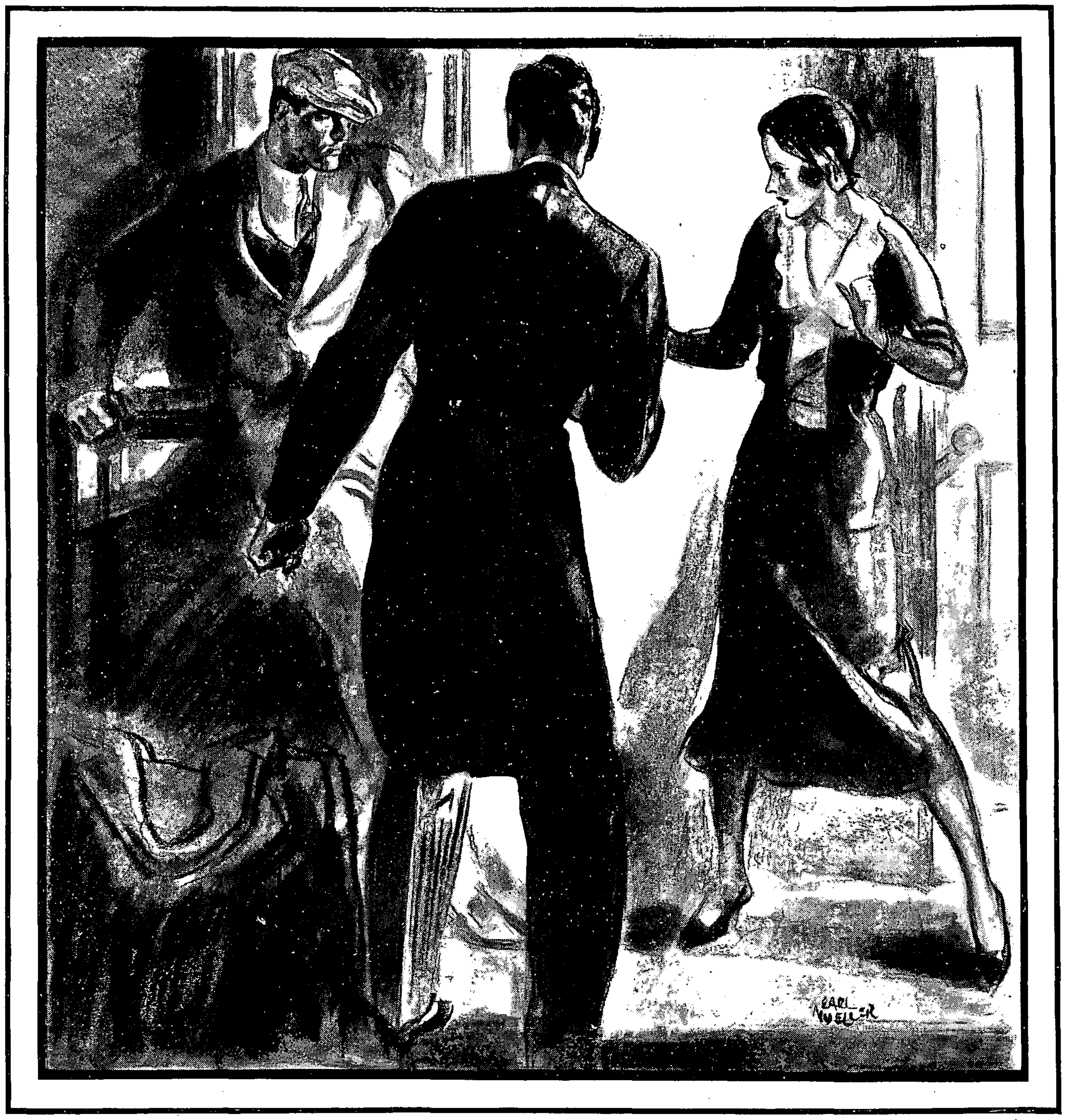


A girl darted in, flung him aside, seized the gun and backed away

The Best Man Wins

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

IT WAS eleven o'clock and the wedding of Miss Edith Ashley Preston and Mr. Thomas Brockton Windom was set for high noon at St. Timothy's. Billy Flint, set down in the Social Register as William Eaton Flint, had gone out from New York to act as best man. Wealth, good looks and a reputation for athletic prowess carried from college to the polo field had not spoiled Flint. He was a generous soul with a weakness for sharing his good fortune.

Much experience had made him forehanded as a bridegroom's assistant and in his room at the Sycamore Club he was checking up his responsibilities. The minister's honorarium, the organist's fee, cash tips for the janitor of the church and for the police who handled the traffic, Windom's railroad and steamship tickets—everything was in order. He was about to call up the ushers to make sure they had survived the bachelor dinner when Windom burst in.

"For God's sake, look at this! It was left at my house last night! I found it only an hour ago!"

He tossed a letter to Flint and sank into a chair. Twenty lines, in a sprawling backhand, recited that certain letters written by Mr. Windom to one Alice Montgomery would be delivered to Miss Preston before the ceremony unless a thousand dollars in cash was paid by eleven-thirty the following day. The money was to be delivered to the person who would open the door at 1183 Gordon Street and must be carried by a single messenger.

"Not so nice!" Flint ejaculated. "Is it a fake or are you guilty?"

"WELL," Windom replied with a scowl, "about two years ago I did write some letters to that girl—mere notes—sentimental stuff. She worked in an office where I had business frequently; I got acquainted with her that way. She seemed to be a perfectly nice girl; unusually intelligent—nice instincts in every way. When I got interested in Edith I forgot all about her—haven't seen or heard of her for over a year."

"You never can tell!" remarked Flint cynically. "Didn't promise to marry her?"

"Absolutely not! But I confess I was pretty keen about her for a while. Like a fool I wrote to her when I was out of town; probably told her she was the finest and prettiest girl in the world—"

"Poor nut! She probably took you seriously—you fascinating devil!"

"You'll do this for me, Billy? You'll see me through? I stopped at the bank and got the money. Here it is."

"Old story of the woman scorned," observed Flint, who had already seized a hat. "Unless I'm shot I'll meet you at the church!"

"Make it lively," he said to the taxi driver as he gave the address.

Gordon Street was on the edge of an industrial section and No. 1183 was a dingy two-story house.

"Wait!" said Flint to the driver. "And if I don't show up in ten minutes call the police."

The door opened guardedly to his knock.

"I represent Mr. Windom," said Flint, gazing into an unshaven face.

"Nobody with you? Sure o' that? Come in." Flint stepped into a shabby sitting-room and drew off his gloves.

"Lemme see the money," said the young fellow impatiently.

"The letters first," Flint replied calmly. "I thought it was a lady doing this. How do I know you've got any letters?"

"They're my sister's—she got me to collect for her. The letters are right here—fifteen of 'em—"

He drew an automatic, turned to a small table and with his eyes on Flint tugged at the drawer. The drawer stuck and he laid the gun on the table. As he struggled with the drawer a door behind him opened softly, a girl darted into the room, flung him aside, seized the gun and backed away.

"HANDS up, Bob, or I'll kill you! You—" she flashed a glance at Flint, "—if you come from Mr. Windom, pull out that drawer and take what you find."

Flint wrenched the drawer open, ran through a bundle of envelopes addressed unmistakably in Windom's handwriting and thrust them into his pocket.

"Here's the money," he said, turning to the girl.

"Oh, no! Not that!" she cried. "Take the letters and go—quick! Please!"

She swayed a little and Flint, seeing that the man she had called Bob was about to spring at her, leaped forward and felled him with a smashing blow to the chin. He snatched the gun from the girl's hand and opened the door.

"Come—you must clear out of this!" He grasped her arm and they ran to the taxi.

Several minutes passed before she regained her composure.

"I want you to understand," she began with tense eagerness, "that I knew nothing about this till I missed the letters last night. I kept them in the chiffonier in my room. I was worried all morning thinking Bob—he's my brother—might be up to some mischief and so I came home. I saw the taxi, guessed what was up. I wouldn't have Tom think—Oh!" There were tears in her lovely blue eyes. She was, Flint noted, an exceedingly pretty girl.

"I understand," said Flint, touched by her agitation. "It was bully of you to jump in there as you did! Generous—heroic, splendid! I'll see you again—to report Mr. Windom's thanks. Where shall I leave you?"

"The Trumbull Building, please. I'm with Peck and Taylor, insurance brokers." Then with a smile she added: "Tell Tom good luck for me!"

It was ten minutes past twelve when Flint reached the church. Windom, pacing the floor of the minister's study, pounced on him eagerly.

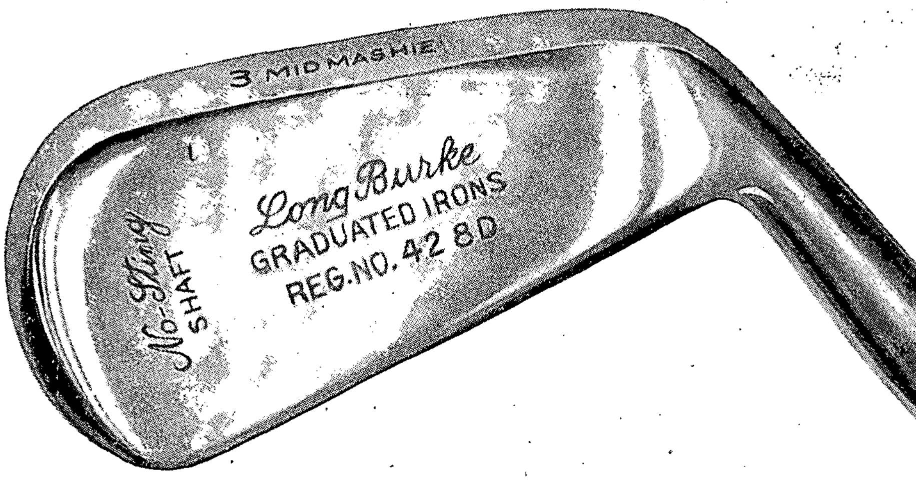
"Did you—the letters—?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Got 'em all right," said Flint, as the preluding chords of the wedding march became audible, "and they didn't cost a cent!"

"But what did she *say!*"

"Oh, it wasn't her game at all!" Flint replied as he gently urged Windom toward the vestry-room door. "The letters had been stolen by her scalawag brother. Yep; I saw her. A wonderful girl! I've decided to linger in your city to see more of her, so I'll not be at the dock when you sail. *Now!* In we go! Face not so stern, Tommy! That's the boy! Oh, yes; Miss Montgomery sent you her very best wishes!"

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri



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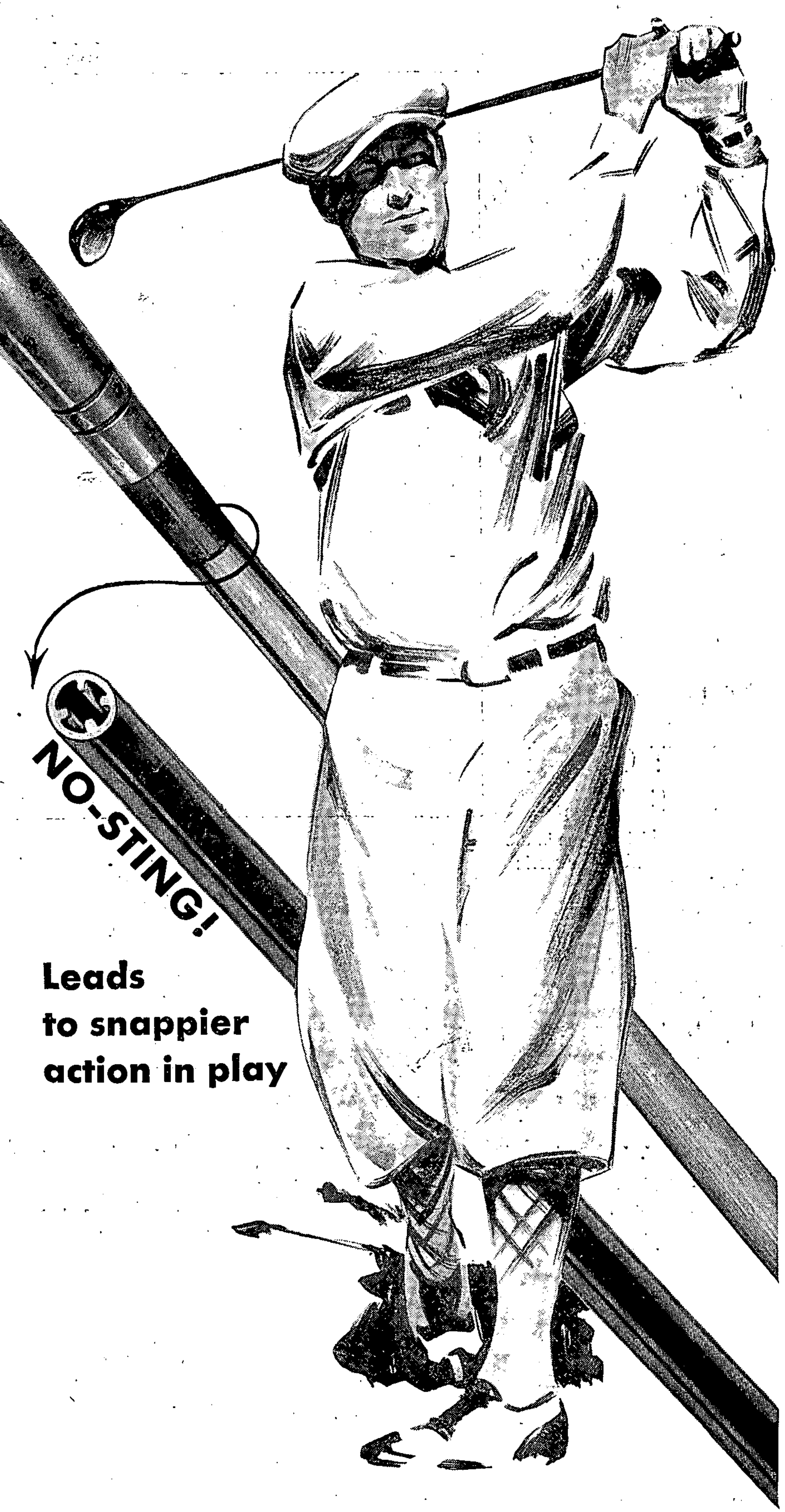
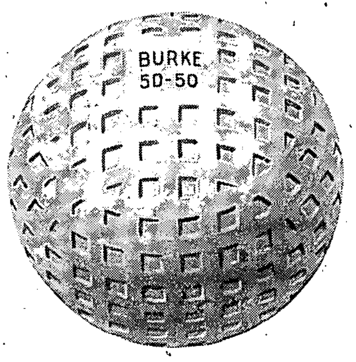
Four ribs extend six inches inside the shaft at the hosel end. These ribs increase the strength of the shaft and by stiffening it at the lower end, the whip is thrown a bit more toward the hand. This results in a snappier action in play, a sweeter "feel"... AND AN ABSOLUTE ELIMINATION OF STING!



Leads to snappier action in play

THE BURKE 50/50 *has distance, direction and staying powers. It is acknowledged the best ball at its price.*



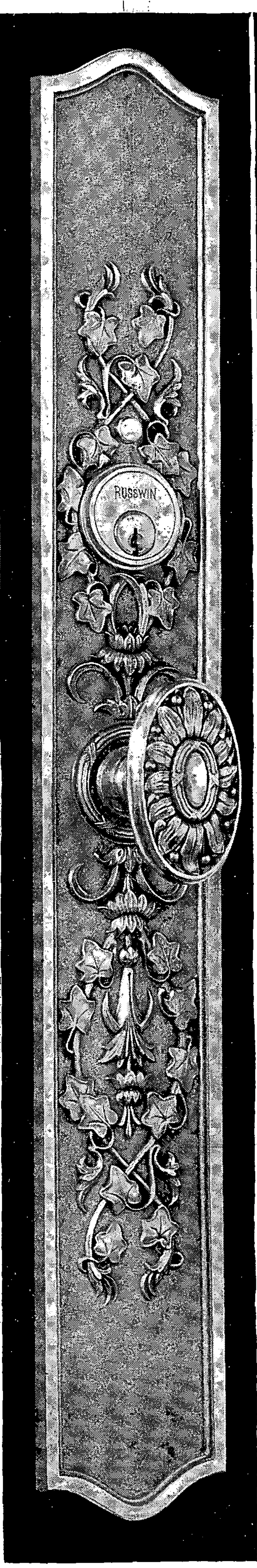
THE BURKE GOLF COMPANY, NEWARK, OHIO . . . MAKERS OF CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS

FREE: Do you know how to "finish a hole" properly, or do you waste strokes at that crucial point? Our new booklet "Making the Club Head Work" giving full details of the new stroke-saving Burke Smithirons, is now ready. Send for it—it's free. THE BURKE GOLF CO., Box B-5, Newark, Ohio.

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA INTRODUCE

TOWER SUITE

Living Room in the Waldorf-Astoria



RUSSWIN creates 42 special designs for the new WALDORF

IN THE twin Towers of the new Waldorf-Astoria . . . to open next October . . . are a collection of beautiful homes known as the Tower Apartment Suites. New Yorkers who dwell there will enjoy all the advantages of a luxurious residence in the exclusive Park Avenue district . . . but without many of the complexities and economic problems of town house or private apartment. They will have no capital investment . . . no inflexible and burdensome leases . . . no taxes to pay. Electricity, renovating, and the services of Waldorf attendants will be included in the rental rates.

Tower suites, some with private terrace gardens, are high above the city noises . . . up where the air is fresh and the sunshine clear. They are beautifully treated in the Eighteenth Century French or English manner and from their windows a gorgeous vista of city, ocean and country greets the eye. Two to nine rooms, or larger, furnished or unfurnished.

3 of
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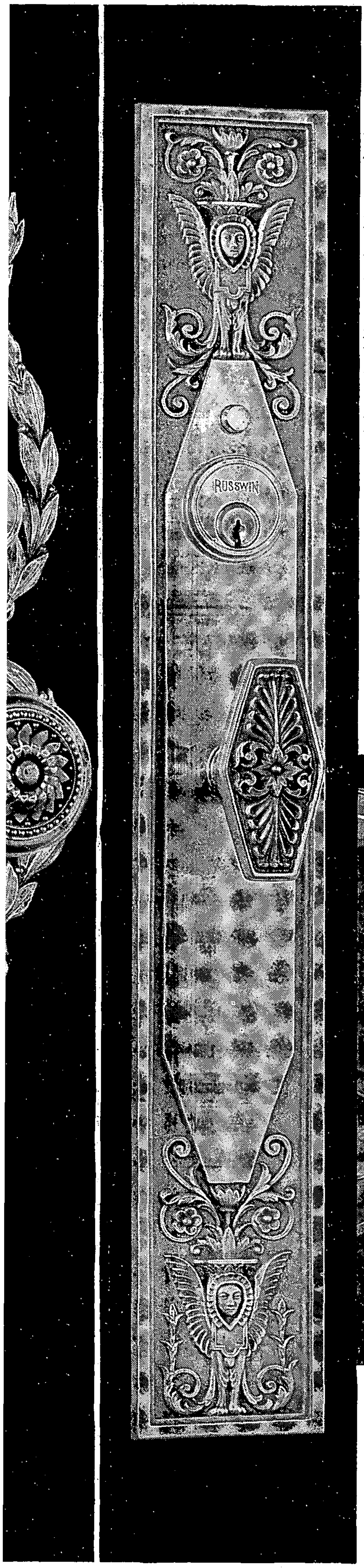
NEW ERA IN METROPOLITAN LIVING



usive Russwin designs created for the Waldorf-
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WALDORF-
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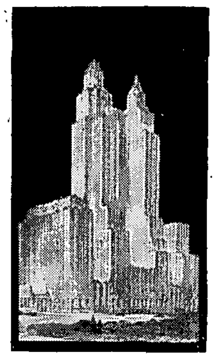
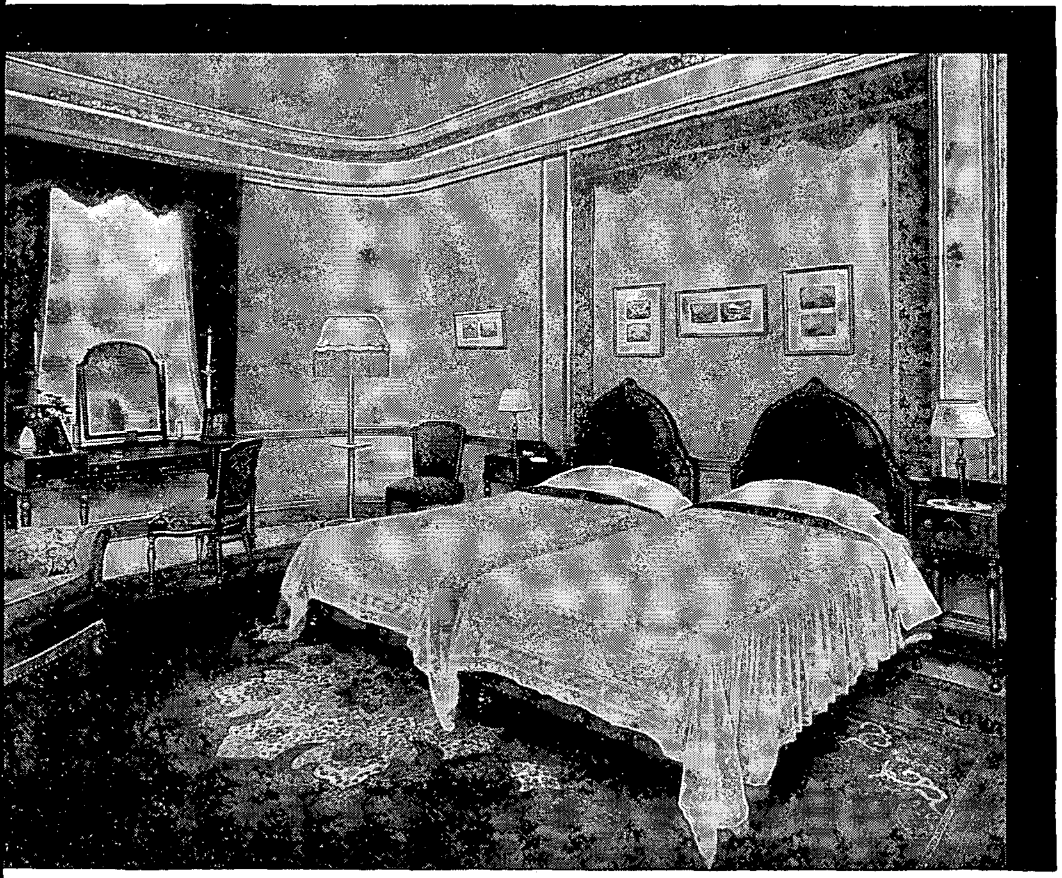


Architects
Schultz & Weaver
Contractors
Thompson-Starrett
Co.

Home cooked meals from a special kitchen, served either by private servants or Tower waiters. Or, when it strikes their fancy, tenants may enjoy the celebrated Waldorf cuisine in the hotel dining rooms. For the use of Tower residents there are private entrances, express elevators, and a private driveway.

The new Waldorf-Astoria is a structure of superb beauty. Like so many of the world's leading buildings, it is equipped throughout with RUSSWIN Hardware—forty-two designs in gold, silver, chromium or bronze finishes having been especially created for this purpose. RUSSWIN was selected by the architects because of its distinctive individuality, its matchless workmanship, its enduring base metals of bronze or brass, and the lifetime of trouble-free service it assures.



TOWER
SUITE
Bed Room in the
Waldorf-Astoria

RUSSWIN

DISTINCTIVE HARDWARE

Hardware that lasts—Base Metals of Bronze or Brass

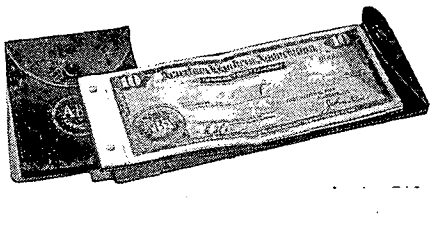
RUSSELL & ERWIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY (THE AMERICAN HARDWARE CORPORATION, SUCCESSOR)
New Britain, Connecticut New York Chicago London

"MY PURSE!"

The shopping district was crowded . . . a sudden tug at a handbag . . . a scream . . . small chance to catch a sneak-thief in that excitement.

If only her money had been in A. B. A. Cheques! It makes no difference where or how they are stolen or lost, *the money that they represent is safe.* They are insurance against theft, loss or destruction.

This money, rightly famous with globe-trotters, is equally useful at home. Carry A. B. A. Cheques instead of cash wherever you go. You can get them at your own bank.



A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

The Bridal Wail

Continued from page 20

you for thirty thousand dollars damages for breach of promise."

"That's ridic! How can a man's ex-wife sue him for any such foolishness?"

"You will soon find out," he says darkly.

I begin to get a little scared. I have been saving very enthusiastic for years and I know that Birdie knows I have got about thirty grand salted away, which I guess is why she happened to think of that amount when she sued me. And now I really am doing a burn-up.

"There must be some way out of this," I says.

"There is."

"What is it?"

"Marry your ex-wife, or offer to do so, and the suit will automatically end."

"I will like heck!"

"Very well," he says coldly. "Then you had better hire a lawyer."

I walked out of that lawyer's office and uptown to a friend's apartment, where I told him what a dirty trick was being done to me.

"Marry her," he advised. "It'll be cheaper."

"I will not."

"But why?" he wants to know. "Ain't you fonder of money than anything else?"

That starts me thinking. It seems like I have got a reputation for being a tightwad, when same ain't deserved. If a guy saves money for a rainy day, he ain't a tightwad, is he? But it looks like people always think the wrong thing of me.

So I make up my mind that this is one time they can sock me for all the dough they like before I will give in and marry Birdie again. I do not know why I reach any such expensive decision—except it seems that I must love Birdie an awful lot.

You see, I figure that I want to marry Birdie but we could not ever be happy if we was to wed that way, and I am beginning to realize that she means more to me than a few lousy dollars, so I figure if she wants to throw the old harpoon into me—well, I will let her do it and take it standing up.

I SURE bet she was surprised when her lawyer told her that I would not marry her and she could go ahead and sue. Also I bet she was twice as surprised when he reported to her one day that I and him had been talking about settling the case out of court.

"My client," he informs me, "is willing to settle for ten thousand dollars."

"I guess she would be," I snaps back, "and you can tell her for me that it is worth twice that to keep from having to wed a gold-digger like her which don't ever think of nothing except spending a fellow's jack."

Two days later he tells me that Birdie will take ten thousand and not a penny less. I am feeling sick and heartbroke, but it ain't entirely losing the money: It is because I am getting to know more and more every day that maybe I have been wrong about Birdie, and she is hitting back at me in the only way she knows. But that does not change my idea that I could not marry her this way, because if I did she would always think I done it to save that ten thousand dollars—and I ain't lying when I say that I wasn't even thinking of the money then, except to be sad because I knew this was ending everything between I and Birdie.

Well, I am very miserable, and it does not seem to matter a damn when I give that lawyer my check for ten thousand dollars and take a release which Birdie has signed about not having no more claims on me.

I suppose I am very depressed after them papers are signed, and Joe Farnham, one of my pals, is trying to snap me out of it. He keeps on telling me that no dame ain't worth a good man's misery and all such as that, but he don't make me no happier.

THEN one bright, clear, summer Sunday morning he comes by for me and he says he is going to drive me out in the country where maybe a breath of clean, fresh air and the sound of a few birds will make me forget my troubles and look on life through new eyes. We drive a way out, and finally we come to a neat little farm and Joe turns in at the gate.

In the old days I would have been very happy about coming to a little farm like this, because it is just the kind of place I have always wanted to own: a neat little white cottage sitting behind a couple of big trees, and flowers on the porch and in the yard, and lots of chickens and hens walking around and a cat asleep on the porch railing . . . but now it does not look very good to me because it makes me think of Birdie.

But when I ask Joe not to stop there, he says it belongs to a friend of his, and he has got to stop for a few minutes and so there is nothing for me to do but follow him.

Well, this guy that owned the farm must of been a pretty good friend of Joe's because we walk right through the front door and into the cutest little sitting-room you ever saw, and then Joe says he will find his friend and be right back, and will I please make myself comfortable.

I am sitting alone when somebody enters the room and stands looking at me. At first I do not believe my eyes, but when I realize it truly is Birdie, I get kind of weak in the knees.

She was not dressed either handsome or expensive, but even if she had been, she would of looked good to me. She has got on a plain gingham dress and her beautiful black hair is all kind of tousled, and she is staring at me with the queerest look in her eyes . . . and I realize all over again that she is the sweetest little woman in the world and I will not ever be happy without her.

Well, I cannot sit there all day with just a goofy look on my pan, so I kind of moisten my lips and say: "Well, Birdie—what are you doing here?"

Her voice seems kind of cracked, too. "I am staying here, Chuck."

"Did Joe know that?"

"Yes—he knew it."

With that we both get very silent, but we are thinking things—or anyway, I am and she looks as though she is.

"Do you like the farm, Chuck?" she asks in a queer, hard little voice.

"It is so pretty that it makes me sick, Birdie. Whose is it?"

"It—it is mine, Chuck. I bought it with the ten thousand dollars I got from you."

I start to get up, but my legs will not support me. It was like somebody had slipped up behind and busted me on the head with a hammer.

And then it hits me all of a sudden: here is everything I have always dreamed about—Birdie and a neat little farm and chickens and hens and such—but I am out of it. I feel like I am going to cry . . . then I hear Birdie coming closer. She shoves a paper in my hand.

"Chuck," she is saying, "I thought I could get away with it, but I can't. I bought this farm because I always wanted one, too; but it don't mean nothing now. So I'm giving it back to you. It's yours. Your money bought it. There's the deed—all made out in your name. And now, Chuck—I'll be going."

The deed drops on the floor and she starts to walk away. But she does not get very far because I have grabbed her and we are both laughing and crying—

"It don't mean nothing to me, either," I am saying—"unless I can have you, Birdie."

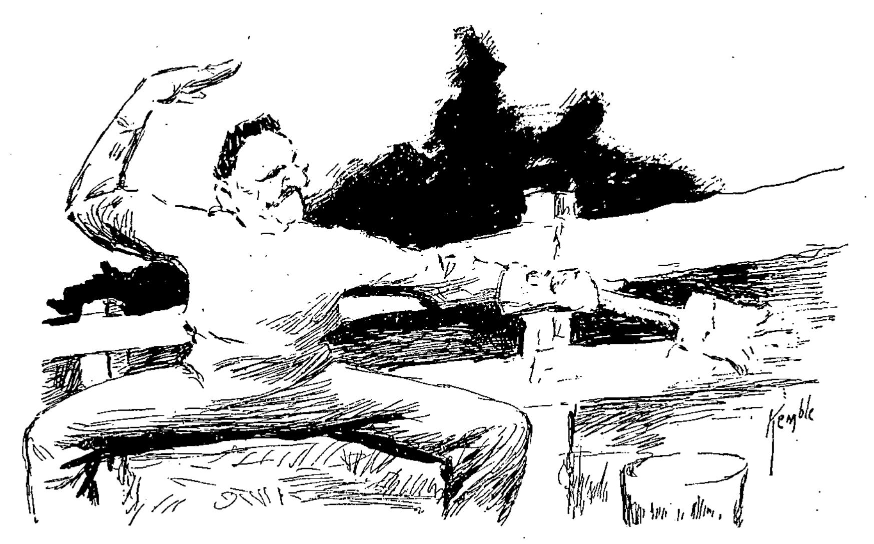
WELL, about that time Joe Farnham comes barging in, grinning like an ape. He says he has bought a marriage license for us and knows where we can use it. So we go with him and before I come out of the daze we are back at the cottage and he is calling us Mr. and Mrs. Rawlins, which ain't no more than the strict truth.

Finally he beats it and me and Birdie sit together on the porch, holding hands like a couple of sap kids. Nothing don't seem to matter now that I have got Birdie back.

"Gee!" I sigh, "this is sure one swell farm."

"Do you really like it?" she asks softly.

"Like it!" I repeat. "I love it." Then a thought hits me: "Gosh! Birdie," I says, "wouldn't it be wonderful if we could afford to live here?"



Business being dull, Professor Touché, fencing instructor, finds some congenial work on his country estate

FREE Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious HIRES ROOT BEER
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This generous offer will prove to you why millions of people prefer Hires Root Beer

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DELICIOUS, economical and invigorating, Hires Root Beer has won first place as a beverage in countless homes throughout the nation.

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Millions of families all over the nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, absolutely pure—free from artificial colors and flavors. When questioned, 9 out of 10 doctors agree that Hires Root Beer ranks first as a family beverage because of its purity, fine flavor and economy

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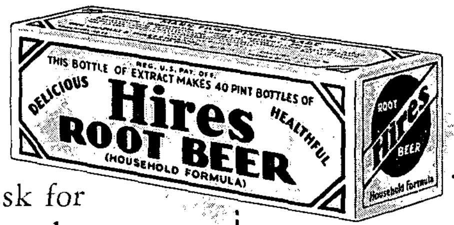
Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today 35c in Canada.

Two other ways to get your daily Hires Root Beer



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Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Company, Ltd., Toronto.

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Philadelphia, Pa. [3-7-4]
Please send me free sample for making Hires Root Beer at home.

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Address..
City..........................State.............
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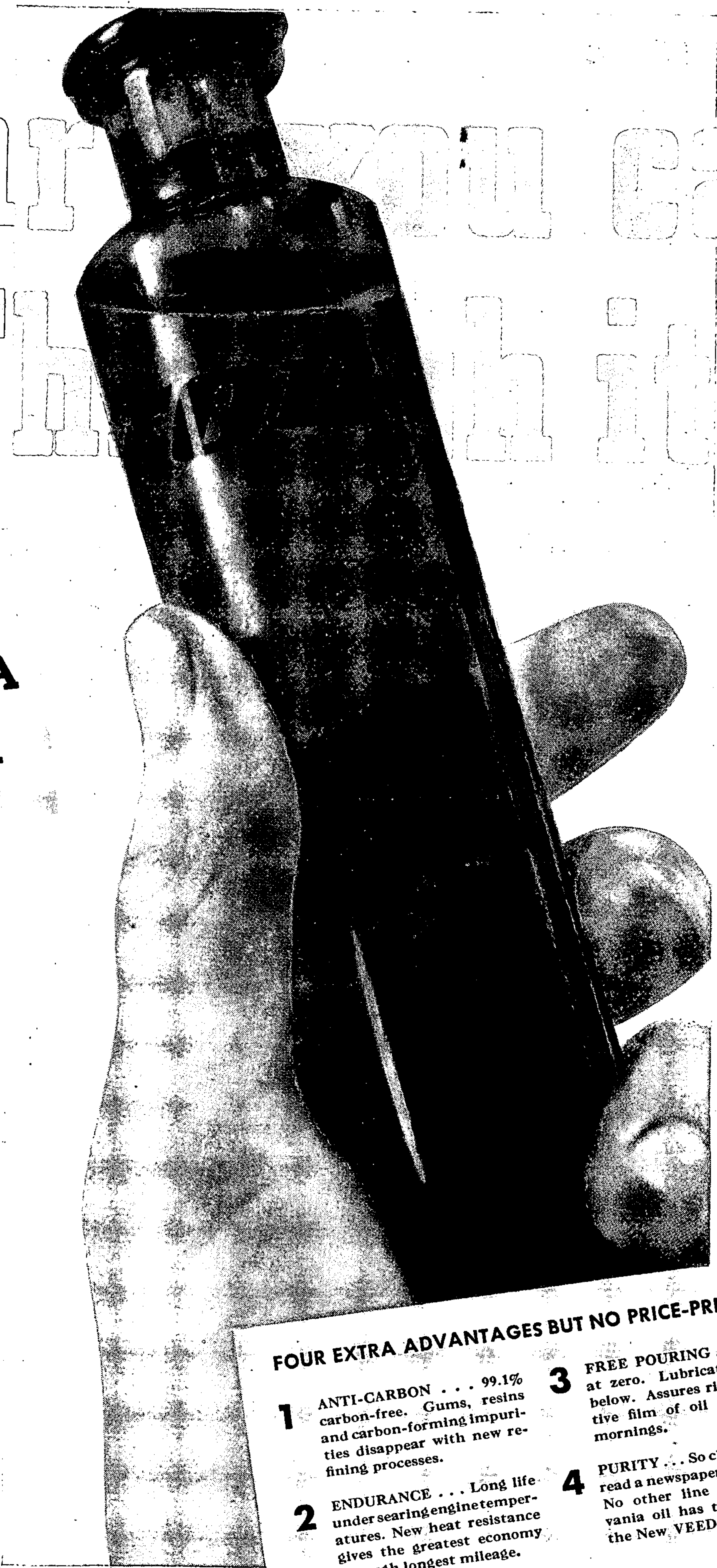
So Clear you can Read Through it!



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A PREMIUM motor oil . . . because it is 99.1% carbon-free. You won't get a spoonful of carbon in thousands of miles.

A premium motor oil . . . because it is so pure and clear you can read a newspaper through it.

A premium motor oil . . . because it is made 100% from selected, premium Pennsylvania crudes.

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A premium motor oil . . . because the first quart cost $2,000,000 in new refining equipment . . . invented, developed, and built by Tide Water alone.

BUT YOU PAY NO PREMIUM IN PRICE

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FOUR EXTRA ADVANTAGES BUT NO PRICE-PREMIUM

1. ANTI-CARBON . . . 99.1% carbon-free. Gums, resins and carbon-forming impurities disappear with new refining processes.
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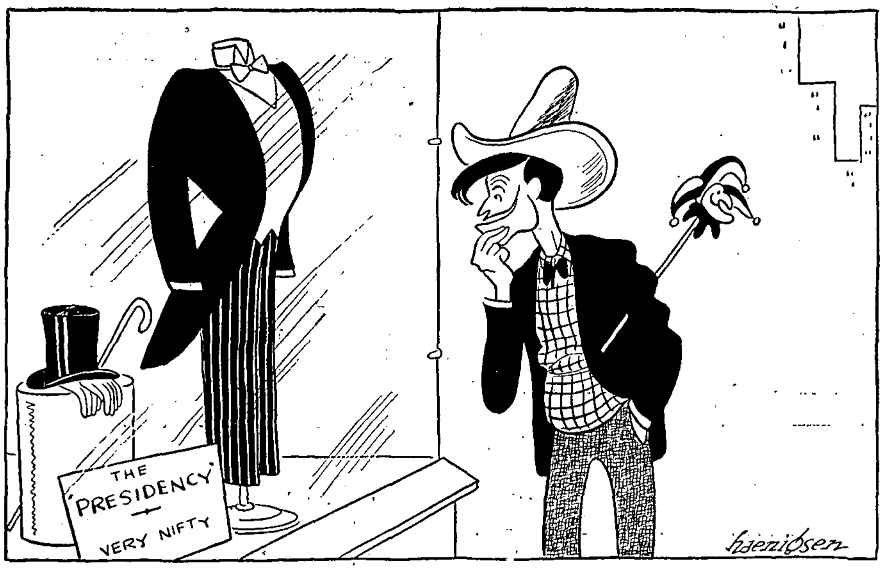
The New VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

100% PENNSYLVANIA MADE 100% BETTER . . . . NO PRICE-PREMIUM



Will of the People

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

I AM informed by those who know him that Will Rogers is a serious candidate for nomination to the Presidency in 1932. That is to say, he takes himself entirely seriously as a candidate. He will, it is said, have a nice campaign fund contributed or raised by his admirers. And it need not surprise anyone if he turns up at the Democratic national convention as the favorite son of Oklahoma.

Well, why not? I think of several men in political life whose belief that the lightning is going to strike them this time is really sadder than Will Rogers' and who wouldn't be half as good Presidents as he would. They are all in the Democratic party this time, but if the Republican convention of 1932 were to be a free-for-all there would be just as many fantastic dreams of the Presidency in the Republican ranks.

What is it that makes a man take himself seriously as a candidate for President? A nomination for a governorship or a senatorship goes begging. Nobody wants it. Some party hack who has been defeated for everything from sheriff up to governor finally takes it.

It turns out to be a good year for his party and the man thus chosen is elected by a big majority, thus becoming a "national figure." The boys who want to get jobs out of him flatter him by telling him that he is "on the road to the White House." People wrote, saying that they are for him for President.

We'd Pay to Listen

That is all that is necessary to make him believe that he is the favorite son of Destiny. He takes himself with the utmost seriousness as a candidate. And about half the time it is one such as he who is nominated.

So why shouldn't Will Rogers entertain serious hopes of being the next President? He is better known and more popular than any Presidential possibility in either party. How many people would ever pay to see and hear any other candidate for President?

Theodore Roosevelt owed a good deal of his popularity to his talent for what in these days would be called wisecracking. And Calvin Coolidge wouldn't have been half the man he was without his very wry-faced habit of understatement. Herbert Hoover, if he had a sense of humor, would give the Democrats a harder tussle in 1932 than he now seems likely to give them.

In these days, of course, the stage, the talkies, and the newspaper columns rob public life of its humorists. Will Rogers, listening to the call of a vast public which desires to be entertained, makes his twenty thousand dollars a week. If he had gone into public life he might be getting ten thousand dollars a year as a member from Oklahoma.

That is why Washington is so dull. Will Rogers' nomination might restore humor to an honorable place in public life.

Plenty of Precedent

So far as I know the first mention of Mr. Rogers for the Presidency was made in 1924 by a humorous publication to which he was then contributing. At that time I think he was offered to either party as its nominee.

But there is a good precedent for that. The present President was offered without prejudice to both parties in 1920. But you have only to mention a man for the Presidency, no matter how lightly, to make him a serious candidate. Harding, when first mentioned for the office in 1920, was regarded as a good joke, and see what happened!

Mr. Rogers is, though few seem to realize it, a semi-public man. When Ambassador Dwight Morrow was trying to smooth out relations between this country and Mexico, he took Mr. Rogers down to Mexico City with him to make President Calles laugh. It is thus hard to say whether the credit for the improved feeling of all Latin America toward the United States was due to Mr. Rogers or to Mr. Morrow.

Calvin Coolidge was no doubt a better President because he had Mr. Rogers often at the White House. And Mr. Hoover would no doubt have been more popular if he had had Mr. Rogers in to humanize him.

But one can see that contact with Presidents and ambassadors has had its effect upon Mr. Rogers. Perhaps he measured himself with them and said, "Why not?" One catches the serious, statesmanlike note in what he now writes, not enough of it, of course, to affect the market.

These humorists are, after all, very serious fellows. Half of them conceal behind their smiles a desire to reform the world. I suppose that one thing which counts against the humorist is the feeling that he conceals a dissatisfaction with things as they are. His prototype is the king's jester, the only person who could remind the king that he was a fool without being broken on a wheel.

But there is no such mischief in Mr. Rogers. He is a good, safe upholder of things as they are. He laughs with the majority, not at it. So why not?

FAMOUS WALK-OVERS
★ IN SPORT ★

HURLED FROM BOAT
Wins Manhattan Race

Dashing through a choppy sea in the first 'round Manhattan Island race, June 1929, Harold Chapman's outboard craft Big Ben, crashed into submerged driftwood and Chapman was catapulted into the water. While 14 competitors roared passed him, he courageously swam to his boat that had stopped 100 feet away, climbed in, started the engine and made a walk-over of the entire fleet—crossing the finish line victorious.

ERWIN RUDOLPH, World's Champion, last year met in competition the eight best pocket billiard players in the world. He won every game, a complete walk-over. Rudolph holds, for tournament play, the grand average record of nine and a fraction balls per inning.

★ *Walk-Over is the sport term for overwhelming victory—when competition can't meet the winner's pace Walk-Over Shoes prove their right to all the name implies — in quality, service, style.*

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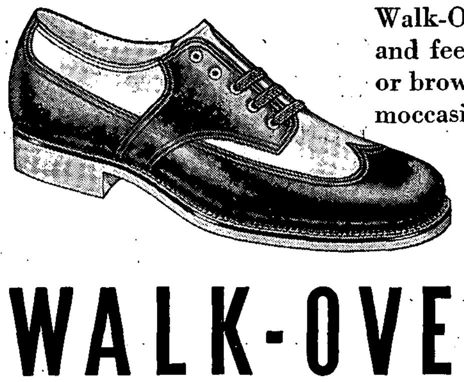

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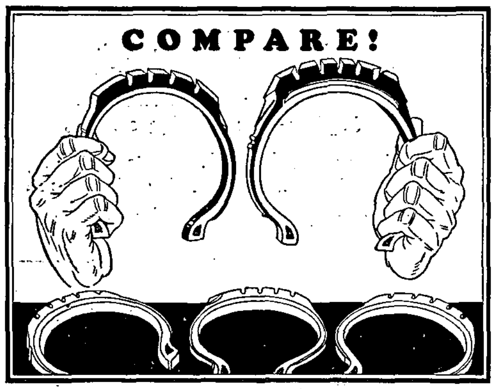
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over 1,000 NEW DEALERS *joined with* Fire *in* 30 DAYS!

NOW *over* 25,000 Firestone Service Dealers in all parts of the country are prepared to give you these EXTRA VALUES *at no extra cost*



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   - 25% Longer Non-Skid Wear

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Firestone gives you all these extra values because Firestone saves by purchasing in the primary markets, by economical production in Firestone Factories, the most efficient in the world, and by direct distribution through over 25,000 Service Dealers.

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer TODAY. *Compare cross sections* and judge for yourself.

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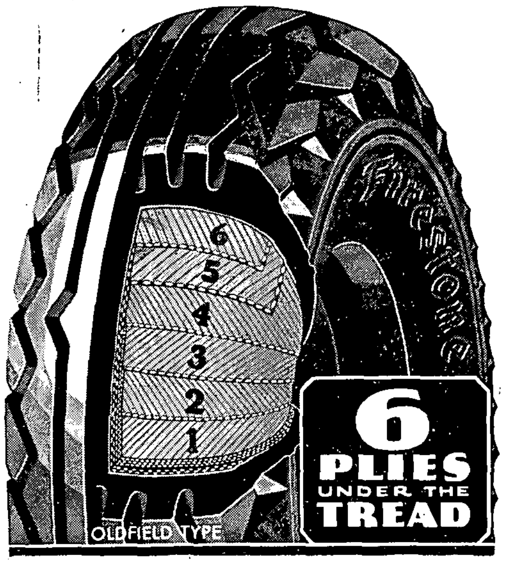
Double Guarantee—Every tire manufactured by Firestone bears the name "FIRESTONE" and carries Firestone's unlimited guarantee and that of our 25,000 Service Dealers and Service Stores. You are doubly protected.

★A "Special Brand" Tire is made by a manufacturer for distributors such as mail order houses, oil companies and others under a name that does not identify the tire manufacturer to the public, usually because he builds his "first line" tires under his own name. Firestone puts his name on *every* tire he makes.

COMPARE
CONSTRUCTION—QUALITY—PRICE

4.50-21 [30x4.50]	Our Tire	★A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Volume, cu. in.	**172**	**161**
More Weight, pounds	**16.99**	**15.73**
More Width, inches	**4.75**	**4.74**
More Thickness, inches	**.627**	**.578**
More Plies at Tread	**6**	**5**
Same Price	**$5.69**	**$5.69**



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THESE PRICES

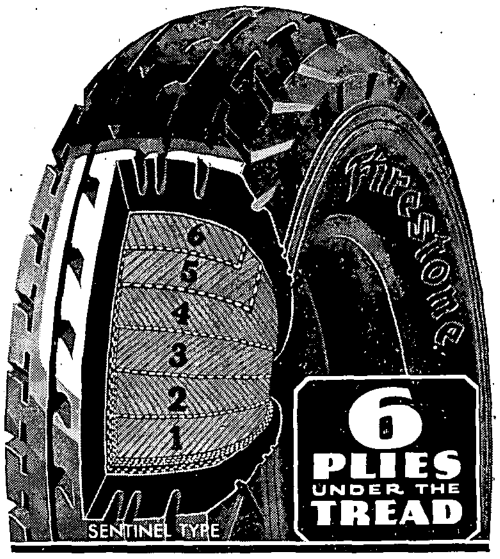
AUTOMOBILE Manufacturers do not take chances with special brand tires. Why should you take the risk when you can save money by buying Firestone quality Oldfield type from our dealers and in addition get their service.

We list below the leading replacement sizes.

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Our Dealers' Cash Price, Each	★A Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Our Dealers' Cash Price, Per Pair
Ford Chevrolet	4.40-21	**$4.98**	$4.98	**$ 9.60**
Chevrolet	4.50-20	**5.60**	5.60	**10.90**
Ford	4.50-21	**5.69**	5.69	**11.10**
Ford Chevrolet Whippet	4.75-19	**6.65**	6.65	**12.90**
Erskine Plymouth	4.75-20	**6.75**	6.75	**13.10**
Chandler DeSoto Dodge Durant Gr'h'm-P. Pontiac Roosevelt Willys-K.	5.00-19	**6.98**	6.98	**13.60**
Essex Nash	5.00-20	**7.10**	7.10	**13.80**
Marq'tte Olds'bile	5.25-18	**7.90**	7.90	**15.30**
Buick	5.25-21	**8.57**	8.57	**16.70**
Auburn Jordan Reo	5.50-18	**8.75**	8.75	**17.00**
Gardner Marmon Oakland Peerless Stud'b'k'r	5.50-19	**8.90**	8.90	**17.30**
Chrysler Viking	6.00-18	**11.20**	11.20	**21.70**
Franklin Hudson Hup'bile	6.00-19	**11.40**	11.40	**22.10**
LaSalle Packard	6.00-20	**11.50**	11.50	**22.30**
Pierce-A.	6.00-21	**11.65**	11.65	**22.60**
Stutz	6.50-20	**13.10**	13.10	**25.40**
Cadillac Lincoln	7.00-20	**15.35**	15.35	**29.80**

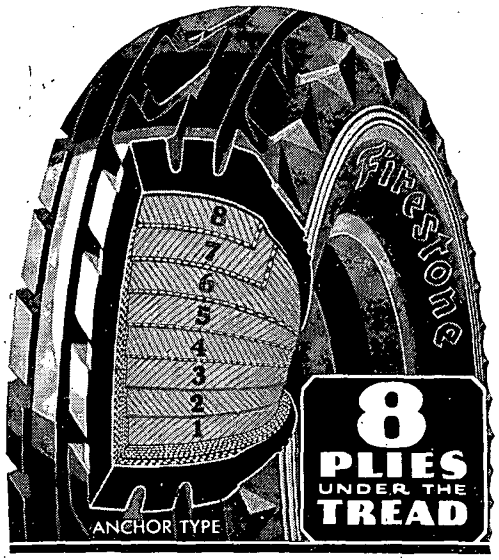
COMPARE
CONSTRUCTION—QUALITY—PRICE

5.00-19 [29x5.00]	Our Tire	★A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Volume, cu. in.	**204**	**183**
More Weight, pounds	**19.08**	**17.16**
More Width, inches	**5.23**	**5.22**
More Thickness, inches	**.647**	**.583**
More Plies at Tread	**6**	**5**
Same Price	**$6.25**	**$6.25**



COMPARE
CONSTRUCTION—QUALITY—PRICE

6.00-19 [31x6.00]	Our Tire	★A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Volume, cu. in.	**310**	**294**
More Weight, pounds	**29.07**	**28.08**
More Width, inches	**6.00**	**5.98**
More Thickness, inches	**.91**	**.90**
More Plies at Tread	**8**	**7**
Lower Price	**$14.90**	**$14.95**



You can see these facts of construction for yourself by comparing sections of Firestone and other tires at the Firestone Dealer's Service Store near you. Make this comparison today and see the extra values Firestone gives at no extra cost.

☞ *Compare Quality—Construction—and Prices* ☜

A THREAT TO OUR HEROES!

Folks carrying bombs nowadays are likely to be considered Reds or Racketeers, even on the 4th of July. 'Twas not always thus. Most of us can remember blowing up enough gunpowder on Independence Day to sink a fleet of battleships.

Guess we've gotten soft. Take shaving for instance. Men used to grit their teeth, refuse anesthetics, and chop off their whiskers one by one. Along came the Enders Razor, with blades that were a new conception of sharpness, and then what kind of stuff were our heroes made of?

Heroes your eye! They fell for ease and comfort, and have been falling for it ever since the first Enders caressed its first cheek twenty-five years back. Strong men these days crave, nay, demand luxury in shaving, and coddle themselves with sweet-tempered Enders blades. What's the country coming to?

Maybe you are one of those Spartans who can take it or leave it alone. An Enders type of shave, we mean. Better leave it then, or you'll join the millions of Enders addicts, enslaved for life to lazy shaving. *Betcha dollar!* Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 W. 40th St., N. Y.

Enders RAZOR

THE HAIR TEST

ENDERS RAZOR with 6 blades, $1.00. Extra blades, 5 for 35c. If the store cannot supply you, use coupon below.

Enders Razor Co., Inc.
105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

Name____________________

Address____________________

Officer's Choice

Continued from page 11

He went on with his reading, changing volumes. Occasionally the McLean family was chronicled in homely little items of interest only to a settlement hungry for personal news. Linnie Marie had been sick. Linnie Marie was better. The McLean family had bought Nate Splawn's house. Cliff had sent for a French horn and joined the band. Mention of Cliff as deputy followed; then, the paper announced the election of "that highly popular son of the vicinage as sheriff." Yount suddenly closed the book and replaced it. He had read enough.

"NEVER mentioned him as takin' a trip outside. He's been buried here. Four long years. Never a contact with the rest of the world." Yount let his attention roam along the walls of the shop. Pictures hung askew from ceiling to floor. Of sober, hard-mouthed men staring truculently out into space; of stiff groups, frozen into conscious postures. Yount walked nearer, interest aroused by one such group. It was a cowboy band, mounted and in full regalia—chaps, gun belts and instruments. The drummer had turned his drum to the camera and upon it was the legend of their organization: "Lost Eagle Bombadeers." In the front rank was Cliff McLean—with his gun hanging at his right side.

Yount's lips came together in a pale, thin line. The printer-newspaper man walked from the rear of the room and stood beside him. "Only cowboy band in this section of the state. Good one, too. Him there, with the horn wrapped around his neck—that's our sheriff. Taken just a short while before he was elected."

"Left-handed man?" asked Yount very softly.

"No-o. Well, for shootin', yes. Some old accident when he was a kid sorta shortened a muscle in his right arm. So he learned the port-side draw. Don't you forget, he's good enough for most of 'em."

Yount walked from the shop without replying and turned toward the lower end of town, a cold gleam in his eyes. "Orlo Brant—Cliff McLean. One and the same. And may God forgive me, it's him I'm bound to take back to thirty years or life imprisonment for train robbery."

Into the cold whirlwind of thought broke a briskly impersonal voice: "You can walk with me. I'm going to Daddy's."

Yount lifted his head, halting beside a white picket fence. A gravel walk led back to a poplar-shaded house, around which grew banks of hollyhock. In the open gateway stood Linnie Marie, a prim little lady in a starched dress and white shoes. One chubby fist held a bouquet. "Smell," said she, lifting the flowers. "But not too much. Leave some for Daddy."

"Traveling all alone?" asked Yount.

"I'm nearly four," said Linnie Marie, "and practically always have company. There is Mr. Sanderson's white dog, Nig, who walks as far as the stable. The man with the whiskers takes me across the street. Then I count five doors from the window where the candy is, and that's Daddy's office."

"Allow me," said Yount, offering his hand. Linnie Marie took hold of one finger with a grip that was warm, tight and confident. Her feet made a swift tattoo on the board walk and her black hair glistened in the hot sun. At the next house a solemn mongrel trotted from the shade and sniffed Yount's boots. Linnie Marie tipped her oval face and said:

"He's a *very* 'sponsible dog."

"I don't doubt he'd tear me to pieces if he didn't know I was a friend of yours," agreed Yount, and was filled with a queer, painful sadness. In the deep, unclouded eyes of Linnie Marie there was no hint of either fear or questioning. The world to her was all that it seemed—kindly, smiling, without hurt. And the man, whose life had been wholly spent in a world that was far from kindly, suddenly wondered why things could not be to all men as they were to Linnie Marie at almost four. They had reached the stable and were crossing the street. Cliff McLean swung through a store door and smiled.

"Both of you in pretty good company," he drawled.

Linnie Marie released her grip on Yount's finger and looked up. "Thank you *very* much."

"I wish," began Yount, and was interrupted. Both he and McLean swung to face a giant of a man who came racking into town from the east. He whirled his horse beside the saloon rack, dismounted and passed into the establishment with a swift, hostile side glance at the sheriff.

McLean's features stiffened. "Buck Rose," he muttered. "Bad one but slow. Tonto uses him for a chore boy. Something's in the wind."

"Much trouble with that gang?"

The sheriff considered the question, as if wishing to strike a fair balance. "Well, it won't do to say I'm afraid of the bunch. Only, I'm supposed to leave 'em alone till they get too rough. The county expects me to keep a light rein. We're on the outskirts of law, you know. Beyond the pass is outlaw country, by unanimous agreement. We're content to let it be so as long as they don't overstep their bounds."

"Practical," approved Yount. "Better to isolate a disease than scatter it."

"Yeah," the sheriff muttered. "Only when I see—"

SUDDEN clamor arose from the saloon. On common impulse both men stepped clear, guiding Linnie Marie with them. The doors swung wide with the pressure of Buck Rose's teetering body. He came backward, both enormous arms beating air and a dumb perplexity showing on his dark face. Before the doors could swing inward, Jim Lane ran through, struck the big man with a pair of solid stomach blows, and sprang clear.

"I'll break yore cursed neck!" boomed Rose.

A bystander came up at the sheriff's beck and carried Linnie Marie away. "It won't do," grunted the sheriff. "God knows she'll learn about misery and trouble soon enough."

"Don't come around here tellin' me what to do, Rose!" cried the red-head. "I'm sick of it! I'm not takin' orders from Tonto and I ain't trailin' with him, see? I'm through!"

"I'll break yore cursed neck!" repeated Rose and swung his arm as if it were a length of cordwood. The red-head ducked slightly, and Rose, missing his target, was carried off balance. While the giant struggled to recover, the red-head struck. The blow landed, rolling the giant's head skyward until he stared at the sun with a swollen regard. Then, like some maul-struck steer, the big man dropped and rolled in the dust. The red-head spoke between gusts of breathing:

"Go tell Tonto I'm tired of bein' hounded! I want to be let alone!"

Buck Rose crawled to his feet, dust chalking his sweat-mottled face. He gestured toward his gun but the young man's metallic warning halted the motion. "Don't try it! I can beat you to hell any day in the week!"

"Do as yore told, or take the consequences!"

"I'll stay right here! Even Tonto can't boost me beyond my limit!"

"We'll be back in an hour to see about that," grumbled Rose, reaching for his saddle. He was seated and preparing to ride away when the sheriff spoke:

"Rose, tell Tonto not to carry the matter any farther."

"Who in hell are you to give orders?" jeered Rose.

"Never mind," countered the sheriff evenly. "I won't have Jim Lane badgered."

"We'll be back in an hour," was Rose's sullen answer; and he rode off.

THE sheriff said, "Jim, come to my office now," and turned on his heels. Yount followed them casually. When he reached the sheriff's door he overheard the red-head muttering wearily:

"It's got on my nerves. Maybe I have made some bad blunders. I ain't a saint. But I got wise and left his damn' gang when I saw what the end of the trail would be. I ain't his kind of a crook. I don't think I'd make any kind of a good crook. Now he wants me back. It ain't the first time he's tried. And you can bet he'll be here if he says so."

"Plenty of trails out of town," said the sheriff. But Jim Lane had turned stubborn.

"He'd like to see me run. I won't."

The sheriff did not answer. His right arm lay on the desk, crooked at an angle. Time dragged. Presently he spoke:

"You want to go straight? You mean that, Jim?"

"I've said it, Sheriff. There's reasons—"

"I know," interrupted the sheriff, and squared his shoulders. Yount, ever observing the man's face, saw signs of a dogged resistance there. "All right. You'll get your chance. Go to the saloon and stay there."

"Listen, Sheriff. This is my quarrel."

McLean brushed that aside impatiently. "I told you what to do. Don't lift your gun, do you hear! Get into the saloon. Nobody can accuse you of being afraid. That's where Tonto will expect to find you and that's where you'll be. But he won't cross the door sill."

"I don't like it."

The sheriff threw up his head. "Damn you, obey my orders!"

Jim Lane, resentful, on the edge of rebellion, stared at the older man. But the sheriff's level glance held him silent, and, nodding curtly, he left. Yount, who had come in and seated himself quietly, smoked his cigar with a kind of aloof detachment.

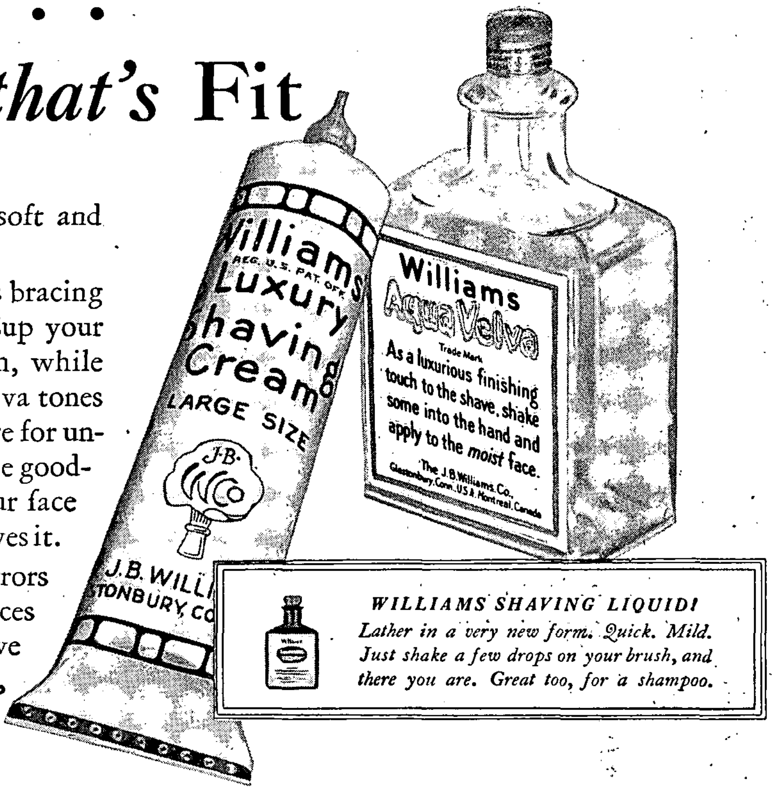
"Tonto's gone too far," muttered the sheriff, half to himself. "I'll stand for a lot of things but not that. Nothin' in all this universe is so mean as tryin' to keep a man crooked when he wants to be different. Jim's made his mistake and he'll regret it in his conscience the rest of his life. But he's got a chance comin' and I'll see he gets it, by God, if I have to go down in dust!"

"My sentiments," said Yount, laconically. "Need help?"

"Obliged, but I'm expected to handle my own showdowns."

(*Continued on page 40*)

Glory of Sun and Sea . . . *reflected in a* Face *that's* Fit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As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
The J.B. Williams Co. Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

WILLIAMS SHAVING LIQUID!
Lather in a very new form. Quick. Mild. Just shake a few drops on your brush, and there you are. Great too, for a shampoo.

IN THE swirl of the surf, with lazy breezes stealing away your cares . . . it's playtime, by the side of the sea . . . and you're there with a Face that's Fit.

Back in the swirl of business . . . and you who use Williams Shaving Service start *every* day in holiday humor. First, that luxurious Williams lather—good for the skin, good for the beard. Rich, thick, quick-acting under the brush. Marvelously mild, without one atom of dye to mar its snowy purity. Without grease to clog the pores. Without sting or soapy after-feel. Williams Shaving Cream leaves your face naturally, gratefully soft and smooth.

Then sparkling Aqua Velva, as bracing as the mist of salt sea spray. Cup your hand, pour it in, and dash it on, while your face is still moist. Aqua Velva tones and firms the tissues. Helps to care for unseen nicks and cuts. Conserves the good-complexion moisture—keeps your face as fit all day as Williams lather leaves it.

Every morning, millions of mirrors reflect the smooth and smiling faces of the millions of men who shave the Williams way . . . the quick, sure way to face-fitness.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

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SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

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It will show you the way to Face Fitness

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Canadian Address: 3552 St. Patrick Street, Montreal

I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

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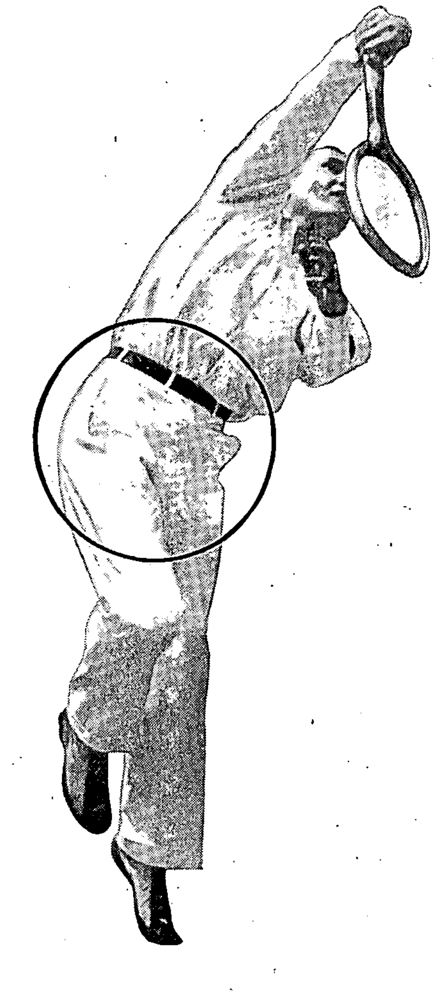

What every man should know

Whether you are sixteen or sixty...or any age between...you can improve your form and performance in tennis, golf or any other sport by wearing the right athletic supporter.

Any college coach or trainer will tell you there's no other way to guard the vital, least rugged zone of your body against danger, and develop your utmost skill, speed and power.

The finest athletic supporter made, PAL's superb quality and exclusive patented features insure maximum safety, lasting comfort, long life. Sturdy ribs of live rubber knit into its cool, porous pouch provide super-support, yet never bind, chafe, or hamper free action. PAL is frankly *de luxe*, yet economical: in three styles, $1.00 and $1.50.

BIKE is a simpler, all-elastic supporter whose sturdy strength has made it the safety reliance of American athletes for 56 years. 50 cents to $1.25. Sold by druggists and sporting goods dealers, any Bauer & Black supporter is the best you can buy at its price.

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What every man should know about the need and functions of an athletic supporter is concisely stated in our new, free booklet "Guard the Vital Zone." Write to Bauer & Black, 2581 S. Federal St., Chicago

Officer's Choice

Continued from page 38

Yount moved toward the door. As an apparent afterthought he added: "I should not presume to interfere, but I'll be somewhere around during the play." Going to the porch he sat down. Men tramped across the porch behind him and he heard the backlash of their comment:

"Cliff's a fool to make an issue of it. Who the hell is Jim Lane that he sh'd drag Cliff into this?"

"Had to be, soon or late."

"Disagree. Tonto's been lettin' him alone, ain't he? Cliff's a good shot but he can't cut it against Tonto. Not with a left-hand draw that's only three years old. It won't work. He'll get himself killed. Dammit, it ain't right!"

YOUNT rose and went to his room. It was stifling hot. He removed his coat and tramped the floor, halting once to drink tepid water from the pitcher; staring through the window at the glittering hills.

"He made a mistake. Never in a hundred years should he have run for sheriff. It lifted him up to public observation. He should have played the humble part all the way through. But he's a better-than-average man and couldn't stay down. Some kind of a law governin' these things. God only knows what kind of a law stands behind what I've got to do."

Time dragged. Through the open window came the groan of a passing flat-bed wagon; after which came an intensified, expectant silence. "Better for him to die in a fight with this Tonto. No disgrace to his wife or the little girl. Nothing but an empty place in the house."

The thought brought him to a standstill. An empty place. There was something inexpressibly sad about the idea. He knew the meaning of emptiness, of going along a lonely trail. . . .

Outside a solitary rider's approach echoed flatly, breaking into Yount's grim reverie. He put on his coat, drew his gun and let it lie in one palm. Slipping the catch, he spun the cylinder thoughtfully, snapped it home, dropped the gun lightly into its holster. Turning out, he caught sight of himself in the clouded mirror of the washstand and was shocked into momentary quiescence. All that his life was, stared relentlessly back. The discipline of service was engraved in every lineament, to remind him he had never shirked a disagreeable task, never temporized, never failed to live up to the badge he wore. A cold face looked out at him, a face old and set and humorless. A man-hunter's face. It was as if his conscience rose to remind him of the one inescapable fact: no matter how cruelly his act might cut into the lives of others, he had a duty to perform, a man to account for in the name of that justice he had sworn to uphold.

His last cigar was a shredded wreck. Going to the street, he walked to the drug store to replenish his pockets and, upon entering, found the sheriff and Linnie Marie eating ice cream at a table. Linnie Marie's slim legs dangled from her chair. She waved a spoon to Yount and smiled—a sudden, beaming smile. The sheriff nodded. "Draw up and join us."

"It'll make you fat," said Linnie Marie.

"Honey," cautioned the sheriff, "only monkeys eat thataway. I'll have to build sideboards on the spoon."

"When I'm six," said Linnie Marie, "Daddy's going to get me a piano."

The sheriff looked at Yount almost apologetically. "It ain't as foolish as it sounds. There's an old one at the opera house I can get for a whistle. Linnie's got an ear for music."

"Do you play with ears?" asked Linnie Marie. But she never waited for an answer. Her attention fastened on Yount's massive watch chain.

A man came swiftly into the drug store and beckoned to the sheriff with one significant backward nod of his head. McLean rose, very slowly, very deliberately.

"Put up half a pint of cream to take out," he said to the clerk. "Linnie, I'll be back in a minute. You wait, and we'll go home with a present for Mother." He stepped back a pace, eyes absorbing the picture of Linnie Marie; his hand dropped to her head, brushed it and fell away. Turning, he walked from the store.

Yount rose and followed, stationing himself in a slim lane of shadow made by a porch post. To his right he saw McLean posted in the middle of the street under the full glare of the sun; waiting quietly, head thrown slightly forward and big arms idle. At the other end of town Tonto Bill was coming in, a half-dozen men strung out behind him. A citizen started across the street, was sharply warned and nearly fell in his hurry to retreat. Tonto, riding slowly, reached the saloon and halted. He stepped from the saddle, a catlike figure, swart and hawk-cheeked and with half a grin on his face. Then, seeming to see the sheriff for the first time, he squared himself to face the official. Yount, rolling a dry cigar between his lips, judged a space of twenty feet intervened between the two men. Tonto Bill threw a quick, impatient challenge down that still, light-drenched strip:

"Heard you warned me to stay clear of Lost Eagle. That so?"

The sheriff's reply was a little low: "I told you not to carry this business any farther, Tonto."

"Speak up," jeered the outlaw. "Don't whisper. What made you think I'd obey?"

"Let it ride. You won't interfere with Jim Lane."

"Feelin' yore authority? Don't you know I give orders, not take 'em?"

"In this case you'll take them."

The outlaw yelled: "Supposin' I don't?"

"In that case," said the sheriff, dragging the words out, "I will wait for you to draw."

TONTO swayed. His followers, still mounted, broke ranks and crowded to either walk. Yount, rigidly absorbed, clenched the cigar between his teeth. Somewhere on the extreme corner of his vision was the white strained face of a townsman. Tonto laughed—a harsh, sardonic laugh—then reached for his gun.

A double blast ripped through the silence. Tonto buckled in the middle as if punched there; his arm fell, the gun dropped from trailing fingers and then, obviously fighting to hold in the last coursing impulses of life, he went to his knees and collapsed.

Somebody yelled. Yount stepped from the walk, lifted his gun and set it against the rigid horsemen. Standing there, straight and self-contained, and with his cold glance slicing across the distance, he spoke:

"My name is William Yount. I speak as a ranger of this state. Carry this business any farther and I shall see you all caught and hanged."

The renegade group, numbed by the death of a man they had believed unbeatable, were caught beyond the chance of a draw. The red-head charged from the saloon, ready to fire. Some stiff-backed citizen ran out of a store, shotgun poked forward. The sheriff, who had never stirred from his tracks, spoke:

"If a man wants to go straight in my town he will have the chance to do it. Get back to the hills!"

The horsemen wheeled without ceremony and rode off. A tide of resuming life flowed through the street. Tonto's body was surrounded and blocked from sight.

The sheriff ran into the drug store and reappeared with Linnie Marie in his arms, shielding her face from the crowd and the dead man. Yount replaced his gun, looked at his bitten cigar and threw it to the dust. The hotel man came by, breathing hard. Yount handed him a dollar. "My bill," said he, and walked directly to the stable. "Saddle up for me." Crossing the street, he entered the sheriff's office.

McLEAN sat in a chair with Linnie Marie cradled in his lap, both broad palms protectively around her. His eyes were on the door and when he discovered Yount advancing, a look of pain spread over his patient face.

"I've come to say good-by," said Yount.

The sheriff flinched. "How—"

"I'm returnin' to headquarters. My report is that Orlo Brant died in the street of Lost Eagle with a bullet in his heart. The record is closed, sir."

The sheriff put Linnie Marie to the floor and stood up. He appeared to be holding himself together with an effort. "Tonto—"

"Who can be sure?" broke in Yount, as if not wishing to hear more. "The record is closed."

"Yount—you're a white man!"

"Pretty hard to bury a secret deep enough to keep it from showin'," mused Yount. He seemed to want to say more, but checked the impulse and looked to a grave Linnie Marie who stood back watching, not understanding the brief phrases running over her head yet somehow feeling the undercurrent of a situation outside the bright, smooth channel of her day. Yount bent and lifted her.

"Linnie Marie," said he, music coming to the cold drawl, "in just a little while you'll be four. When you light those candles, remember one of them stands for an old fellow a long ways off down a lonesome trail. Just think of me once before you go to bed that night."

"You want a kiss?" asked Linnie Marie. "Aw'right." And her small arms went about his neck, while her kiss was quick and generous. Yount set her down; he inclined his head to the sheriff, gruffly formal:

"Pleasure to have met you. Three years, seven months, two days. You bet it makes a difference. . . . Well, good-by."

He turned and went to his horse. Mounted, he rode slowly from Lost Eagle in the blaze of a high, hot sun—a stiff and sure man looking straight ahead into that long, long distance beyond the heat haze. At the edge of town he turned to see Linnie Marie standing in the street, one small hand lifted for a last farewell. Yount removed his hat and bowed as he would have bowed to the finest lady of the land and pressed on, alone.

An aircraft that can check its speed.... stop in the air..

AND DESCEND MORE SLOWLY THAN A PARACHUTE

THE progress of every form of fast transportation has been in proportion to the development of speed *control.*

The railroad train . . . the automobile were capable of high speed long before that speed was safe.

Neither would have become a universal everyday mode of travel without the development of almost perfect speed control.

Both can check their speeds; both can move slowly; both can come to a quick stop when desired.

The creators of the Autogiro believe that flying, likewise, can become a universally accepted, still faster mode of travel with an aircraft that can check its speed, fly slowly or stop, with control comparable to that of the automobile.

Such control in the Autogiro brings to aircraft operation low speed take-offs; low speed maneuvers in the air; low speed safe descents, even with a motor failure . . . yet high speeds when desired.

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"Honor for the Autogyro" . . . (*Portion of Editorial—Philadelphia Record of April 7, 1931*) . . . "The Collier Trophy, awarded annually by the National Aeronautic Association for 'the greatest achievement in aviation,' goes to the Pitcairn-de la Cierva Autogyro. This is . . . good news for the air-minded.

"The autogyro designers have attacked problems ignored by builders of the usual-type planes. They have been more interested in slow flight than in speed, in safe flight than in getting extravagant altitude.

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"These are SUBSTANTIAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS. Aviation will take a sounder step forward when it develops craft capable of going at 10 miles per hour than when it makes planes which can do 300.

"It is this end of the problem, controllability and stability rather than speed, which the autogyro has apparently solved. Yet . . . it can do over 100 miles per hour.

"The award is richly deserved. The patience of the Pitcairn-de la Cierva combination in spending years in experimentation before engaging in mass construction is now justly honored."

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Even way down here
The 2 INGRAM barbers
[JERRY JAR OR TERRY TUBE]
hand out Clean, Cool shaves!

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THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
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WITH FINGER TIP APPLY A LITTLE TO YOUR FACE WITH WET BRUSH WORK UP THE LUXURIOUS COOL INGRAM LATHER. 120 SHAVES IN THIS JAR
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"IN warm temperatures like this," said the Duke of Hades in an unpaid-for testimonial, "there's nothing like a little coolness on the cheek! And that's why I patronize the 2 Ingram barbers!

"For Ingram's soothes away the old sizzle from the chin with a shave that's

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

"It delights my dukely jowls, it takes the sting out of my hellish razor-blades, and it leaves me as comfortable as you can expect in the circumstances. I'm for the 2 Ingram barbers till my dukedom freezes over."

How right His Majesty is! Ingram's *is* cool! It's cool because it's got things in it that make it cool . . . three special ingredients that soothe and tone the skin *while you shave.*

With Ingram's, you don't need face tonics and after-shaving lotions. This smooth, cool blessing to your face combines the effects of lotion and tonic and shaving cream—all three.

No matter whether you pick the jar or tube! Each is the same—full of the finest, coolest stuff ever invented!

Get behind a brushful of Ingram's, and forget your fears of razor damage. Give yourself a really close, smooth shave. No nasty nicks or burning stings with Ingram's!

It's unique. There's nothing like it on earth (or anywhere else, for that matter). And if you're a skeptic from Missouri, send us the coupon below. We'll bet 10 Free Shaves—10 gloriously *cool* shaves—that you'll like it! That's a safe bet for us, but it will pay you to take it—so send the coupon!

INGRAM'S
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10 COOL SHAVES—FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-71,
110 Washington Street,
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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

Name________________

Street________________

City__________State__________

Vagabond Loafer

Continued from page 17

over, lighted a fresh candle, and examined Irving Benjamin's wound. Producing a package of dry leaves from an old tin tobacco box he made a poultice and bandaged the bullet-pierced hand.

"He says it passed between the bones, and so you need not worry," said the girl. "He is the best doctor in the world for men and dogs and horses. You had better go to sleep."

Irving felt her cool hand on his forehead. He had lost much blood and was faint.

"Don't tell the cops," he murmured, as he drifted off.

For the next week, Irving never stirred out of the store. At first he was too weak; later, he was too afraid. Every step on the pavement outside was to him the footfall of the law; each car that passed in the street was the patrol wagon loaded with coppers.

He spent his time shivering with fear, and talking with Janschi. He was ashamed to shiver when she was near. From her he learned that it was customary for gypsies, when their affairs brought them into a big city, to rent vacant stores in which to live. It was cheap; it left them free to go and come as they chose; and it was rather like the camping which was their normal mode of life. Houses or flats, with their stairs and furniture and inquisitive neighbors, were not to the Tsigane taste.

There were eight besides Irving in this store on Forty-sixth Street, and they slept on piles of straw around the edges of the room. The cot which Irving occupied belonged to Janschi who, as the chief's daughter, was treated with great respect. The rest of the tabor—sixty or seventy people—were quartered in other stores in the neighborhood.

From the very outset Irving was aware that the old man took a deep though puzzled interest in him. It was apparent that he believed Irving to be a gypsy strayed or stolen from some camp in childhood, or the member of a tabor lost to the gypsy race even as the tribes were lost to Israel. With pretty Janschi to interpret, he spent hours talking to Irving, cross-questioning him about his parents, his religion, and his manner of life. The fugitive was reminded of his boyhood ordeals before the inquisitorial Rabbi Rosenblatt, and with the thin-lipped Gentile pedant who had tried to teach him algebra in school.

On the eighth day, the herb doctor removed the bandages from Irving's hand. The wound was still very painful and ugly to look upon, but it was closed and healing healthily.

IT WAS a moment that Irving had dreaded.

"Well," he said as he exercised his fingers and tried not to tremble with nervousness, "I guess I might as well be going. Jan, if you can borrow me a razor from one of the bunch, I'll just clean up and shove off."

She knelt beside him, her black eyes wide and moist. "Don't go," she said. "Please don't go. The police will catch you—you know they will! Stay with us, and in another week you'll be safe. —Unless . . ." she bit her lip and looked away, "unless you really want to leave us. . . ."

Suddenly he stooped and kissed her. "Want to leave you? Heavens, kid, I never want to leave you! But I can't stay cooped up here the rest of my life. . . ."

"No," she said. "You won't have to. The tabor is going to Spain. That is why we all gathered here in New York. Some of the families have gone already. My father and I and six of the others sail on Wednesday. Come with us—my father wants you, and so do I. Why, look," she went on without giving him time to answer, "we have even forged you a passport!"

He looked, and saw a passport made out in the name of Dinu Negoitza, subject of Roumania, but bearing a photograph of Irving Benjamin Kohn. This photograph, he realized, had been taken from the hack license which had been in his wallet.

He thought of his mother and his sister, Sarah. He thought of the cops, and the big stone prison up the river. Then he thought of Spain, and his vision of it was a white road through a peaceful country.

He felt Janschi's hand brush very tenderly across the back of his wounded one.

"Okay," he told her. "I'll go."

He went.

"AND that was three years ago," he said to me. "Three years ago. We been clear from Cadiz to Budapest; and now we're working back westward to Marseilles. When Janschi's father died, they made me the boss of the outfit, and I sent home for Mommer. We just keep moving all the time, trading horses and telling fortunes and mending wagons and curing sick cattle. But moving, moving all the time."

"But why?" I asked. "Is it true that the gypsies are always looking for . . . something?"

"Nope," he said, shaking his head. "I dunno why it is, exackly, but it ain't that. I've got all I'll ever want, and then some. Take that sunset, fer instance. That's mine, ain't it?— Well, a hell of a chiseler I'd be if I wanted more than that!"

There was only a thin red line above Antibes, now—a line that was repeated in the purple water. But, as he said, it was enough.

"You're a lucky man, Mr. Kohn," I told him. "I hope your luck will last. But, if you'll take a word of advice from me, you'll go easy on telling your story to strangers. The law, you know, has a long memory, and a long arm too."

"Law?" said Irving Benjamin. "Oh, yair, I meant to let you in on the big laugh. Here, take a flash at this."

I took the newspaper clipping which he produced from his pocketbook, and read:

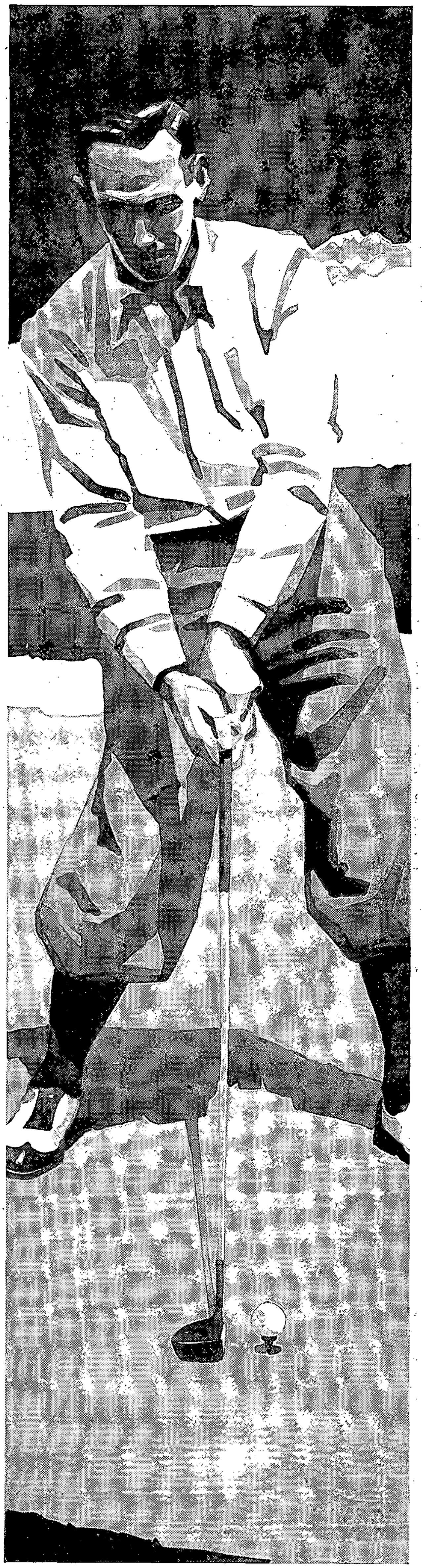
TAXI HERO SAVES
SLEUTH'S LIFE

Runs Over Gunman, Rescues Cop,
Then Vanishes

Honors Await Kohn for Bravery
in Fatal Gang
Clean-Up

"Well, well, well," I said. "This is great stuff, Mr. Kohn, great stuff! It must have been a load off your mind when you found out the truth. How did you get hold of this?"

"Jan gave it to me in Valencia, the day after we was married," chuckled Irving Benjamin. "She'd known about it all the time. But she held out on me till she was sure she had me hooked. —Yair, the little son-of-a-gun!—can you beat it?"



Golfers, have you heard the best golf news of 1931?

THE NEW-SIZE

KRO-FLITE

is just as long as the old!

THEY said 1930 distance had passed from this earth forever. They said that under the new specifications, *all* golf balls would be shorter.

But they didn't reckon with Kro-Flite's patented cover! That cover—which has gained undying fame because of its unequaled toughness—permitted certain very important refinements in the manufacture of the Kro-Flite Ball.

How important? The Driving Machine can answer that. The Driving Machine—in hundreds of tests at Chicopee, Mass., and Pinehurst, N. C.—proved that, except in the teeth of a wind, the new-size Kro-Flite is every bit as long as the old. And, riding with the wind, it's even longer!

The Driving Machine also proved that Kro-Flite is the only ball that does retain its distance. All other balls made in the new size were tested, too. And every other ball was shorter in the 1931 size than it was in the old.

The closest thing to Kro-Flite's great achievement is found in the Spalding Ball. The Spalding Ball is just a trifle behind its 1930 distance. But it's longer than any other new-size ball—it's still the world's longest golf ball!

If you top a shot occasionally, play the Kro-Flite. It is the toughest ball the game has ever seen. It *can't* be cut. If you are a low-handicap golfer, play the Spalding—the mighty Ball of the Champions.

Your Professional will supply you with either. So will your Spalding Dealer or any Spalding Store. Each is 75 cents.

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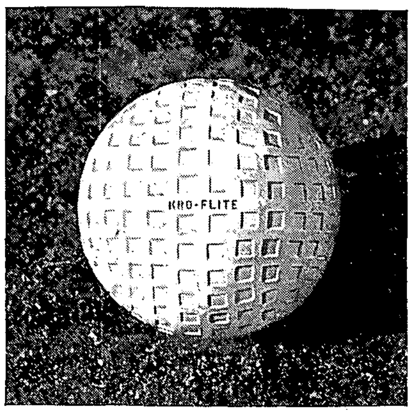

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75
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INTESTINES

When intestines are sluggish, poisons seep into the system—cause headaches, skin troubles, etc. Yeast "tones up" the intestines—keeps them *clean.*

DR. FRANÇOIS FOVEAU DE COURMELLES *has made a long study of fresh yeast*

... it is serious"

states this famous Paris medical leader

AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT. Yet you can't refuse to face the facts. You're headed for trouble when your body fails to rid itself of its daily accumulation of waste!

That is why doctors so universally warn you against this condition. Here are the words of the famous Dr. Foveau de Courmelles, Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of Paris. He says...

"Intestinal neglect may lead to... loss of appetite, headaches, colds, skin eruptions, etc.

"Fresh yeast justly deserves its reputation for treating constipation. It 'trains' the intestines to perform their normal function regularly... The patient is quickly conscious of a return of appetite and better digestion."

Eaten daily, fresh yeast softens the clogging body wastes—revitalizes your whole intestinal tract.

And all without the help of drugs, remember... without harmful "dosing." Why not try eating Fleischmann's Yeast yourself? Each cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D.

You can get it at grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington Street, New York City.

DR. KARL GRUENFELD, the noted Vienna clinic head, says: "Fresh yeast has a remarkable tonic effect on the activity of the intestines."

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

"That tired feeling" disappeared

"I was not actually ill," *writes* Miss Marion Smith, *Washington, D. C.,* "just sluggish and lacking in appetite. I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast and that tired feeling left. Appetite came back and my skin began to clear up."

To benefit fully, insist on fresh yeast... Fleischmann's Yeast

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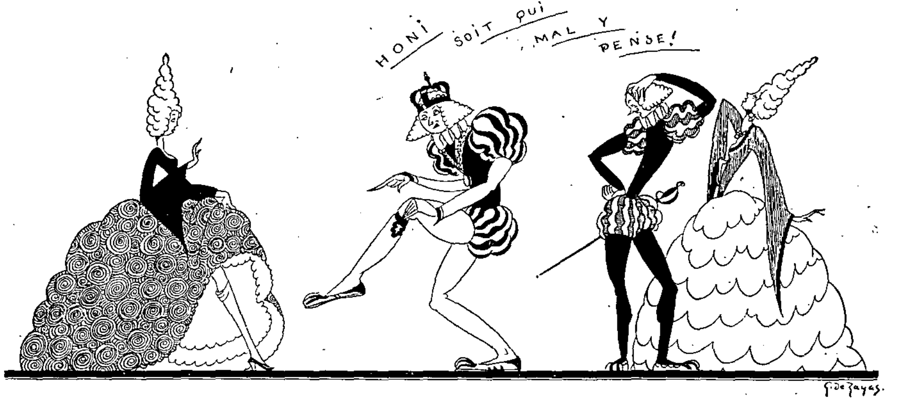

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Order of the Garter, premier order of Great Britain, the membership of which is limited to royalty and 25 knights, was established in 1349 by Edward III after he had picked up a garter dropped at a ball by the Countess of Salisbury and placed it around his own knee with a remark in French meaning, "Shame to him who thinks evil of it," which became and is still the motto of the Order.

A first-class banquet in Chinese Turkestan today usually includes such delicacies as fermented eggs, sea slugs, stag's tendons, bamboo roots, shark's eggs, seaweed and stewed rats.

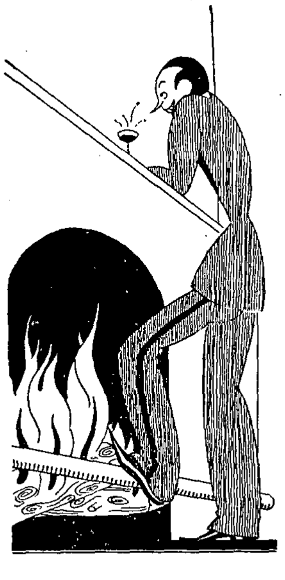
Near Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines, there is a tribe of natives whose men have natural tails about six inches long.—*By R. S. Cromley, Lyndhurst, N. J.*

The largest number of foreigners included in Who's Who in America were born in Canada, and the largest number of Americans listed as residing abroad live in France.

For every 100 miles of railroad track in operation in the United States at the present time, there are 77 miles of intercity bus lines and 9 miles of air lines—all companies included.

During 1930, the revenue collected by Great Britain from licenses, taxes and duties on beer, spirits and wine totaled $628,388,000, which was just 15% of her income.

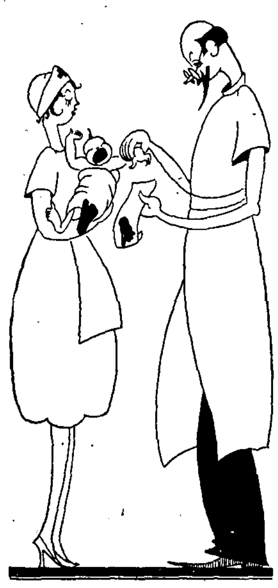
Today about 1,000 American maternity hospitals fingerprint mothers and footprint babies to guard against mix-ups, and approximately 3,000 wealthy New York families have fingerprint records of their children as a precaution against kidnaping and legacy claims.



Newest home equipment includes: A fireplace that is turned into a complete bar with compartments and stainless top; bath mats of thick sponge rubber; and silverware that remains bright and shiny forever—without polishing.

Only female mosquitoes bite or carry disease.

In Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, all marriages are brideless, the bride being obliged to remain in seclusion while a male member of her family represents her at the wedding ceremony, giving her away and issuing her declarations of fidelity.



There are approximately 500 muscles in the human body, and more than one fourth of these are in the face and neck. —*By E. N. Peale, Baldwin, N. Y.*

The Eskimos, the most thinly scattered race on earth, make all their own clothing from animal skins, never wash themselves, and are considered the world's heaviest eaters, as two of them can easily consume a seal at one meal.

The French Foreign Legion, most colorful fighting organization in the world, contains today 30,000 men of 53 nationalities, but more than half of them are Germans.

The barnacle, a parasitic marine animal that usually is bisexual, does not breathe as it has no gills or other organs of respiration.—*By J. J. Ratty, Cape May City, N. J.*

The Post Office Department no longer will waste its time deciphering irregularly addressed envelopes—containing freak drawings, slogans and other nonsense—mailed for the obvious purpose of ascertaining the fame of some product, actor or cartoonist.

The world's most wonderful carpet, a priceless 12-sided silk Persian rug in blue, white, crimson and yellow, about 14 feet in diameter and belonging to the tomb of Shah Abbas II, was shown to infidel eyes for the first time at the recent Persian Exhibition in London.

There is a cash department store in New York that sells $325,000 worth of merchandise every day, which is as much as the average department store sells in a year.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

The Medicine Girl

Continued from page 9

if he could get it into his head that I'm a grown-up man and not still a kid in knickerbockers. He will fuss over me like a hen, and it drives me crazy. He has a fit every time I look at a girl. He'd die if he ever saw Lottie."

Lord Tidmouth's manner betrayed a certain embarrassment.

"I say, Bill, old man."

"Hullo?"

Lord Tidmouth coughed.

"Touching on that little contretemps, if I may so express it, which occurred just now, I should like to offer a few simple, manly explanations."

"Oh, don't apologize."

"Carried away, don't you know. What with the music and the sardine sandwiches. . . ."

"That's all right."

"FURTHERMORE, Lottie and I used to be married once, and that forms a sort of bond, if you follow me."

Bill's eyebrows shot up.

"Married?"

"Absolutely married. Long time ago, of course, but somehow the taste still lingered. And when I found her supple form nestling in my arms. . . ."

"Squiffy," said Bill earnestly, "kindly stop apologizing. Nothing could have been more fortunate. It gives me a decent excuse for getting out of an entanglement which has been getting on my nerves for weeks. Lottie's a good sort, but she's too—what's the word?"

"Jumpy?"

"Jumpy is right. When you were married to her, Squiffy, did she ever give you the devil?"

"Frequently."

"For no reason?"

"For no reason whatever."

Bill sighed.

"You know how it is, Squiffy."

"How what is, old boy?"

"Well, you meet a girl like Lottie and she sweeps you off your feet. And then . . . well, then you begin to think a bit."

"I see what you mean."

"Besides. . . ."

Bill paused. He, like Squiffy a short while before, seemed embarrassed. He went to the table and drank cold tea.

"Squiffy. . . ."

"Hullo?"

Bill mused for a moment.

"Squiffy. . . ."

"Yes, old man?"

"Squiffy, have you ever felt a sort of strange emptiness in the heart? A sort of aching void of the soul?"

"Oh, rather."

"What do you do about it?"

"I generally take a couple of cocktails."

Bill shook his head.

"Cocktails aren't any good. Nothing's any good. I've read books, gone in for sport, tried work. No use whatever."

"What sort of work?"

"Stock-farming. And what's the result? I have a thousand pigs, and my heart is empty."

"What you want is a tonic."

"No. I know what I want, Squiffy. I want love." Lord Tidmouth, that expert, viewed his friend with concern.

"Don't you believe it. Love? Listen, old boy. The amount of love I've had in the last few years, if placed end to end, would reach from London to Paris. And look at me! Besides, I thought you said you had decided to edge away from Lottie."

"Lottie isn't the right girl for me. A good sort, yes. But not the right girl for me. Now, this other girl . . ."

"What other girl?"

"This girl I'm telling you about."

"You haven't been telling me about any girl. You haven't so much as mentioned a girl. Do you mean to say . . . ?"

Bill nodded.

"Yes, I've found the real thing at last."

Lord Tidmouth was interested. He went to the table and selected a sardine sandwich with quivering fingers.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"I don't know. I've only seen her out on the links. She's a poem, Squiffy—all health and fresh air and wholesomeness."

"Ever spoken to her?"

"No. I hadn't the nerve. She's so far above me."

"Tall girl, eh?"

"Spiritually, you ass."

"Oh, I see."

There was a pause.

"I'm going to get to know her somehow," said Bill, at length.

"How?"

"I don't know. But I shall."

"And then—?"

"I shall marry her."

Lord Tidmouth breathed reflectively.

"Shortly after my arrival in this room," he said, "Lottie gave me to understand that you were practically engaged to marry *her*."

"Yes," said Bill unhappily.

"Then, obviously, what you want to do first," said Lord Tidmouth, "is to get it well into Lottie's mind that it's all off."

"I know. But how?"

"It should be done tactfully."

"Of course."

"Gracefully . . . kindly . . . leaving no hard feelings. But, nevertheless, quite definitely."

"Yes."

Lord Tidmouth pondered.

"Your best plan, old boy," he said, "is to leave the whole thing to me. I understand women. I know exactly the right things to say. Leave the whole thing absolutely and entirely to me, contenting yourself with just murmuring the necessary responses."

Bill brightened.

"You're sure you can manage it?"

"My dear chap!"

"You'll be tactful?"

"Tactful as dammit. All my wives always raved about my tact. They legged it away from me like rabbits, one after the other, but they always admitted that in the matter of tact I stood alone."

"Well, I'm trusting you."

The bedroom door opened, and Lottie appeared, dressed for the dance.

BILL BANNISTER looked at Lord Tidmouth. He looked appealingly, as a young soldier might have looked at Napoleon in a tight place. Lord Tidmouth returned the gaze with a reassuring nod and a leave-it-to-me wave of the hand.

"I'm ready," said Lottie.

Lord Tidmouth eyed her owlishly.

"Ready for what, old thing?"

"To dance."

"With Bill?"

"With Bill."

Tact gleamed from Lord Tidmouth's monocle.

"Bill isn't going to dance."

"But he said he would."

"He's made up his mind to stay in."

"Well, I've made up my face to go out."

"Shall I tell you something, Lottie?" said Lord Tidmouth.

"Go ahead."

"Bill's never going to dance with you

(*Continued on page 46*)

Vaseline
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This face is Prettier because of its frame

Even the nicest features can stand a bit of flattery. It's amazing how much lovelier a face becomes when framed in soft, attractive hair. Think of your own experience. Don't you get more compliments on your looks when your hair is exactly right? Of course, your hair can look its best only if it is healthy and well cared for, so do try this simple once-a-week treatment to keep it in perfect condition: Apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Massage the whole head thoroughly so that the Tonic penetrates deep into the pores and the circulation is stimulated. And then shampoo your hair as usual. Even one treatment like this will improve the texture of your hair, and if you'll follow it faithfully every week, it will always be soft, lovely and easy to fix in a becoming frame for your face.

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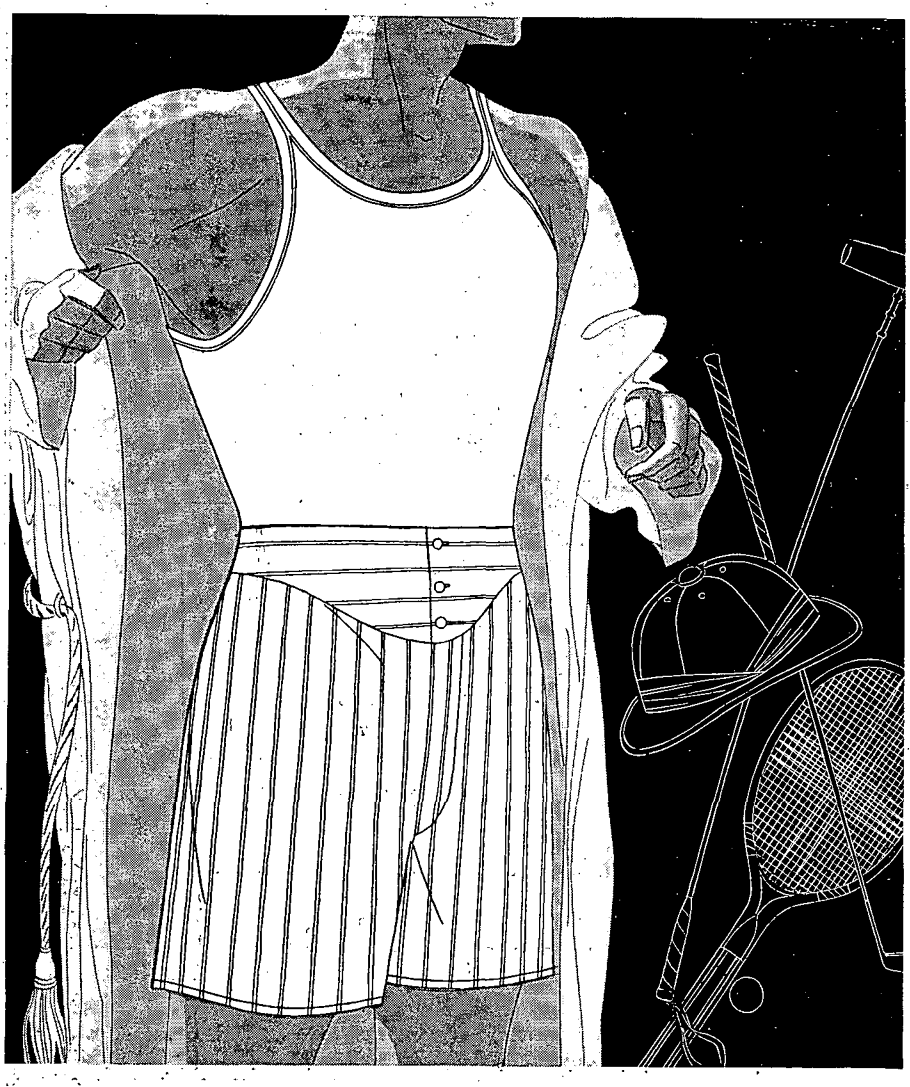

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B. V. D. shorts fit you without pressure or pull—they're expertly cut for perfect comfort—they never bind or cramp. B. V. D. knit shirts mould with every move, as comfortably and naturally as your own skin.

When the woman in your life sees you in B. V. D.'s she'll applaud your appearance. You'll look better and *feel* better in B. V. D.'s because they're styled to *fit*.

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B·V·D

STYLED SHORTS AND KNIT SHIRTS—$.50 to $1.50

(*Continued from page 45*)

again. Never, never again. He's going home. Back to happy Hampshire."

A dangerous gleam appeared in Lottie's beautiful but formidable eyes. She directed it at her shrinking playmate.

"Is this true, Bill?"

Bill Bannister er-yessed in a small voice. It was not for him to question the methods of a master of tact like Tidmouth, but he could not restrain a feeling that the news might have been broken a little more gently.

"You see," said Bill, "I simply must go home. There's the estate to look after and . . . Well, that's all there is to it, I think it's time I went home."

"A thousand pigs are pining for him," said Tidmouth.

"Let me get this straight," said Lottie in a strange, tense voice, not unlike that of a tigress from whom some practical joker is endeavoring to steal the daily ration of meat. "Are you leaving me flat?"

LORD TIDMOUTH was delighted at his former helpmate's ready intelligence. Of all his wives, he reflected, Lottie had always been quickest on the uptake.

"That's right," he said. "You've put the thing in a nutshell. It's all off, and so is he."

Ignoring a sharp, whistling, sighing noise which proceeded from the lips which had once promised to love, honor and obey him, he resumed his discourse.

"You see, Bill's a country gentleman, old girl . . . lives in the wilds, half a dozen miles from anywhere . . . and he doesn't think you would quite fit into the picture."

"Oh? I'm not fit to associate with his beastly vicars and plowboys, eh?" asked Lottie, with ominous calm.

"He doesn't say that," urged Lord Tidmouth. "What he means is that you wouldn't be happy in a small village. He's doing you a kindness, really. Why, dash it, if you got fed up with me in the middle of London, how much fedder-up you would be in a place like Woollam Chersey with a bird like Bill. Good heavens, there's nothing offensive in the man's attitude. He admires and respects you, but he feels that Woollam Chersey is not for you. Lots of the world's most wonderful women would be out of place in Woollam Chersey. Queen Elizabeth . . . Catherine of Russia . . . Cleopatra . . . dozens of them."

He paused, with the complacency of an orator who is conscious of having struck the right note.

"Besides," said Bill, who was not so sure that his collaborator was putting this thing across so well as he thought he was, "if I can't come in without finding you kissing . . ."

"Old boy!" murmured Lord Tidmouth reproachfully. "Let bygones be bygones. Let the dead past bury its dead."

Lottie sniffed.

"So that's the trouble? You know as well as I do that Squiffy means nothing to me any longer. There's no need for you to be jealous."

"I'm not jealous."

"Oh?" said Lottie sharply. "And *why* aren't you, may I ask? I see it all now. There's somebody else."

"No, no," said Lord Tidmouth. "Quite wrong. Absolutely not so."

"There is! Some woman is stealing him away from me." Her voice rose. "Who is she? What's her name? Tell me her name. Who is she?"

She rested her hands on her hips, and from beneath lowering eyebrows glared militantly. Her manner interested Lord Tidmouth, and caused him to advance a theory to explain it.

"I say, Lottie, old girl," asked his lordship, "have you any Spanish blood in you?"

"Now, listen, Lottie . . ."

This from Bill, who was not enjoying the glare.

"I won't listen!"

"My second wife was half Spanish," proceeded Lord Tidmouth chattily. "How well I remember . . ."

"Shut up!"

"Oh, rather," said his lordship. "I merely spoke."

Lottie turned to Bill again.

"So," she said, "you want to get rid of me, do you? You want to throw me aside like a—like a—"

"Worn-out glove," prompted Lord Tidmouth.

"Like a worn-out glove. You think you're going to abandon me like an—"

"Old tube of tooth paste."

"Shut up!"

"Oh, rather."

Lottie's eyes flashed.

"Let me tell you you're mistaken if you think you can get rid of *me* so easily."

"Lottie," said Bill, "please!"

"Lottie, please!" said Lord Tidmouth.

"Lottie, please! Lottie, please! Lottie, please!" cried the injured woman in the tones which had intimidated a hundred theatrical dressing-rooms and which, when heard during the course of their brief married life by the late Mr. Higginbotham, had always been enough to send that pusillanimous cotton magnate shooting off to his club for refuge.

She ran to the tea table and snatched up a cup.

"There!"

She hurled the cup down with a crash.

"Did you ring, sir?"

It was a bell-boy who spoke. He had appeared in the doorway with a smooth promptness which spoke well for the efficiency of the service at the Superba. This was due partly to long training and partly to the fact that for some moments back he had been standing with his ear glued to the keyhole.

"And there!" cried Lottie, demolishing a second cup.

This one produced Marie.

"Did you call, Moddom?"

"And there!" said Lottie. "And there! And there!"

Another cup, saucer and the teapot joined the ruins on the floor.

"Lottie," said Bill urgently, "pull yourself together."

"Absolutely," agreed Lord Tidmouth. "Cups cost money, what?"

A PIERCING scream from the sufferer nearly broke the remaining cup on the table. Marie, advancing solicitously, was just in time to catch her employer as she fell. There was general consternation. All those present were disturbed and distressed, except the bell-boy, who had not had such an enjoyable time since the day, six months ago, when the couple in Suite Ten had settled a lovers' tiff in his presence with chairs, the leg of a table and a series of small china ornaments from the mantelpiece.

As always on occasions such as this, the air became full of a babble of words.

"Water," cried Marie.

"Vinegar!" recommended the bell-boy.

"Eau-de-Cologne!" said Bill.

"Pepper!" said Lord Tidmouth.

Marie had another suggestion.

"Give her air!"

So had the bell-boy.

"Slap her hands!"

Lord Tidmouth went farther.

"Sit on her head!" he advised.

The clamor was affecting Bill Bannister's nervous system.

"Will you be quiet!" he roared.

The noise subsided.

"Now, then," said Bill, taking command. He turned to the bell-boy. "Go for a doctor."

"Yes, sir."

"And you," continued Bill, addressing Marie, "take her into the bedroom."

"Yes, sir."

The mob scene diminished. Bill, mopping his forehead, was aware of his old friend, Lord Tidmouth, hovering to and fro. He eyed him sourly.

"What are you hanging about for?" he demanded.

Lord Tidmouth reflected.

"Well, honestly, old chap, I don't quite know. Just lending sympathy and moral support, as it were."

"Get a doctor."

"But the boy's getting one."

"Well, get another. Get a dozen."

Lord Tidmouth patted his shoulder with infinite gentleness and understanding. "I'll get one if I have to rob a hospital. For the moment, then, laddie, tinkerty-tonk!"

The door had scarcely closed behind him when the bell-boy appeared. He had the unmistakable look of a bell-boy who is about to deliver the goods.

"The doctor, sir," he announced, with modest pride.

Bill heaved a relieved sigh.

"Send him in," he said.

AND, having said it, he stood gaping. Framed in the doorway was a young and becomingly dressed girl. She carried a small black bag, and at the sight of her Bill Bannister's eyes widened to an incredulous stare and his jaw drooped like a lily. Then there swept over him so tumultuous a rush of ecstasy that his vocal cords seemed tangled in a knot.

He swallowed convulsively, and realized despairingly that speech for the moment was entirely beyond him.

Sally eyed him composedly. She had been going out for a walk when the bell-boy found her, and she was anxious to finish the task before her and resume that walk as quickly as possible. Of the emotions surging in Bill's soul she had no inkling. And certainly she did not share them. Bill meant nothing to her. She had never seen him before in her life, and was not excited by the sight of him now. She had set him down at a glance as one of those typical pleasant, idle young men whose charm made so slight an impression on her. Only workers interested Sally Smith.

She was on the point of coming briskly to business, when the extraordinary, pop-eyed nature of his stare forced itself on her attention. A moment later, he advanced a step towards her, still looking like a prawn, and in an odd, strangled voice emitted the single word "Guk!"

That, at least, was how it sounded to Sally. She raised her eyebrows.

"I beg your pardon?" she said.

Bill Bannister, with a supreme effort, had now got his Adam's apple back into position and regained control of his vocal cords. But even now the sight of this girl rendered speaking difficult. At close range, he found himself observing things about her which had escaped him at a distance. Her nose, which he had supposed straight, turned up at the tip. He had never seen her teeth before. He liked them.

"It can't be!" he said.

"I don't quite understand," said Sally.

Nor did she. This man seemed *non compos*.

"I—er—mean," said Bill. "What I mean is . . . I've seen you before."

"Really? Where?"

"Out on the links."

"Yes? I have been playing quite a lot."

"Yes," said Bill. "I saw you there. . . . Out on the links . . . I saw you several times out on the links."

He paused a moment, wishing to make his meaning clearer.

"You were out on the links," he said. "And I saw you."

"I see," said Sally. "And now, where is my patient?"

"Patient?"

"I was told that someone here wanted a doctor."

"Yes. A—sort of friend of mine has had a kind of nervous breakdown."

"A female friend, I suppose?"

"Er—yes."

"Well, hadn't I better see her?"

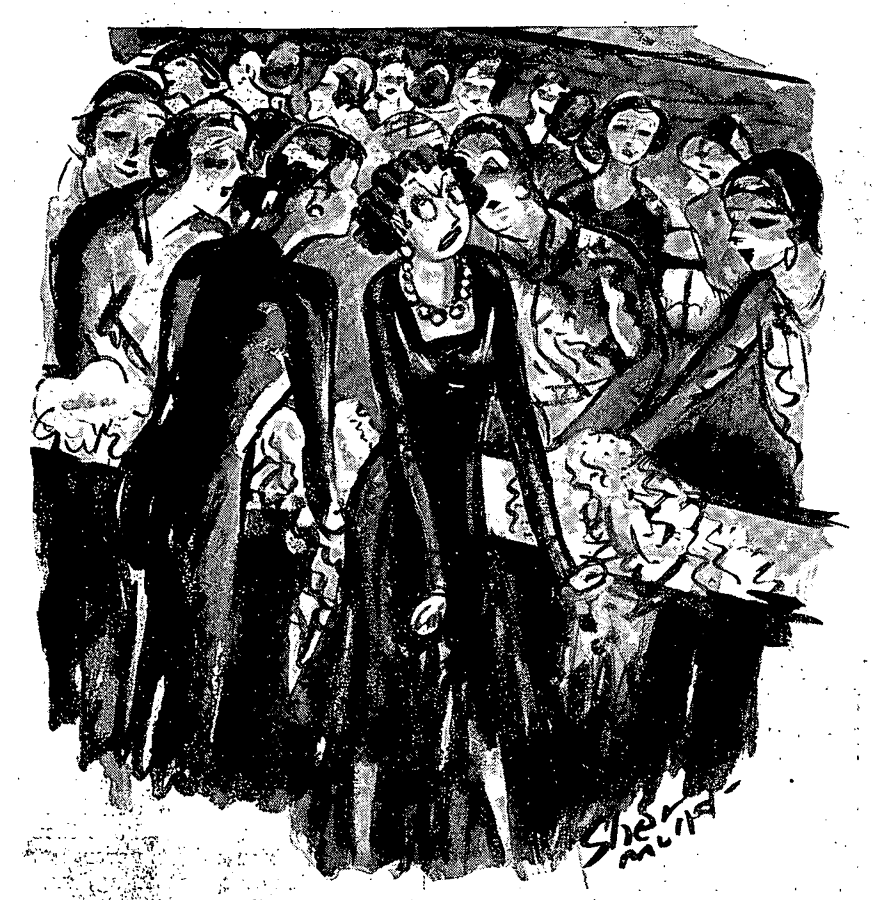
A bright light suddenly shone upon Bill.

"You don't mean to say you're a doctor?"

"I do."

"Gosh! I mean . . . I say, *do* sit down, won't you?"

(*To be continued next week*)



"Oh, wimmin—wimmin!"

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET —MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

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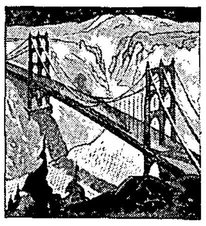

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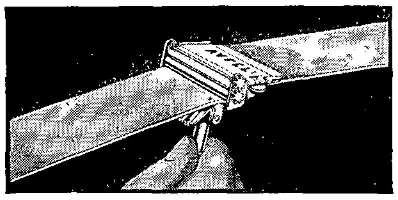

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L O F SAFETY GLASS

Protection

Continued from page 26

were concerned and was pictured as being led around by the nose by a slight, laughing little blonde.

Harworth put down the book and lay thinking. It was good, good, but insulting. He remembered Richman's sharp tongue, his elliptical speech, his shrewd eyes.

"Damn' smart guy, all right," said Harworth, "but he needs a punch in the nose. Yeah; I'll invite him, all right."

But after a time his vanity overcame him and he lay looking at the caricature of himself opposite the title page. It was good! It was fine!

He read on and gradually there emerged from the pages that strange figure he had manufactured for himself, that pure fiction, Francis Cecil Harworth; that manikin without feeling which at one time he had held between himself and the world. Harworth felt very queer. He was unable to understand how Richman, with very little opportunity, had observed him so perfectly. The essential Frank Harworth, Frank Keogh, was not there, but the surface was uncannily true.

The book was a very short one, hardly more than a novelette, and he read it through. Then he put it down and lay thinking. In the concluding pages Harcourt had married an heiress with millions, had saved her father from bankruptcy by his adroit evasions of the law, and ended by becoming elected to the board of directors of a bank, which, because of its immense wealth, controlled the business destinies of Chicago.

The final picture was a good one. Harcourt, young, healthy, alert, unscrupulous, was sitting on the board, the members of which were all old, fat, puffing, conservative, ridiculous. While they argued Harcourt sat polishing his monocle and occasionally yawning behind his hand. One of the directors arose to speak:

"The burden of protecting this great community is on our shoulders. . . ."

The book ended there.

Harworth was fascinated by the calm, all-conquering figure. Did he seem like that to Richman? Was his mask so perfect that Richman never guessed his doubts, his fears, his embarrassments, his sudden smothered rages, his essential impotence: all, in other words, which distinguishes a man from a fictional figure?

It was all very mysterious.

HARWORTH woke with a start. He had gone to sleep with the light on and three pillows behind his head. His neck was stiff.

What had wakened him? He looked about the room. The windows were still dark. He glanced at his watch. Four-twenty. Then he heard a slight noise and, after listening for a moment, he jumped out of bed. The door-knob was turning slowly from side to side. He went quickly to the bureau, took a bunch of keys from a box on it, and unlocked the third drawer where he kept his gun. But when he pulled the drawer open it stuck and made a loud screeching noise. Harworth started back, cursing.

A voice from beyond the door called: "Harworth! Harworth! That you?"

It was Canovi.

"Yes," said Harworth. "What do you want?"

"Let me in. I got to see you, Boss. Hell, don't waste no time."

Harworth took the gun from the drawer and, holding it in his left hand, unlocked the door. Canovi came in and said:

"Get your clothes on quick and order both cars."

"What's the idea?"

"Don't argue, Boss, for God's sake. Let's get going."

"How did you get in here?"

"Up the fire-escape. You better get some good locks for your doors. That front one's a pipe."

Canovi grinned, but he was pale. Harworth said:

"Say, what's the idea breaking in here?"

Canovi glanced up at Harworth's determined face and then down at the gun in his hand.

"Hold on, Boss," he said. "Don't get me wrong. This is square. Joe wants you. He wants you right away."

"What for?"

"You got to help him. They're after him hot and heavy. He thinks he can trust you. They'll bump him sure if they get a chance. Monahan's on the warpath, since I . . . since somebody bumped Bourke."

"Say, this isn't my fight. Where do I come off?"

"Ain't your fight, eh? Say, brother, you're up to your neck. You're on the list, see, on the list. Don't you think Monahan knows you're in with Joe? Don't you think he knows all about that letter deal? Say, Agostino Campi was one of the best guns he had."

HARWORTH felt panicky. He didn't know what to do. He looked about him, trying to realize that he was in his own room, that things were pretty much the same as usual. He had a sudden feeling of hopelessness. What could he do?

Without speaking he hurriedly stripped off his pajamas and threw on his clothes. While Harworth was lacing his shoes Canovi said:

"Joe wants to get his wife and kid out of town, Boss. Monahan's crazy and Joe ain't taking no chances. See! This'll put you way up with the boss. When the town quiets down you'll own it. We'll all own it."

Harworth went on lacing his shoes, trying not to think.

"Listen," said Canovi; "I don't want to scare you none, but you're in a bad spot. Just like me and Joe and Frankie. Your number's up with Monahan. Joe says he ain't never got over that restaurant deal yet. He just went batty, blew his top, when Bourke got bumped. Monahan's poison when he gets going and he don't care no more for what might happen to him than a horse."

Harworth said nothing. He was debating whether he should wake Stein or not. He wanted to talk to him, ask his advice. But what could Stein do?

Canovi said:

"Joe thinks you better go along with him. As far as Milwaukee, anyway. Take it serious, Boss, take it serious. This town's in awful shape."

Harworth was on the verge of panic. Suddenly he thought of Louise. He could wire her. She could come to Milwaukee. They might get married there and go west till things quieted down. He could call her now and make arrangements. But no, it would scare her and make her suspicious if he called her at this hour. He stood up.

Canovi said:

"Get both cars. You're the only guy Joe trusts 'cepting me and Frankie. Say, you ought to be glad Joe thought about you. You might never eat no breakfast tomorrow morning, nor no other morning."

Harworth said:

"What's the dope?"

"Well," said Canovi, "you drive the limousine. Let Sandy take the roadster and follow. Joe's hiding out on the South Side at Tony Gozzi's dump. He's got the missus and the kid with him. Sandy takes the two of them to Detroit. You drive the boss as far as Milwaukee and he'll go on to Canada. He's got a plant in Milwaukee."

"All right."

He went to the phone and called Sandy, who didn't answer for a long time.

"Hello."

"Sandy. Come right over. This is Harworth. Get both cars ready."

"Both cars—"

"Snap it up. Come right away. This is serious."

Sandy said wearily:

"O. K."

Harworth took his big ulster out of the closet, slipped his gun into the pocket, and stood waiting.

Canovi said:

"Let's go out easy, Boss. We don't want to wake nobody. We'll go down the fire-escape."

Harworth put on his ulster. Then he hesitated. Something impelled him to look around the room. He saw his rumpled bed, the reading-lamp casting a sharp light onto the piled-up pillows, his book on the floor, letters scattered about. When would he see it again?

It was bitterly cold and the wind from the lake was cutting. Canovi led the way down the fire-escape and into the alley. Then they went into the garage through the alley gateway.

Sandy came in the front door and hurried over to Harworth.

"Say, Boss, what's the dope?"

Trying to keep calm, making a great effort to appear matter-of-fact, he explained things to Sandy, who said nothing but stood with his eyes lowered. When Harworth was through he said:

"Yeah? I'll do it. I knew there was going to be hell to pay. Well, my old lady could use some insurance, anyway."

He shrugged and glanced at Harworth, whose face was pale.

"It's tough, Boss, tough."

The night man opened the alley gate wide for them, staring at them curiously, but saying nothing. Harworth drove the big limousine out first and Canovi hopped in; Sandy followed in the roadster.

TONY GOZZI let them in at the side door. He was a stocky little Italian with a dark, scarred face. He said nothing, but pointed upstairs. Canovi went first, then Harworth and Sandy. It was very cold; Harworth was shivering.

When Canovi opened the door Harworth saw Mrs. Molina. She was sitting in a big chair pulled up beside a coal stove, which was red hot in places. Her face was pale and he could see that she had been crying.

Molina in his shirt-sleeves was standing in the middle of the room bouncing a ball, and Junior was capering around him, shouting.

Harworth said nothing. Frankie Dean got up off a lounge and came over to him.

"We're all in to our necks, Mr. Harworth. Ain't it hell? Joe wants to get the missus and the kid started first. O. K.?"

"Yes," said Harworth, nodding. "Sandy's ready. It'll be a cold trip in that roadster."

"That's all right," said Frankie. "They'll get there sure. We need the limousine."

Junior said:

"Hello, Mr. Harworth. Hold out your hand."

Harworth glanced at Molina, who nodded. Molina looked sick. His face was pale and puffy. Harworth held out his hand and Junior threw the ball to him.

"Bounce it," said Junior. Harworth bounced it and Junior caught it.

Of a sudden Junior paused in his play and looked from Harworth to Molina.

"Where we all going?" he inquired. "This is like a party."

"You and mamma's going to take a long trip," said Molina.

"Goody," said Junior, jumping up and down, but presently he went over and put his arms around his mother and said: "I'm sleepy."

His mother looked down at him, hugging him. Gozzi said:

"Joe, it ain't far from sunrise."

Molina nodded. Then he came over to Harworth.

"Brother," he said, "if you get the missus and the kid out of here you're fixed for life."

Harworth said nothing. Molina took a bill out of his pocket and handed it to Sandy. It was a thousand-dollar bill. Sandy gulped, but said nothing.

"There you are, kid," he said. "There's more where that come from and you got a friend for life."

Sandy nodded. Molina turned.

"All right, Marie."

MRS. MOLINA got up and put Junior's coat on him. He had little mittens on strings and it took him a long time to get his hands into them. Gozzi said:

"Down the back stairs. You," he turned to Sandy, "get the roadster around in the alley and hit east. It's blind the other way."

Sandy nodded and went over to Harworth who shook hands with him.

"Get back as soon as you can," said Harworth.

Sandy nodded and went out. Gozzi opened the door to the back stairs. Molina put his arms around his wife and kissed her several times; then he kissed Junior.

"Good-by! Good-by!" said Molina; then impatiently: "Go on. Go on."

Mrs. Molina began to cry. Junior turned to look at her. Then he said:

"Ain't papa coming?"

"Sure. Sure," said Molina.

The door closed behind them.

Canovi said:

"Don't worry, Joe. They'll be O. K."

Molina burst out:

"Shut up! I ain't worrying."

Nobody said anything. They all sat listening. It was very still. Presently they heard the roadster pull away, heard Sandy shifting gears; then there was a long silence.

"That's that," said Molina.

Harworth was staring out the window. There was a faint streak of gray over the housetops. Frankie said:

"Well, Boss?"

Gozzi came back.

"O. K.," he said. "I don't see nobody no place. But it's near sunrise, Boss."

Harworth said:

"I'd like to make a phone call."

"Don't do it," said Molina. "This line may be tapped. Who knows?"

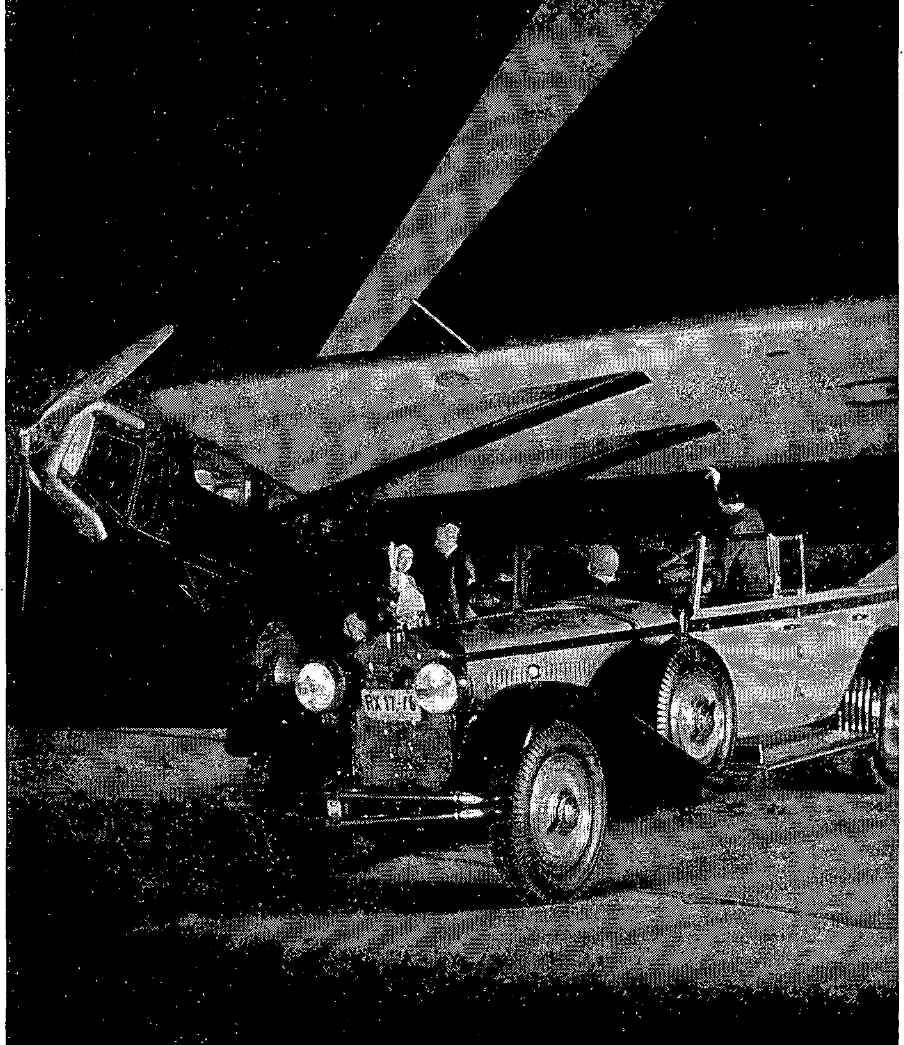
"Hell," said Gozzi, "it ain't tapped. What would they be tapping my line for? If they knew you was here they'd come after you."

Molina didn't say anything. Harworth noticed that his hands were shaking. This helped to calm Harworth. If Molina had the jumps, a guy like him, why, it wasn't any disgrace.

"Better put that call off, anyway," said Canovi. "Call long-distance from Milwaukee. You'll be there in a couple of hours."

Harworth nodded. He felt trapped. He had acted hastily and now he resented it. Why hadn't he told Canovi to go about his business and taken a

(Continued on page 50)



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(Continued from page 49)

chance? He looked at Molina, who was putting on his overcoat; Molina's face was grayish.

The windowpanes began to get blue. Presently a band of yellow appeared in the east; smoke rising from the neighborhood chimneys was black against it. Harworth stood looking out at the dingy houses covered with snow, at the bleak, desolate, poverty-stricken streets.

"Let's go," said Molina. "Milwaukee next stop, eh?"

He tried to laugh, but the laugh was flat. Harworth put his hat on and buttoned his coat.

Gozzi went to a clothespress and got out a Thompson gun.

"I'll be at the window, Boss, just in case."

"O. K.," said Molina.

"Good-by, Chicago," said Frankie, trying to grin.

CANOVI went first, followed by Harworth. Molina let them get started, then he said to Frankie:

"See? What did I tell you? Harworth's a great guy, a great guy. I can pick 'em."

"Yes," said Frankie, "he is."

"Just wait," said Molina. "When she quiets down and we get square with Monahan and the bulls, I'll show you something. Me and Harworth'll run this town. He's got connections, boy, connections!"

Frankie said:

"Boss, we ought to've gone the alley way."

"Nix," said Molina, "she's blind at one end. Not so good. We might want to turn around."

Canovi turned.

"All set?"

"All set," called Molina.

Harworth stood waiting, buttoning his coat collar up around his neck. He was calmer now. What was there to be excited about? Just four men getting ready to ride ninety miles in an automobile. His despair left him; also the feeling of unreality which had plagued him ever since he woke with a start and saw the door-knob turning, turning.

Molina slapped his hands together and said:

"Well, boys. I guess we're too smart for 'em!"

But overhead a window was raised and Gozzi cried:

"Joe! Look out!"

They all whirled suddenly. A big touring-car turned the corner near them and bore down on them. Molina said:

"Oh, my God!" and made a dash for the door.

Overhead the Thompson gun began to bark. Harworth stood frozen with horror! The touring-car was coming toward them slowly; he saw four men. Before he could run, guns blazed and he heard the sour whine of bullets. He saw Canovi fall forward on his face. Frankie yelled:

"For God's sake, duck!"

Then he ran a few steps and fell headlong, his hat rolling out into the street.

Something stung Harworth and he clapped his hands to his side. There was a sudden blackness and he seemed to be falling down an elevator shaft. Excruciating tongues of pain shot all through his body. Calmly he said:

"They've killed me!"

He began to crawl on his hands and knees.

Molina was down now, lying on his back. His hat had fallen over his face. He was screaming.

Overhead the Thompson gun continued to bark. Harworth, through a queer fog, saw the touring-car veer, careen, then jump a curb and smash into a light-post. Two men jumped out and ran.

Suddenly he saw Louise. She was standing in the doorway. There was a burst of light behind her. He tried to walk toward her but couldn't move. She glided away from him little by little until the burst of light was no more than a speck.

He opened his eyes. Two policemen were looking at him.

One of them said:

"They sure punctured that bird plenty."

He tried to shout but his words came out in long, muttering gasps.

"They shot me. A big touring-car. Four men. Name's Harworth. Take me home. I'm dying."

Then his head dropped back.

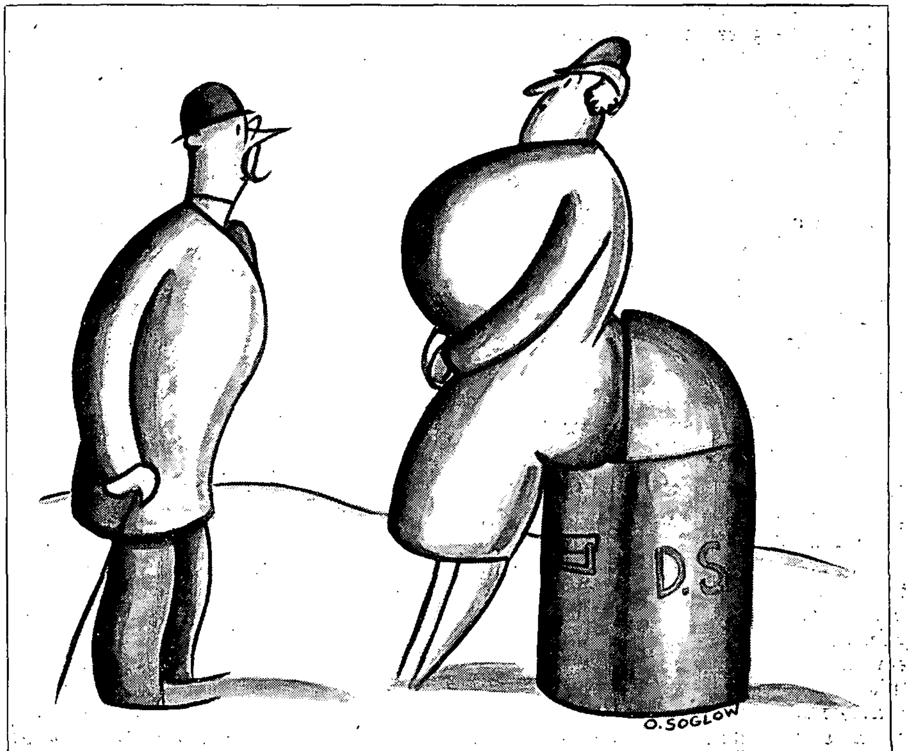
"Four out of four," said the policeman. "That's a pretty good batting average."

One of them turned and called:

"Molina dead yet?"

"Yeah. Dead as yesterday's newspaper."

THE END



"I thought you were going to wait on the other corner."
"Well, here at least I have some comfort."

A Little Serious Gambling

Continued from page 15

Italy—and two places only—in San Remo, across the Italian border from Monaco, and in Montecatini, near Florence. This Mussolini has supplemented by a Tourist Commission to plan, to improve transportation, to advertise, in the hope that Italy's rich tourist harvest of two billion lire ($105,000,000) a year will be doubled.

When the American reaches Monte Carlo he is surprised to learn the extent of the competition, not in Monte Carlo of course, but just across the border in France. At Nice there are seven casinos. At Cannes there are three. In France altogether there are 169 casinos devoted to baccarat and boule gambling.

An American Enterprise

These casinos are a source of rich revenue to France. In the fiscal year just ended she collected from them 171,000,000 francs, in taxes. In 1928 she collected 213,000,000 francs.

The casinos themselves had profits in 1930 of 337,000,000 francs in spite of the bad year. In 1928 it was 413,000,000 francs. How this business has grown will be seen from the fact that this is just about four times the profits of 1923. Incidentally it may be of interest to observe that the most profitable of these casinos is one not so well known in America—Le Touquet—and after that Deauville, then the municipal casino at Nice and, next, that extraordinary place, the Palais de Méditerranée at Nice—which may yet top them all and is particularly interesting to Americans because it is operated by an American—Mr. Frank J. Gould of the famous American family.

This amazing structure—casino for gambling, theater, restaurant, dance hall, music hall—for which Gould has been offered 150,000,000 francs, is one of the great spectacles of the Riviera.

But after all is said, none of these affairs has the air, the mystery, the beauty, the dignity and the fascination of the great Casino at Monte Carlo. And while Monte Carlo has suffered somewhat in this extensive battle which has been going on for the gambling dollar of the touring and pleasure-seeking American and his fellow travelers, it still outranks them all.

When the great stock market slump hit Wall Street, its repercussions were quickly felt in Monte Carlo. In the golden days of quick killings, many a prosperous bull, flushed with his gains, "hopped a boat for Paris," as he put it, and made a quick jump down to Monaco. Rich speculators, bursting with cash, flocked in, not only from America but from everywhere and watched those dignified, statesmenlike croupiers in the Casino rake their dividends into the bank. But the big parade to the Coasts of Chance stopped abruptly when the bottom dropped out of Wall Street and for a while not only Monte Carlo but all the casinos had to worry along with the lesser gamblers and piker players.

In the midst of this a revolution hit Monaco. At least that is what the papers called it and immediately it was written down as only one more manifestation of that world unrest following the business depression and the uprisings resulting from bad business in various countries. But Monaco, different in all things else, was different in this. Her little revolution was more nearly related to this widespread battle of the casinos which has been going on around the Mediterranean for the travelers' gambling dollar.

It is surprising how little even traveled Americans know about this diminutive principality. Most of them suppose it to be just a part of France, where the hereditary Prince of Monaco (France is full of noble titles) owns and operates for his personal profit the great Casino of Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo is a part of Monaco and Monaco is an independent state not nearly as big as Hoboken either in territory or population. But it belongs neither to France nor to Italy. Its ruler is Prince Louis II and he is a real prince, not a French survival. His family—the Grimaldis—have held this romantic rock as independent sovereigns for centuries.

But the place has but a single business—supplying the traveler. The magnet which draws him is the Casino. Around it cluster hundreds of hotels, shops, cafés, theaters, pensions and all the amusements and all the requisites for sojourning. Hence the population is of two sorts—the old, native Monégasques, as they are called, and a motley crowd of newcomers, many of them naturalized, interested in the many hotels and stores and amusements in Monte Carlo itself.

Now upon the scene steps one of the most amazing figures in Europe—Sir Basil Zaharoff. Zaharoff is now eighty-one years old, his adventurous mind, in spite of his years, still active near the end of an extraordinary life. He made his present huge fortune during the war, selling machine guns, chiefly to the Allies.

Later he loaned money to the corporation which owns the Monte Carlo Casino. The Casino does not belong to the prince. For years it had been operated by its founder, M. François Blanc, and later by his son; a company succeeded them and in 1898 won an extended franchise to operate until 1947. The corporation, starved by the war, needing money, borrowed it from Zaharoff. Ultimately Zaharoff got possession of the stock and is now said practically to own the Casino. M. René Leon, who appears as the director, is in reality Zaharoff's agent.

A Light-Opera Revolution

With this new deal the Casino began to become aggressive. Casinos appeared all over France to challenge it for business. Mussolini projected competition across the border in Italy. The Casino wanted various changes in the laws and regulations. It thought the prince too old-fashioned. It went into politics. M. René Marque, the mayor of Monte Carlo, became a kind of political boss and the tool of the Casino crowd. They began to push the old Monégasque element out of the National Council.

The prince himself, always giving the National Council a rather free hand, knew little of this. One day he returned from one of his châteaux in France. Whenever the prince returns to Monaco the school children line the streets from the station to his palace and sing the national anthem.

This day as his automobile drove along, the children were there but they were silent. After some blocks of this the prince, amazed and depressed, halted his car, got out, approached some of the children and asked why they did not sing. A few little fellows piped up haltingly, but the anthem faded on their lips. Then the prince broke into tears, some of the children wept and he reentered his car and finished his journey in silence.

Then he learned that the children had

(Continued on page 52)

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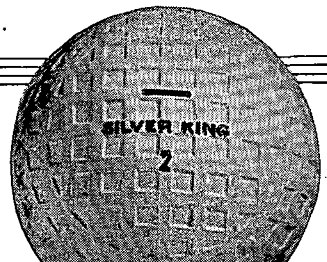

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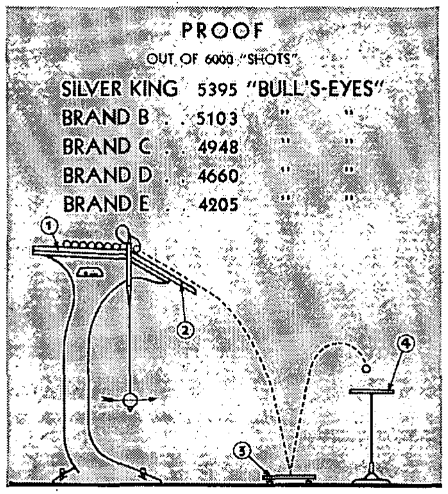

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(*Continued from page 51*)

acted under orders and that his little principality was shot through with intrigue and conspiracy engineered by Marque and his friends. He has never left Monte Carlo since. But six months ago the Monte Carlo clique thought they were strong enough for an uprising. And so, suddenly, one day a crowd appeared in the street, some stones were thrown, some shouts and cheers for the revolution rose.

The prince himself described for me what happened.

"The papers called it a revolution. But you will judge how much of a revolution it was from the fact that it lasted ten minutes and was suppressed by forty policemen. All the old Monégasques were against it. And I thought it was best to suspend the Constitution and abolish the National Council. Now I am alone and have surrounded myself with a group of excellent Monégasque gentlemen who act as a commission. And now we have peace."

Just a Business Affair

The prince is a quiet, genial, kindly gentleman, quite simple in his tastes and liking very little the conditions which forced him to assume the rôle of a dictator. He lives in the fine old medieval palace of his fathers, surrounded by the ceremonial and display that hedges royalty in Europe. One may see at noon the changing of the guard before the palace as one sees it at St. James' in London. And, on the day I visited the prince, the guard—a section of his little army of 125 men—was going through the preliminary maneuvers of this ceremony. We talked of many things, but what interested me most was his correction of certain erroneous impressions about Monte Carlo. He said:

"I have no interest in the Casino. It belongs to a corporation which obtained the concession from my grandfather. It is of course taxed just as any business institution in your country is taxed. We do no differently here, for instance, from France and every other country, where all casinos are taxed. This tax goes to the government of Monaco and is used entirely for public purposes, hospitals, public works, etc. I do not receive one cent from it nor does any member of my family. I have never been inside the Casino, nor has any member of my family, neither my father nor grandfather. No Monégasque is permitted by law to enter the Casino."

For several years the big attraction at the Casino was that famous Greek syndicate, now broken up. It was made up of Nicholas Zagraphos, the Greek, Gregory Vagliani, who owns a big stable at the Heliopolis track in Cairo, and Koujoumdjian, the Armenian. They startled Europe by their play. Vagliani is the perfect type of the elegant, debonair, unruffled gentleman gambler who loses millions with a smile. Zagraphos is the gambling wizard who figures percentages with lightning-like rapidity.

France's greed in taxing her casinos broke up the syndicate. The percentage in favor of the bank at baccarat is from one to seven. France now exacts a tax of five per cent of the banker's deposit on each deal which cuts the banker's percentage down to four. It makes the game too hazardous. So the big banks have remained inactive in many French casinos. At Nice, however, Mr. Amletto Battisti has taken over the big bank for Gould. He is an audacious player who set out last year on Christmas Eve to play against a group of wealthy amateurs, including a rich American lady. When he arose he had lost 7,000,000 francs and it was the day after New Year's. Later at Biarritz he lost 21,000,000 francs. But apparently he still has enough left and the nerve to back the big table in spite of the French tax.

Europe, however, is gambling mad—so, apparently, is the world, for that matter. And the most respectable persons lend their names and influence to it. The French Chamber of Deputies has just revoked the law which prohibited the operation of casinos within 100 kilometers of Paris. This permits the great casino at Enghien to resume operations. Moreover, the Under-Secretary of State has just promulgated a decree permitting the use of pari-mutuel betting on horse races away from the tracks, so that now a farmer in a distant province who wants to bet on a race may place his bet in a government taxed and supervised pari-mutuel machine without going to the track and without sneaking behind a barn to place it with a bootleg handbook.

In England a group of noble gentlemen headed by the Earl of Derby and Sir Humphrey de Trafford have organized Tote Investors, Ltd., which will enable the stay-at-homes to play the pari-mutuel machine at a race course—the totalisator, as they call it in Merrie England—as well as his wealthier brother who can go to the track. Almost the first sight an American traveler beholds on setting foot upon a Continental dock is the rather dilapidated looking fellow who goes about selling lottery tickets.

Newspaper readers are still marveling at the immense sums involved in the Irish Grand National Sweep when the prizes totaled over six million dollars and the still more extraordinary amounts involved in the various sweepstakes on the Derby. What, perhaps, is not so well known in America is some of the machinery behind the biggest of these sweeps.

A big business organization has been formed with its headquarters at Danzig—the Free City of Danzig—which has taken advantage of the prevailing madness to collect some capital. A group of well-known Britishers recently organized Brooms International Sports Association to manage sweeps on races all over the world. A beautiful hotel in the suburbs of Danzig has been fitted up as a clubhouse. Brooms will pay Danzig one per cent on all moneys received in return for which it will have government protection and hold a monopoly on the business.

Our Wandering Dollars

Millions are laid down annually on the tables of the casinos; millions are sent to lotteries—most of them government-owned or supervised—in all parts of the world by former nationals of the various countries. The Italian, the Greek, the Spaniard may come to America but he continues to buy his little ticket in the "grand drawing."

Other great sums are sent abroad by Americans themselves on lotteries and sweepstakes—and the amount is growing. It is perhaps safe to say that $50,000,000 a year leaves our shores to find its way from the pockets of our own people to the pockets of foreign winners via the gambling route. I tried to get some of the experts in Paris to estimate it. Here is the figure as near as it can be worked out—at the casinos, $25,000,000; on the lotteries, $10,000,000; on the races, $8,000,000; on sweepstakes and other forms of gambling, $7,000,000—a grand total of $50,000,000.

I am not thinking of a remedy for this. I merely describe it as an interesting social phenomenon. But after thousands of years of civilization it is so universal that one might well doubt the utility of trying to suppress it by law. Perhaps it still needs to be recognized as a fact and to be dealt with safely—regulated and controlled.

The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 13

preserved a discreet reticence concerning the young-seeming reporter who had made such an obvious impression on her girlish heart. And the day was one of those routine things that are apt to bore even the most enthusiastic attorney. Cordova looked over papers, compared them, examined depositions, until, worn out by work and the torrid day, he finally, at five o'clock, departed for his home.

All through the day he had found concentration difficult. And then, having dined at home, he was uninterested in the magazines and books which he tried to read. His letter to Del Carmichael had probably left New York on a midnight train; it was way up in Maine now. . . . What would be its reception when it reached the ash-blond girl? Would she laugh, or be indignant, or merely contemptuous?

HE SPENT as sleepless a night as Deborah, on Lake Warumkeg, was spending, and he awakened, on Wednesday morning, to find the city still in the grip of the heat spell.

Over breakfast he read the morning papers, but the headlines danced before his eyes. The black type twisted itself into a blond portrait. At this very moment, perhaps, Del Carmichael was reading his avowal, was, perhaps, pondering the reply she would make to it.

But this was not merely agonizing, it was futile. Deliberately, by an effort of will of which he had not realized he was capable, he put the girl from his thoughts; or rather, he put her into the background of those thoughts. And it was with a measure of regained calm that he finally descended to the street and started for the office.

Across Park Avenue, eagerly watching the entrance of Cordova's apartment building, had been standing, for over half an hour, a thin, burning-eyed man whose face bore the stubble of three days' growth of beard. He came running across now, regardless of taxi horns and shouts from chauffeurs. Cordova, halted by the sudden clamor of warning, paused.

"Mr. Cordova," the man cried, "Mr. Cordova."

Cordova recognized him, and his eyes, that had been wondering at the man's flight, hardened.

"Mr. Ganley," he said coldly.

He nodded in recognition, then resumed his walk toward the taxi-rank at the corner.

"Please, Mr. Cordova, I've *got* to talk to you," said Ganley.

He held out a detaining hand; already passers-by were slowing their progress, staring at the two men. Cordova, to avoid a scene, paused.

"You are at liberty to see me at my office, Mr. Ganley," he stated.

"But I've got to see you privately, Mr. Cordova," said the president of the defunct Drovers and Builders Investment Trust Company.

"And I've already told you that the only place where I can see you is in my office—in the presence of witnesses," Cordova added.

"But I can't see you there. I don't want anyone to listen to our talk," pleaded Ganley.

"Then we can't have any talk," said Cordova.

"My God, you want to do justice, don't you?" cried Ganley.

"I have no other idea," replied Cordova, stiffly.

"No, you haven't any other idea," scoffed Ganley. His lip curled in a sneer. "None of you prosecuting officers care about winning cases, do you? Justice! Phaugh." He spat upon the sidewalk. "What in hell has a district attorney to do with justice? He wants to make a record, that's all he cares about."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, Mr. Ganley," said Cordova, "but I really can't help how you feel, can I? Once again, if you want to talk to me, my office is the only proper place."

"Yes, and what will happen to me if I go to your office?" demanded Ganley.

"What possibly could happen?" countered Cordova.

"You'd railroad me—you'd take anything I said, and turn it and twist it—and have witnesses to claim that I said things—"

Cordova stopped short.

"Mr. Ganley, I don't know what your experience has been of the district attorney's office—"

"What experience could I have?" interrupted Ganley. "You'd think I was a criminal with a record, the way you talk. I've never been charged with any crime in my life before this, and I wouldn't be charged now if there weren't influences out to get me."

"No influence, except the influence of justice, can *get* you, Mr. Ganley," said Cordova.

"God, you talk like a high-school boy," almost screamed the financier. He raised both hands and swept them across his forehead, tilting his hat far back. "You harp on justice. What's justice got to do with politics?"

"And what has politics to do with your failure?" sharply asked Cordova.

The thin man stared at him.

"I *knew* I ought to talk to you," he said. "You're a babe in the woods, Mr. Cordova. What has politics to do with the failure of my trust company? Well, what has business got to do with it? What's anything got to do with it, if politics has nothing? Why, the whole failure was political, Mr. Cordova. Don't try to tell me you don't know that."

"I'm not trying to tell you anything," retorted Cordova.

"But you won't listen to me, either," protested the financier. "Now, if you would, I'd show you who was behind the failure, what motives actuated them—"

"And once again, and for the last time, Mr. Ganley, I'm telling you to come to my office, where I'll gladly listen to any statement you care to make."

"And where whatever I say will be turned right over—I suppose you think that I could visit your office without the whole town knowing about it?"

"SUPPOSE everyone does know of it?" demanded Cordova.

"They'd think I was going to squeal—turn state's evidence."

"Well? But you say you're not guilty of anything?"

"I'm not. But others are, and—Mr. Cordova, can't you be reasonable?"

"Mr. Ganley, I think this has lasted long enough," replied Cordova. "Good morning, sir."

"Wait." Again Ganley clutched at him. "You mean to tell me that you won't see me?"

"I mean to tell you, Mr. Ganley, that your actions come rather close to undue influence, and I think they'd better cease at once."

For a moment he feared that Ganley would suffer a stroke. Then calm came to the man's eyes.

(Continued on page 54)

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(*Continued from page 53*)

"And you don't want to hear me?"

For answer, Cordova turned on his heel and strode to a taxi. Only Ganley's evident mental collapse, and his age, prevented Cordova from calling an officer and having him arrested for an attempt to obstruct justice. For justice was, to Cordova, a simple and explicit thing.

ALL the way downtown in the taxi Cordova fought against a feeling of uneasiness. Of course, Ganley, like many other men whose misdeeds have caught up with them, labored under a persecution complex. That was the simple and rational explanation of the man's condition and actions. For no man could rise to the head of such an important concern as the Drovers and Builders had been without—well, without knowing his way around.

But Ganley was represented by Maddox, Maitland and O'Reilly, and that law firm would not permit a client to attempt to make clandestine appointments with a prosecuting attorney. If that firm thought that the interests of justice required a private talk between their client and Cordova, one of the firm would quite openly ask for an appointment.

Ganley, then, was acting on his own. But Ganley would know that such action would affront Cordova. At least, he *ought* to know it. Only a mental breakdown caused by worry would make Ganley act in such a fashion. All of which bore out Cordova's conclusion that the man was suffering from a persecution complex.

But, to offset this conclusion, there was something in the man's manner, in his very impatience with Cordova, that almost induced Cordova to believe that Ganley did have reason, apart from any mental quirk, in seeking the appointment. His remarks about politics and justice puzzled Cordova.

Cordova reviewed the case against Ganley and his associates. The three men had turned over to their trust company stocks in moribund corporations whose perilous plight they thoroughly understood, and had issued trust stock against these worthless assets. They had done so deliberately and knowingly. And what could politics have had to do with this? How could politics enter into a common, though gigantic, swindle?

At the end of his ride he had arrived again at his first conclusion. Ganley, caught like a rat in a trap, had become mentally unhinged and delusions of grandeur—so common to get-rich-quick swindlers—had given way to delusions of injustice. Well, it was too bad, but he had danced, and the piper must be paid.

The day was even hotter than the twenty-four hours which had preceded it. Miss Searles was listless, white. Cordova, after an hour of dictation, suggested that she take the day off.

"Oh," she said, "I wish I'd known earlier."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Oh—you're nice to let me off at all," she said hurriedly. "Only—I could have had a date to go swimming."

"It's only ten," he reminded her.

"Could—could I use the telephone?" she asked.

He nodded assent. She asked for a number, and as Cordova looked at her, her heat-pallor gave way to a most becoming blush.

"Mr. Grady? This is Eleanor Searles."

Cordova turned away and busied himself with some papers. He hid the smile that would have embarrassed her.

"I—I have the day off," she said.

She listened a moment, assented to some suggestion, then hung up. She stood hesitantly, staring at Cordova. He looked up.

"Made the date after all?" he inquired.

"Mr. Cordova—do—you think it's nice for a girl—well, to let a man introduce himself and—that was Mr. Grady of the Banner," she said.

"I gathered as much," smiled Cordova.

"He has a card to the Ocean Beach Club," said the girl. "Wednesday is his day off from the paper, and—"

"You'll have a swell time," said Cordova, encouragingly.

"But I mean—to meet anyone as I met him—"

"I think it's all right, if that's what you mean," said Cordova.

He watched her go, inwardly amused. Love, apparently, had no rules. One knew a person for ten minutes—and loved that person. One knew a person for ten years—and loved that person. The same little god that had been cavorting about Lake Warumkeg last week-end had bustled down to Manhattan and shot an arrow into the heart of Miss Searles. And because his stenographer was a nice girl, Cordova hoped that Cupid had also hit Fred Grady of the Banner.

A few days ago he would have smiled somewhat cynically at sight of an attractive girl succumbing to flirtatious advances. His thought would have been that she could take care of herself—or ought to. But now, knowing what hurt awaited himself if Del Carmichael's reception of his letter were not all he hoped for, he felt a little anxious about Miss Searles' quick surrender to Grady.

Then he softly cursed himself for a matchmaker, and turned back to work. He lunched again at the little Italian place, but decided, in mid-afternoon, that what was good for the employee was also good for the employer, and locked his desk and took a taxi uptown.

It was too late, he thought, to start for any of the beaches. There were half a dozen places on Long Island where he knew he would be welcome, but one had to pay a price for using people's pools or private beaches. One had to enter into the spirit of the occasion. The Mallet pool, indoors and a trifle stuffy though it might be, was better than anything else.

He found Ted Quinton there, played squash for half an hour, and then, streaming with perspiration and limp with fatigue, he plunged into the pool. Half an hour of lazy floating and soaking, and he felt a new man. He played a few games of backgammon, declined the usual invitations of the lonesome husbands to make merry, and taxied to his apartment.

HE HAD changed to pajamas and dressing-gown and, seated directly in front of a fan, was reading the evening papers as he waited for Webbing to announce the evening meal, when his telephone rang.

"Mr. Cordova? This is Frank Grenfell speaking. Booked for dinner?"

"Why—er—no—I was just waiting for it to be served here," said Cordova.

"Then perhaps you'll come over and relieve my loneliness," suggested Grenfell.

For a moment Cordova hesitated. Dinner was almost ready. He was almost cool, and as comfortable as anyone could hope to be on this sultry evening. The exertion of clothing himself would be annoying. But Grenfell and Martine and Carmichael had paid him a high compliment. Civility to an older man was a slight return for what they promised to give to him.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'd be delighted."

There was the further fact that Grenfell would probably discuss the political situation and his own recent entrance into it.

"Good," said Grenfell. "The Hadley Chambers, on Fifth Avenue. Know where it is?"

Cordova smiled slightly. He owned the building.

"I think so," he replied.

"As soon as convenient, then. Don't bother to dress," said Grenfell.

Grenfell's was as superbly furnished an apartment as Cordova had ever seen. The paintings, the tapestries, the color schemes—he wondered, as he awaited his host in a living-room to which a servant had ushered him, if the shrieking furniture and decorations of Carmichael's camp ever grated on Grenfell's nerves. But he had little time to wonder, for his host did not keep him waiting long.

He entered the room, bustling of movement, birdlike of eye, and incisive of voice.

"Good of you to come over," he greeted Cordova. "Just got in this afternoon. Stayed over in Boston last night. Lucky to catch you disengaged."

"My good fortune," said Cordova politely.

A man offered cocktails. Cordova shook his head. Grenfell took one.

"Don't touch the stuff?" he asked.

Cordova colored.

"Not while—while I hold office."

Grenfell sipped his drink, and nodded approval.

"Rotten law, but know how you feel. Sorry. Have some Chablis I thought you might like. Well, I'll drink for two."

But Cordova, noting that Grenfell's glass was returned to the tray only half-consumed, doubted this.

DINNER was simple, but perfect. The jellied consommé, the fillet of sole, the green salad, the strawberries smothered in whipped cream—it was exactly the sort of dinner one ought to eat on so hot a night, and if Cordova mistrusted the white blobs of cream, he chanced their after-effect. With coffee, served in the library, Grenfell shifted the talk from generalities to matters more specific. During the meal, his crisp sentences had taken in continents in monosyllables. He spoke, with a familiarity that indicated personal participation, of the Boer War, the panic of 1907, Roosevelt's African hunt—of a score of unrelated matters.

But now, the servants dismissed, he shifted to personalities.

"Well, you've been thinking over our conversation at the camp, Mr. Cordova."

It was not a question; it was an assertion.

"Naturally," admitted Cordova.

"Looked like a bigger job, when you came back here, than it did in Maine, eh? Scare you?"

"Somewhat," said Cordova.

"The job big—or *getting* it a big job?"

"Well, both," laughed Cordova.

"You're not far wrong, either way," said Grenfell. "Well, what do your friends say?"

"My friends?" Cordova's voice was quite honestly mystified.

Grenfell's birdlike eyes stared at him. Then he nodded, sparrowlike, in quick approval.

"Never knew Daniel to be wrong. Might have known."

"Known what?" asked Cordova.

"That he'd be right. He said you'd keep your own counsel—and take it. Said you wouldn't talk it over with anyone. Right?"

"Well, yes, he is," assented Cordova.

"Smart lad. The lad that keeps his mouth shut doesn't have to do a lot of

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explaining. How's the Drovers and Builders case coming on?"

"Attend the trial," said Cordova. His quick smile robbed his words of offense.

Grenfell nodded.

"That's fair enough. Not my business. Only—with myself and Fred Martine and Daniel backing you—well, it does, in a way, become our business. However—well, anything that's on your mind—Daniel thought it a good idea for us to become better acquainted. I thought so, too. And I've been here and there and other places for a long time, Mr. Cordova. Any time you want a little advice—no one *wants* it—but if you think you need some, if only to disregard it—"

"I'll remember," said Cordova, laughing. He eyed his host. "The Banner knew I was visiting the senator," he said.

"Yes?" Grenfell was politely interested.

"Sent a reporter around to see me yesterday—day before."

"I READ yesterday's Banner last night, in Boston," said Grenfell. "Didn't see anything about you."

"I said nothing," said Cordova. "And—Ganley— Mr. Grenfell, I do need advice, I guess. Ganley—of the Drovers and Builders—telephoned me, wanting a private meeting."

Grenfell leaned forward quickly.

"You saw him?"

Cordova shook his head.

"I didn't make an appointment. But—this morning, he was waiting at my door. He insisted on talking to me. Acted half mad. Hinted that politics were behind the prosecution. Begged me to see him privately. I refused again."

"Quite right," said Grenfell. "The man must be crazy. How could politics enter into an embezzlement, a fraud case?"

Cordova shrugged.

"That's my feeling," he said.

"Of course," said Grenfell.

He leaned back in his chair and lighted a slim cigar.

"Daniel wants you to come down again soon."

"I'd love it," said Cordova.

"Great man, Daniel," said Grenfell. "Bachelor all his life. Devoted to his nieces."

"I notice that," said Cordova. "They seem devoted to him, too."

"Nice girls," said Grenfell.

"Delightful," said Cordova.

"Remarkable pair," said Grenfell. "Delmar has as keen a mind as any man."

"She seems to," agreed Cordova. "So has the other girl."

"Of course," said Grenfell. "But Del—well, she's brilliant."

"And beautiful," said Cordova.

"Perfect," said Grenfell. "If I were a younger man—she told me, if I saw you, to say that she hoped you'd be down again soon."

"Did she really say that?" asked Cordova eagerly.

Grenfell's eyes flickered faintly.

"Yes. Maybe we can get down together?"

"I hope so," said Cordova.

The telephone rang, and Grenfell answered it.

"Why, y-e-s," he said reluctantly. "But can't it be postponed until tomorrow? W-e-l-l, if you must."

He hung up and turned apologetically to Cordova:

"Man wants to see me; important business—"

"Why, of course," said Cordova. "Kind of you to ask me over, Mr. Grenfell."

"Nice of you to come," said the older man. "I'll keep in touch with you, Mr. Cordova. Perhaps in a couple of days we could dine together again."

"I hope so," said Cordova. He shook hands with his host and was ushered out of the apartment.

As the door closed behind him, Grenfell picked up the telephone. Although he had hung up, this was evidently an extension, for a servant spoke to him.

"Senator Carmichael is still on the wire, sir."

"Connect him," said Grenfell. Then: "Oh, Dan. Cordova was here. Just left. Ganley's trying to get to him privately. But the young sap won't see him privately. And, oh—the Banner is onto something. Sent someone to interview him about his visit to you. He didn't talk. That's all. Except that he agrees with me that Delmar is the loveliest of her sex. She might want to know. So long, Dan."

He hung up, smiling, went to his desk, and occupied himself with his affairs. But, for an hour, the smile lingered on his lips.

Cordova, too, was smiling as he left the apartment building which he owned, and which housed Grenfell. Del wanted him to come down again. Of course, she had expressed the wish before she could have received his letter, but still, in the absence of other auguries, this one promised well. Perhaps she had written by now. She might even have wired; there might be a telegram waiting for him at home now. He hurried his steps across the sidewalk, looking for a taxi.

But all he saw was a young girl, standing by her motor car, tinkering with the motor. She looked up as Cordova approached.

"Do you know anything at all about carburetors?" she asked. Her voice was frank, gay, unselfconscious.

"Not much," said Cordova, pausing.

The girl sighed helplessly. Cordova noticed that she was fair, well-formed, and well-dressed. She thrust a hand inside the hood, and suddenly the engine roared.

"Can you beat that?" she asked. "Touched that starter wire, and it responds." She climbed into the car. "Take you anywhere? Just trying to get some fresh air this wretched evening."

Cordova stared at her. She was, he thought, no lady of the evening. Just a friendly, unconventional girl. And it was a blisteringly hot night. To take a ride, in pleasant companionship. . . . He put the suggestion from him. But before he could find words in which to express a courteous refusal, a man slouched across the sidewalk.

"Crude work, Clara," he said. "Awfully crude for a smart little kid like you."

CORDOVA turned, to stare into the cynical eyes of Fred Grady, the Banner reporter. Grady waved a hand in greeting.

"Now, Clara, sweetie," he said to the girl, "just throw in that clutch and be on your way. And tell the big boy that Mr. Grady—Grady of the Banner—is playing watchdog to our friend, Mr. Cordova. Will you be a bright little girl and remember all that?"

"Some day, Grady," said the girl viciously, "you'll get what's coming to you, and I'll be there to see it."

Grady shook his head.

"I don't think so, Clara. They'll never let you in heaven unless you're a better girl."

She invited him to take a trip to a place quite the antithesis of the spot he had mentioned. Grady thrust an arm through Cordova's.

"Let's go home," he said, "and let's walk in the middle of the sidewalk."

(To be continued next week)

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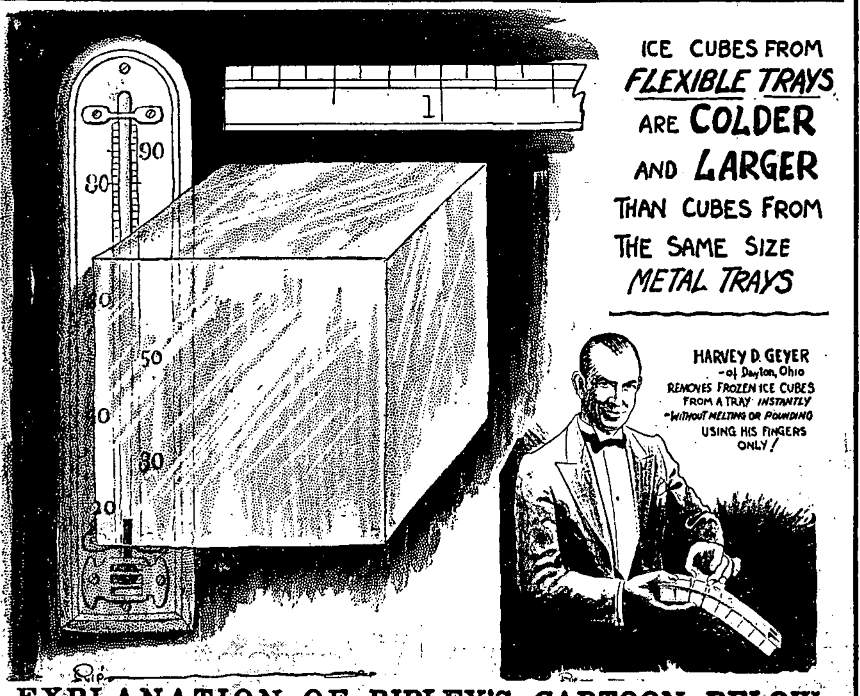

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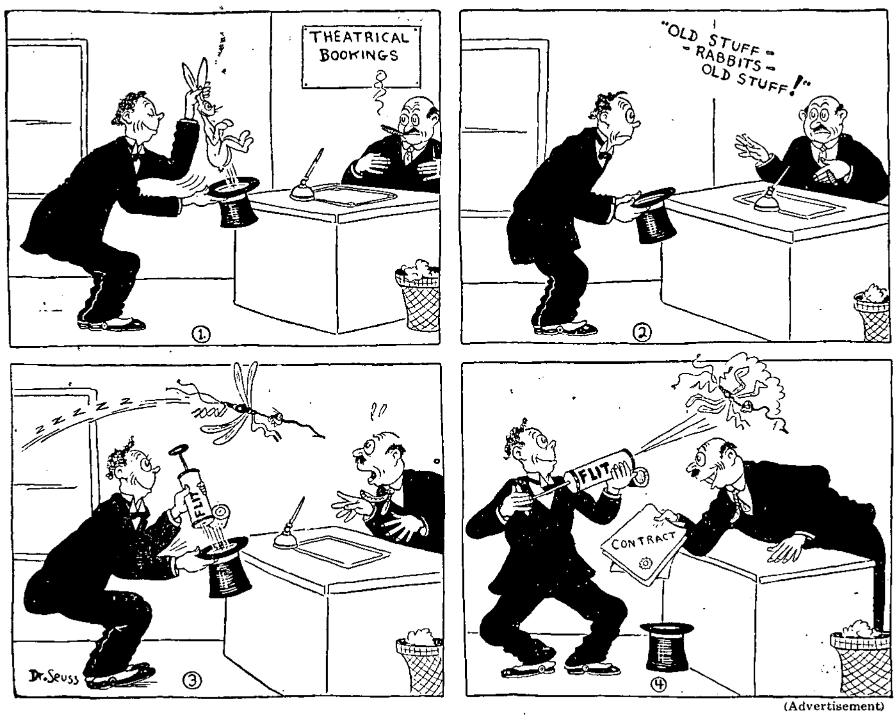


(Advertisement)

Putting up a False Front

Continued from page 23

much more than for any color but gray; shading the entire lid from lash to brow with a neutral light brown and adding any colored shadow that intensifies the shade of the eye itself. Blue eyes—light blue through to dark, even to violet. Brown eyes—green, greenish-blue or violet. As with gray, so with white—more mascara on the lashes than is current practice when wearing anything else.

The Older Woman's Inning

In the evening, of course, all make-up must be intensified, because artificial light drains the life out of daytime color. A more vivid shade of cream rouge is in order. If the dress is dark, a lighter powder makes effective contrast. If the dress is white or pale pastel, the same contrast demands a darker powder tone. It's worth almost anyone's while to investigate an orchid effect that makes the skin positively luminous. There are only two types that shouldn't try to wear it—those with very, very pale skins and those with distressing, tiny broken veins that show up purple under such a film. Eye make-up at night can be more pronounced than by day without looking theatrical, but the novice must beware of getting it too dark and giving herself a couple of ghastly burnt-holes-in-a-blanket.

There are women, of course, who have problem eyes—too small and deep-set, too prominent, too pale. Small eyes should have a neutral shadow placed outward and near the lower edge, with a bit of color over the iris to bring the eye out. Prominent eyes should never put color at this point; a dark, even shadow over the entire lid, half an inch up, will turn the trick. Pale eyes, since they have little color in themselves, should take their cue from the costume and play up to it, using a dark or a neutral shadow reënforced by one in the costume color; eyelashes for this type should always be made up. For eyes in general, the upper lash alone will be better than to double the effort, but the pale eye may need a tiny bit of mascara below it.

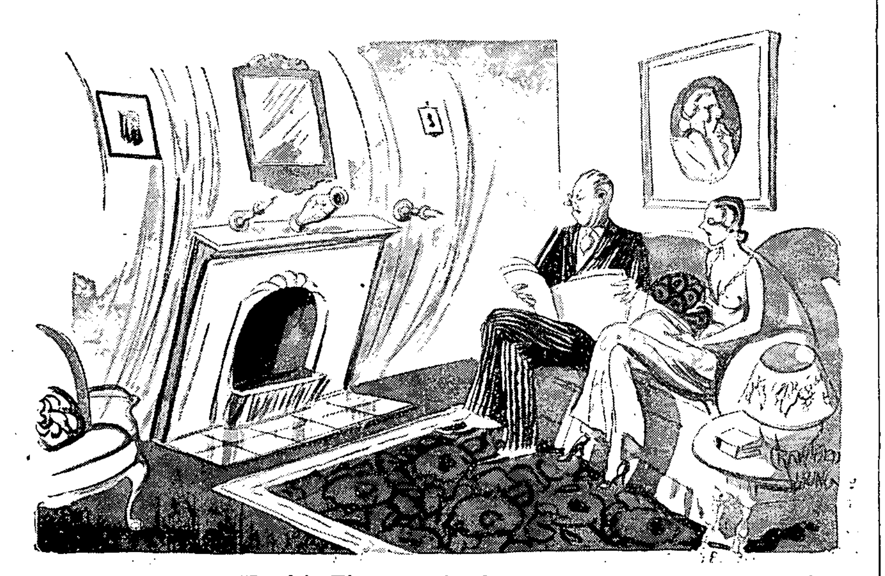
The older woman might at first think that she must be left out of this fascinating game of acquiring new faces. But white-haired women can really change more startlingly than their débutante daughters—or granddaughters. For them the transformation begins with a blue rinse following every shampoo.

To a shining silver crown, one adds a dark eye shadow for any of the smart new colors except green, which calls for itself, and gray, which looks best with violet. The rouge should be very light and dull, cunningly and sparingly applied. Powder is usually happiest in naturelle or cream, though sometimes the orchid tone can be used even in the daytime, if one is wearing gray. Lipstick, in the main, should be lightish and dullish, and older women should never place color at this point so aggressively as to leave a hard line, for the same reason that they must go warily with mascara. Use mascara by all means, but never too heavily and never on the lower lash; this is aging. Some older women, of course—particularly the grand, outdoor souls—couldn't use either naturelle or orchid powder. For them there's a beautiful deep peach tone that simply works wonders.

No make-up article could get by that didn't say something about tanning. The cult, as cult, is over and gone. Women bronze or not as they feel inclined, and those with delicate skins are advised not to risk them. A new protector cream keeps away not only the mahogany finish but any freckles that may be ready to pounce—and it's marvelous for preventing wind-burn on a motor trip. Those of us who like to tan will put on sunburn oil and go to it. The tan will come gradually, without that in-between period when we look like raw tomatoes. If we want to resume our relatively fair status next fall, there are always skin bleaches.

Solving the Clothes Problem

At first blush, this whole business of face-changing may seem to have been launched at an inopportune moment in our financial lives—such a battery of stuff to buy, just when most of us are trying to economize. But further thought sets our consciences at rest. Make-up doesn't cost excessively, and a little bit goes a long way. Moreover, the woman who can have such a grand time wearing every item of her summer wardrobe may easily be content with less variety. In the past the average woman has spent and double-spent, not so much because she wanted twice the clothes she needed, as because she didn't really like herself in any of them. When she's mastered the technique of appearing to advantage in the first assortment she buys, it won't be nearly such a tragedy if the second doesn't materialize until the autumn.



"Look! That pest in the next apartment is leaning on his mantel again"

"But if you had led your Ace that would have taken his Queen, then—"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. None
H. A-7-6-4
D. 7-6-4-3
C. A-Q-9-3-2

West
S. J-8-5-2
H. Q-10-8-2
D. Q-J
C. K-5-4

East
S. K-9-6-3
H. K
D. K-10-8-5-2
C. J-10-8

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-10-7-4
H. J-9-5-3
D. A-9
C. 7-6

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Contract Bridge. South bid one Spade and West passed; North, who was only a half trick short of the strength which would have justified a forcing jump-shift of three Clubs, bid two Clubs; East passed, and South had a choice between two No Trumps and two Spades. He decided in favor of two Spades. North's choice then was between two No Trumps and three Clubs. Having a blank Spade suit which might seriously hamper his No Trump, North bid three Clubs; and after that South bid three No Trumps.

In the play West had no choice when selecting one of his four-card suits for the original lead. Both were majors, but the Heart was materially stronger than the Spade, and the Spade had been bid initially by South; so the Deuce of Hearts was the first card led. Dummy played the Four and East won with the King. When East failed to return his partner's suit, leading the Five of Diamonds, it became evident to West that East had no more Hearts. The fact that the dummy had the Heart Ace would have been no reason for not returning the suit as there were no other probable Heart winners in dummy. South was much embarrassed by the shift, and passed the first Diamond. West won with the Jack and immediately returned the Queen, and South most unwillingly took that trick. When East dropped the Deuce of Diamonds, South and West both knew that three established Diamonds remained in the East hand.

To trick 4 South led a small Club; he had almost no option in this and had to take the serious risk of the finesse of the Queen in dummy. When it won, Declarer got a glimpse of daylight. He at once led the Ace of Clubs and then a small one, playing for the even break of the six adverse Clubs, as dummy had the Ace of Hearts for an entry. West won the trick with the King and was left with four Spades headed by the Jack, and three Hearts headed by the Queen-Ten. He knew that South had either Ace-King or Ace-Queen of Spades, so leading up to it might be expensive. But if West led the Heart Eight, South could win with the Nine; if he led the Ten, South's Jack would win; while if he led the Queen, dummy could win with the Ace, run his Clubs and then put South in with the Jack of Hearts to take that trick and place the lead in the West hand on the fourth Heart. It was a choice of evils, but the Spade might not be disastrous, the Heart was bound to be; so West led the Deuce of Spades, North discarded a Diamond, East played the King of Spades, and South won with the Ace.

Declarer now could be reasonably sure of two Spade tricks, one Heart, one Diamond and four Clubs; he needed one more for his game. He led his small Heart. West, retaining his Queen-Ten, played the Eight, and Declarer ducked in dummy, leaving West in the lead with four tricks accumulated by his side. That play, however, sounded the death knell of the adversaries; five tricks remained and Declarer needed them all. But if West led a Heart, Declarer would take two Hearts, two Clubs and a Spade; if West led a Spade, Declarer would take two Spades, a Heart and two Clubs. The location of the Ten of Spades not being marked, a Spade lead was tried; but Declarer, having the all-important card, made game.

It all seemed very natural and very pretty until a play which West might have made was suggested by one of the kibitzers. At trick 5 when dummy led the Ace of Clubs, West had every reason to suppose that East had the Jack of Clubs. Had he sacrificed his King on dummy's Ace, East would have been put in a position to win the third Club trick and cash his established Diamonds.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-Q-10-9-8-7
H. 10
D. A-K-Q-8-7
C. 9

East
S. None
H. 8-5-3-2
D. 4-3
C. A-K-Q-6-5-4-3

West
S. J-6-5-3-2
H. 7-6-4
D. 5-2
C. 10-8-2

South (Dealer)
S. K-4
H. A-K-Q-J-9
D. J-10-9-6
C. J-7

"YES, MADAM, *thousands* are turning to them every day
—these delicious tasting pure yeast tablets... the yeast that is all yeast!"

Price 50 Cents
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
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SO different—so delightful in taste—so easy to eat in this modern form! Crunchy little tablets of pure yeast, as good and as pleasant to eat as candy. That's why thousands are turning to Yeast Foam Tablets—the pure, dry, modern yeast that's *all* yeast. Just try it; learn this new easy way to get the full health benefits of yeast.

Doctors recommend Yeast Foam Tablets for skin and complexion disorders, digestive or intestinal disturbances, underweight, nervous or run down conditions. For pure, dry yeast such as this, is the richest known natural food source of the "B" and "G" vitamins. So pure, so concentrated, so uniform in vitamin content are Yeast Foam Tablets that they have become the standard for vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government and leading American universities.

If you have found ordinary yeast too unpleasant, just try Yeast Foam Tablets! Chew them as thousands do and enjoy their good nut-like flavor. Or swallow them whole. Because they are *pasteurized*, Yeast Foam Tablets cannot form gas nor cause fermentation. Hence they are *safe* for all ages.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets—the yeast that's good to eat and good for you. The *ten-day* bottle costs but 50 cents. Made and guaranteed by the Northwestern Yeast Co., Chicago; World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS *are sold in this convenient package, easily carried in purse or pocket—an added advantage of this easy-to-eat pure yeast.*

ON THE AIR *Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ Blue Network Stations and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.*

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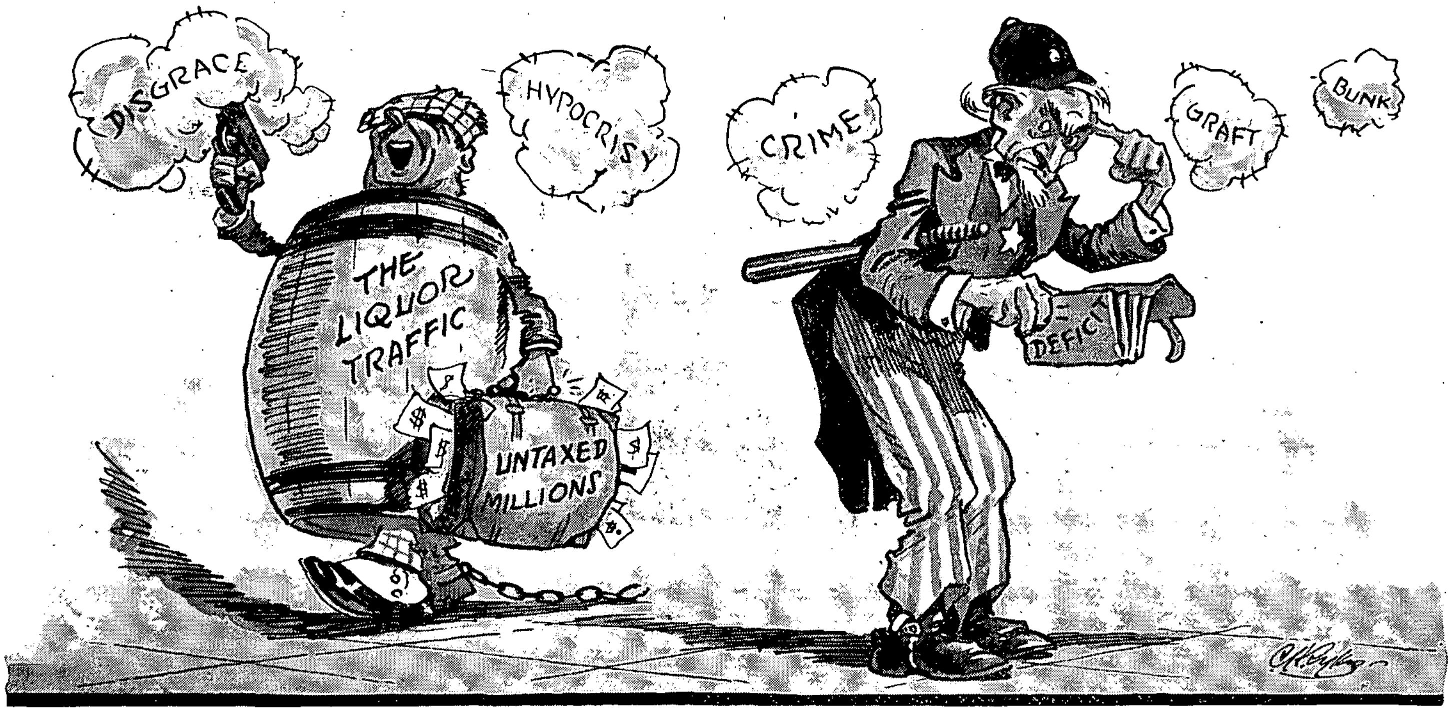


Let's get to the Point

"THE difficulty for the journalist as for everyone is the time lag. I have had a rather rough time because nature constituted me so that when a thing happens I perceive it has happened. Most people take about twenty years to realize it."

George Bernard Shaw spoke these words recently. They are true. Most of us fail to realize what has happened until long after the event.

Take the matter of prohibition, for example. Prohibition failed about eight years ago. During the first two years after the amendment went into effect there was some doubt as to the attitude of the American people toward drink.

There hasn't been much uncertainty during the last eight years. The Wickersham Commission, muddled and political as were its recommendations, had no doubt as to the facts.

Thus the Commission at one place said: "It is evident that, taking the country as a whole, people of wealth, business men and professional men and their families, and perhaps the higher-paid workingmen and their families, are drinking in large numbers in quite frank disregard of the declared policy of the National Prohibition Act."

The same opinion was expressed again and again, as for instance in these words: "A fair index of the effectiveness of enforcement is furnished by the prices at which liquor may be had in different localities. As to this, there is significantly uniform evidence that while certain kinds of imported wines command high prices and now and then the pressure of enforcement raises all prices for a time at some one spot, whisky of good quality is obtainable substantially everywhere at prices not extravagant for persons of means. It is true that many cannot afford these prices and for them a large amount of cheap, poor-grade or even poisonous liquor is constantly produced and is in general circulation. The conclusion is that enforcement is not reaching the sources of production and distribution so as materially to affect the supply."

The Wickersham Commission was trying to put the best possible face on prohibition. It was as dry as it could be in order to meet the views of a dry President. Yet it could not escape the plain facts. Prohibition has not been enforced and it is not now being enforced.

Although nobody seriously disputes the facts, even the most sanguine say that nothing can be done for years to correct them.

This is where the time lag which Mr. Shaw talked about comes in. It takes a long time for the facts to sink in.

There is sound reason to think, however, that we shall be stimulated to thought and action on the conditions which resulted from the failure of prohibition much sooner than many thought possible.

As long as money seemed to grow on trees it was comfortable to drift along, deferring until some tomorrow whatever was troublesome to do today. That easy time has vanished.

Governments as well as individuals are looking around for money. When alcoholic beverages were legally sold, the government collected large revenues in liquor taxes. Now the vast sums spent in the liquor trade go to enrich outlaws and to corrupt government. The outlaw liquor traffic not only pays no taxes, it actually increases the burden of taxation.

How much money is now involved in the liquor business no one knows accurately. The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment estimates that the bill was $2,848,000,000 in 1929. Whether or not the estimate is correct in detail, the bootleg traffic unquestionably does a volume of business which must be measured in hundreds of millions.

This business pays tribute, and an immense tribute, to politicians, but it pays no taxes.

Legislators worried with problems of finding money to pay the increasing cost of government are looking hungrily at the liquor business. Michigan, as already pointed out in Collier's, is showing them one way to get some of this money.

Michigan is taxing the raw materials out of which home brew and bootleg beer are made.

This method of legally recognizing the illegal liquor trade is obviously not the sane, honorable and statesmanlike way of dealing with the failure of prohibition. It is, however, politically practicable. Tacitly the Michigan legislature has acknowledged the existence of the liquor traffic and has imposed a tax upon it.

The sensible and decent course is to admit the existing facts and to deal frankly with them. This implies the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment so that the Federal government, the states and local governments may regulate and control a business now and long conducted in defiance of law.

*

EDITOR SAYS

73,000 Miles is only a Start

SOME weeks ago we published an account of a Ford that had been driven 73,000 miles in less than a year by three mail carriers in Iowa.

The article created much comment and brought many letters telling of the unusual reliability, economy and long life of the Ford. Here is an interesting letter from the editor of a newspaper in Kansas.

"In one of your recent advertisements in weekly newspapers you tell of a Ford that has been driven 73,000 miles in less than a year.

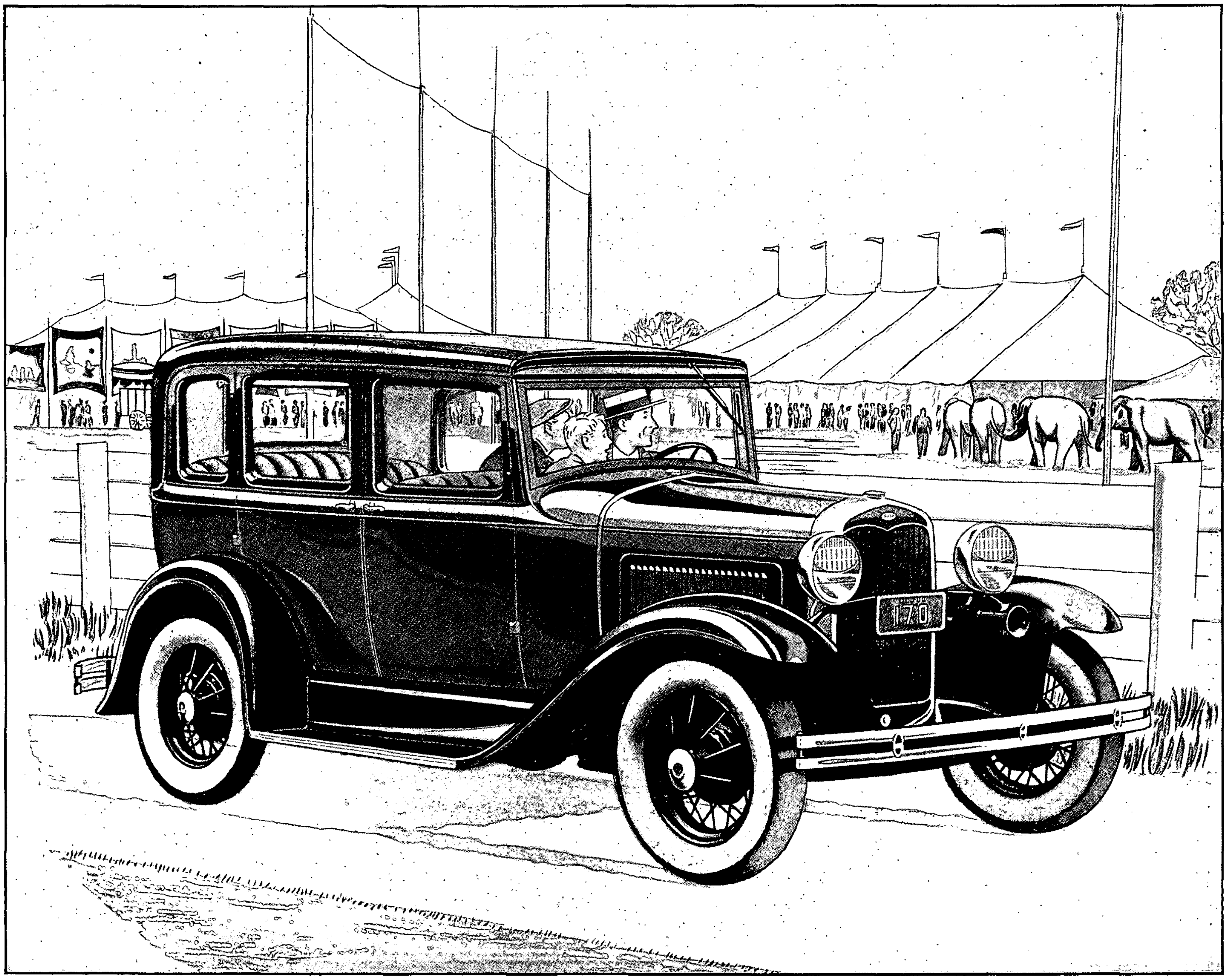
"That's no mileage at all for a Ford. There is a Ford in this community that was driven 120,000 miles before it was traded in.

"The car was bought in August, 1928, and driven until November, 1930, by its owner. He is a carrier of the *Wichita Daily Eagle*, making a route of 150 miles daily with a morning and evening paper. On Sunday, only one trip of 75 miles is made. About 50 miles of the route is over paved streets—the rest is on rough dirt and gravel streets through three small towns.

"Operating and up-keep costs were exceptionally low. After the car was traded in for a new Ford I am informed that it was overhauled and is now giving good service to its new owner."

Letters like this are indicative of the substantial worth of the Ford and the high quality built into every part. In every detail of construction it is made to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles. The price is low because of large production and unusual Ford manufacturing facilities.

Ford



THE NEW FORD STANDARD SEDAN. *Longer, wider, more luxurious. Low first cost. Economical terms through Authorized Ford Finance Plans of Universal Credit Company*

ADVANCED REFRIGERATION

To a Lady

admittedly "fussy" about food

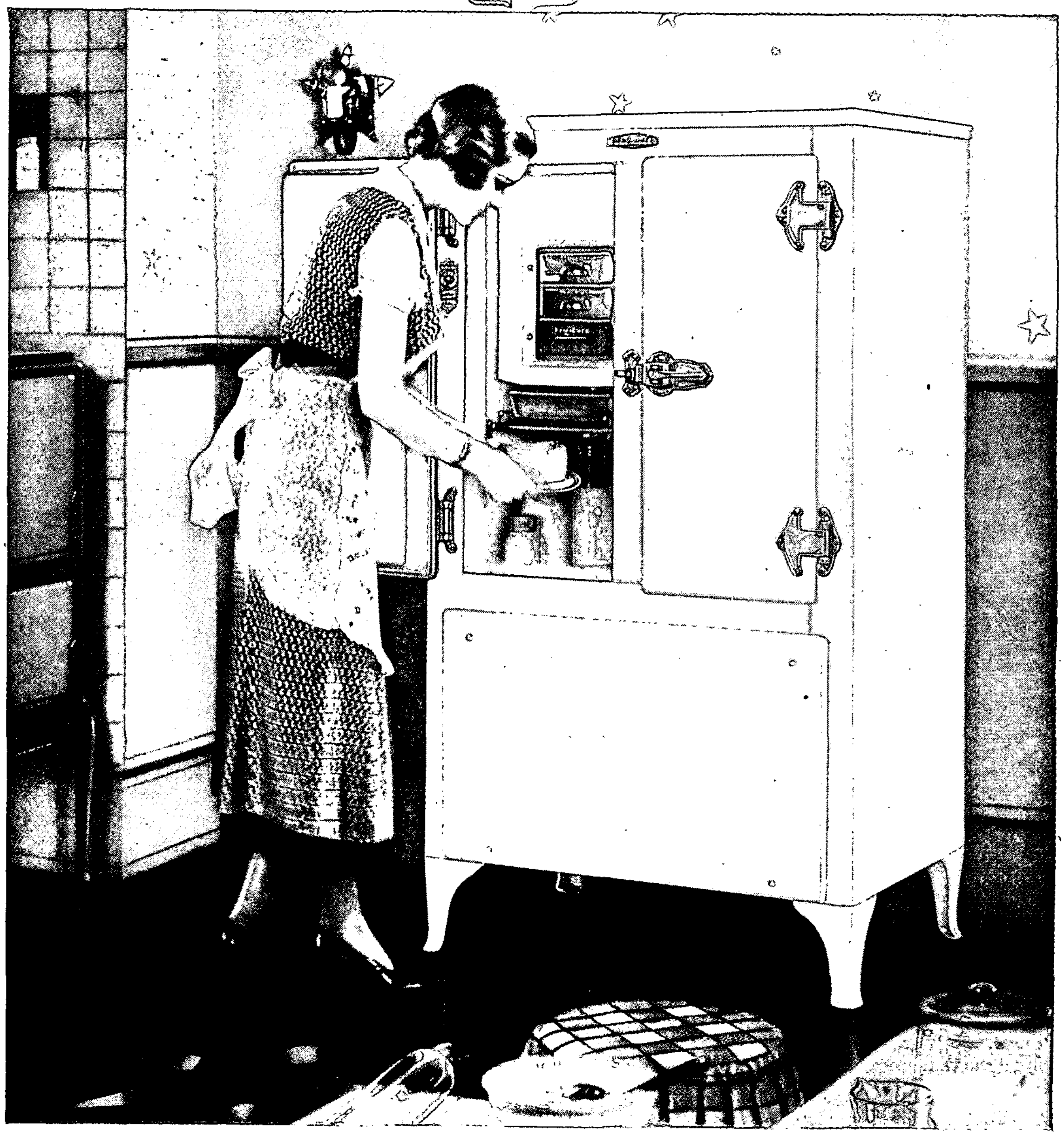
We know just how you feel. You do not believe in "camouflage cookery" . . . Everything that is served on your table, from Junior's puree of peas to the desserts that delight your dinner guests, must have that full-flavored deliciousness and extra savor that is born *only* of perfect, wholesome *freshness.*

And so, sooner or later, you will want the *best* electric refrigerator that money can buy . . .

When that time comes we hope you will remember that, for fifteen years, Frigidaire has been responsible *for improvements that have made household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical.*

And, when you have examined all the other excellent electric refrigerators, we would especially like to have you look into the Frigidaire illustrated on this page . . . it has some exclusive and, to our mind, rather astonishing advantages.

You see, we have made it *purposely* to please people who are frankly "fussy" about food!



Only the enduring beauty of *white porcelain* could meet the high standards of Frigidaire

Centuries ago the Chinese—the greatest race of potters the world has ever known—evolved from their glazed, hard-fired pottery the marvelous, white translucent porcelain, one of the wonders of the medieval world. Priceless examples have defied the ravages of time and today retain their lustrous beauty.

In the development of Frigidaire, one of the outstanding features of Advanced Refrigeration is a lasting finish of Porcelain-on-steel, sparkling white, glass-hard, beautiful.

This finish alone indicates that here is a refrigerator that goes far beyond all ordinary standards in every detail of its construction—from its graceful legs to its smooth, flat top. Even the bottom shelf is up where it's easy to reach. Foods are kept fresh and sweet for many days by the quiet, surplus-powered mechanical unit. Vegetables stay crisp and flavory in the famous Hydrator. Ice cubes are released with surprising ease by the patented Quickube Ice Tray.

Added to these important features are a seamless, acid-resisting porcelain interior—a roomy food compartment and a host of other advantages—advantages that combine to make Frigidaire the *advanced* refrigerator and the truly *economical* refrigerator for you to own and to use. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

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